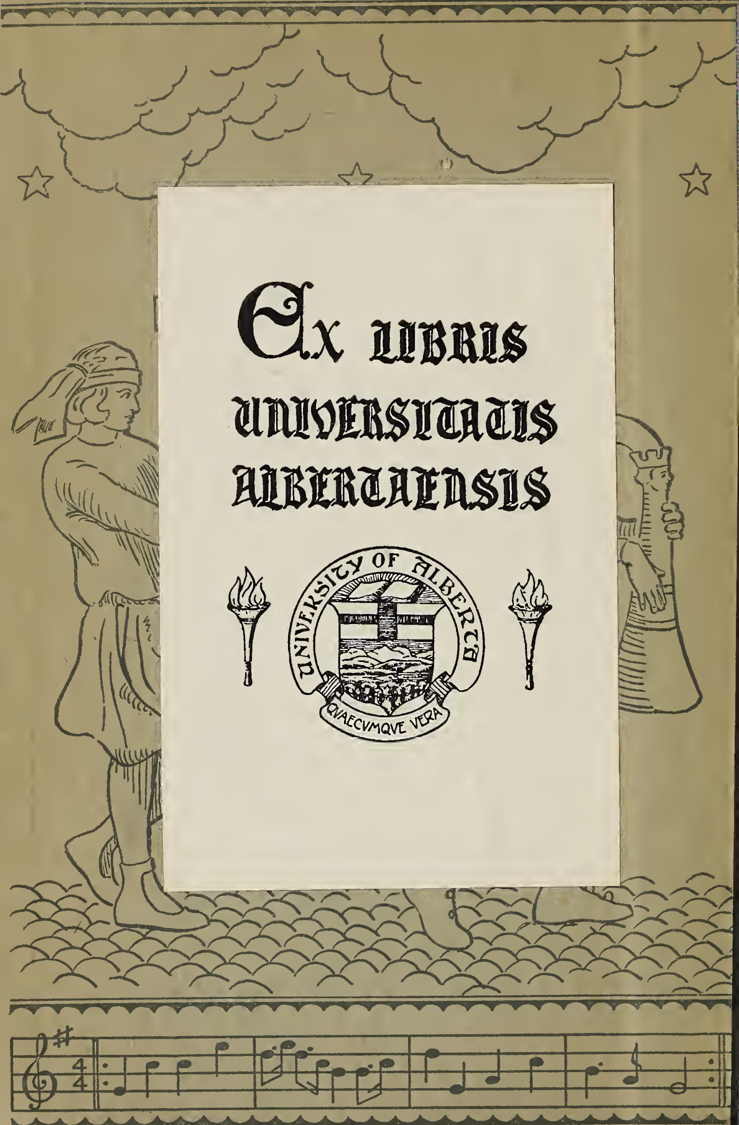
CONRAD'S MAGIC FLIGHT

BOOK FOUR

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA

CURRICULUM



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Kinscella Readers

Conrad's Magic Flight

By

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA

Illustrations by Ruth Mary Hallock

Stories in Music Appreciation—Book Four

THE UNIVERSITY
PUBLISHING CO

Lincoln · Chicago · New York · Dallas
The University Publishing Company

1930

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FOREWORD

WHO in all the world ever heard of such a thing as a magic record? Well, after all, it is not a bit more mysterious than the magic lamp of Aladdin!

How often I have wished for that marvelous thing, and dreamed day dreams by the score as to what I should ask for if I only had it! And then the magic carpet—haven't you dreamed yourselves "Everywhere" on that blessed rug? Have you ever actually looked at a rug, and imagined that it could whisk you away to the mountains, over the seas, and straight to Fairyland? Well, I have.

Now the interesting part of this wonderful tale of the magic black disk is that it can *really* take you to all the countries of the earth. Hidden away down in the little grooves (the lanes that lead us to "Everywhere") there are "sound fairies," sleeping, dreaming, until the magic point touches them. Then, *presto!* they waken, and as sure as you live, you can hear their songs, their beautiful music played on their own native instruments. You can see them dancing and making merry, each in his own way and in each country so different from any other. Then there is so much beautiful music that might be just anywhere. That magic black disk can bring it all to you right there in your own big comfortable chair—and behold, you have been around the world, without automobile, train, steamer, or airship!

Surely there is not one who will read this most

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astonishing Book Four of the Kinscella Music Appreciation Series, told with so much charm and interest, but who will, in day dreams, anyway, follow the boy and his little dog, "Over the Hills and Far Away."

FRANCES ELLIOTT CLARK

PREFACE

BOOK FOUR of the Kinscella Music Appreciation Readers offers a simple, logical development of all those phases of music appreciation that have been introduced in Books One, Two, and Three.

It is hoped that the adventures of Conrad, who, by the aid of his magic record, travels to lands afar, will make those lands and the people who live in them seem very real to those readers, who, in fancy, travel with him.

Human-interest stories of the boyhood and youth of such famous composers as Wagner, Handel, Mendelssohn, Bach, Tschaikowsky, Strauss, Haydn, Schubert, Grieg, Humperdinck, Dukas, Saint-Saëns, Hans Sachs, and Rouget de Lisle will appeal to every child and create a love for their masterpieces. The history of the beginnings of music—folk song and dance—and of their development and use in composed and art music, are told through fable and story. The reader is taken, in Book Four, to the "fairyland of opera," and learns while there that, though many characters in great operas are people of fancy, others are boys and girls, men and women, like ourselves.

Increased knowledge of music instruments played either singly or in simple combinations is given, with stories such as "The Violinmakers' Village," "The French Horn," "The Whittler of Cremona," and stories of Stradivarius and Amati which introduce the reader to the joy and importance of making and playing musical instruments. The Symphony Orchestra, and the choirs or families into which it is divided, are introduced through story and diagram with historical and legendary background for the hearing of many compositions written expressly for the symphony orchestra.

The author wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Peter W. Dykema, Director of Music, Teachers' College, Columbia University; to George Oscar Bowen, Director of Music, Tulsa, Oklahoma; to Paul J. Weaver, Director of Music, University of North Carolina; to Frank A. Beach, Director of Music, State Teachers' College, Emporia, Kansas; to J. W. Searson and George E. Martin, authors of Studies in Reading; to M. C. Lefler, Superintendent of Schools, and Merle Beattie, Supervisor of Reading, of the Lincoln, Nebraska, schools; to Mrs. Lydia Halberg, and to Miss Petra Skaar of Bergen, Norway; to Margaret M. Streeter, Lecturer in Music Appreciation; to Adrian M. Newens, Director of the University School of Music, Lincoln, Nebraska; and to Mrs. Frances Elliott Clark, whose friendly encouragement and advice have aided in the preparation of this book.

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA

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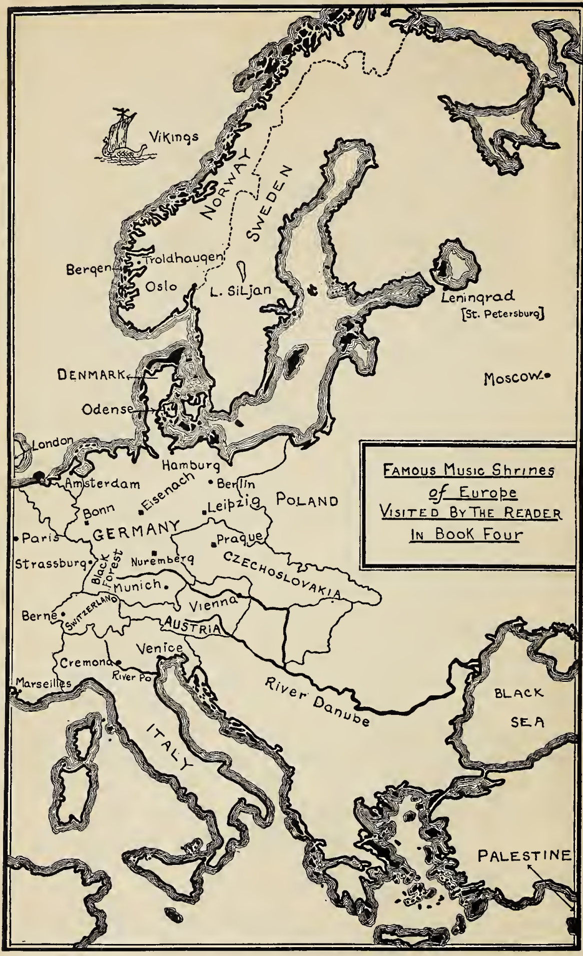
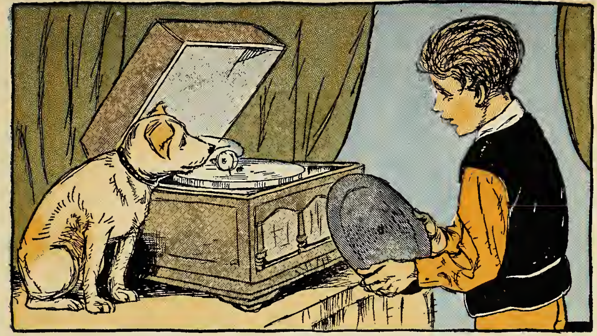

FAMOUS MUSIC SHRINES of EUROPE VISITED BY THE READER IN BOOK FOUR
Vikings
NORWAY
SWEDEN
Bergen
Troldhaugen
Oslo
L. Siljan
Leningrad [St. Petersburg]
Moscow
DENMARK
Odense
London
Hamburg
Amsterdam
Eisenach
Berlin
Bonn
Leipzig
POLAND
Paris
GERMANY
Prague
Strassburg
Black Forest
Nuremberg
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
Munich
Vienna
Berne
SWITZERLAND
AUSTRIA
Venice
Cremona
River Po
Marseilles
River Danube
BLACK SEA
ITALY
PALESTINE



THE MAGIC RECORD

ONE bright spring morning, there was great excitement in the pink and white orchard on Sunshine Hill. It was a pink and white orchard just now, for all the trees were in bloom and their branches were covered with pretty blossoms. Sunshine Hill in the springtime was a paradise for birds.

Conrad, who lived with his father and mother in a little gray house at the foot of Sunshine Hill, wondered what all the excitement was about. Then he saw that a new bird family was moving in, over at the big apple tree. Nearly all the bird families that lived on Sunshine Hill were "old settlers" and had lived there many years. Some of them went South for the winter but they always came back to the orchard at the first signs of spring.

Robin Redbreast had been the first to notice the strange voices over in the big apple tree, and had seen the new family at work. About this time the whole orchard began to wake up. What a noisy place it was! Robin Redbreast called to Red-Head Woodpecker, who had already put on her red hood and shawl. Red-Head Woodpecker hurried over to the plum tree, and there she and Robin Redbreast watched the newcomers, and wondered what kind of neighbors they were going to be.

Just then the new neighbor dashed by with an impudent toss of his head and a rude stare. He was large and had on a bright uniform of blue and white. Each time he passed he would call out "Joy! Joy!" in a loud voice. Conrad saw at once that the new family were Blue Jays and that they were very proud.

In another part, Conrad saw the orchard orioles building their nest. It was built of green grasses at the end of a long branch of the cherry tree. While they worked, they sang, for the orioles had beautiful voices. Baltimore Oriole, their cousin, who lived down in the village, was said to be one of the sweetest singers of all the oriole family.

Conrad would have liked to stay all day in the orchard to watch the birds and listen to their songs, but on this beautiful morning in the spring vacation, he did not join the other boys and girls. Instead, he stayed at home, helped with the chores, and ran many errands to save his mother.

At last, when all the work was done, and he was free to play, it was already noon, and the boys and girls had already gone on a picnic. Conrad wished that he could have gone with them, but it was too late, and there was not much fun in playing alone.

THE ORCHARD ON SUNSHINE HILL

After dinner, Conrad walked about the room for a while wondering what he could do. He took a book from the table and read a story about "Little Tuk." "Little Tuk," when he went to bed, had put his geography book under his pillow, and in fancy was taken to see many strange sights. He had seen kings' castles, towers, peasant women, market places, green forests, and blue lakes. What a fine time he must have had!

"I wish I could go somewhere," Conrad said aloud.

"You can," answered a hoarse little voice right by his side.

Conrad jumped and turned his head quickly, but there was no one in the room.

"I say, you *can* go somewhere, if you want to," said the little voice again.

Conrad looked all around. He could see no one. Then, all of a sudden, he found that he was looking straight into the eyes of the little yellow-white dog that was sitting on the low table by the talking machine.

"Did *you* speak to me?" he asked. "I didn't know that you could talk!"

"Yes, it was I who spoke," answered 'the dog' with dignity, never once moving a muscle.

"Well how would I go, and who would take me?" asked Conrad.

"I'll take you," replied 'the dog,' "but you'll have to help."

"How can *I* help?" asked Conrad. "I don't know how, and I never went anywhere in my life."

"Then you'll have to stay at home," said 'the dog,' "for to go anywhere or see anything, and have a really good time, one always has to help."

Conrad did not say anything and there was silence in the room for some time. It grew so quiet that one could even hear the humming and rippling of the water down in the brook, and the chirping of the sparrows on the roof.

"Well, shall we go?" the voice finally asked. "If so, we must start at once. Can you reach that machine?" he added quickly, pointing to the talking machine.

Conrad was very much interested. He tried and found that he could just reach the talking machine from his chair, so he caught hold of the top and pulled it toward him.

"Wind it," continued 'the dog,' "then before you start the record, put me on top of it."

After winding the machine, Conrad asked, "Do we need to have any certain record?"

"No," answered 'the dog,' "the one that's there will do. I think it is the 'Clock Store' record, and I heard your mother say, only this morning, that it took her right back to the Black Forest. Start it moving. Then hop on, and we will be off!"

Conrad did just as he was told, put 'the dog' on the smooth place in the center of the record, started it turning, and then as the "tick-tock" in the record began, shut his eyes and gave a big jump!

The next minute, to his great surprise, he was sitting right beside 'the dog.' The record was not in the talking machine any longer, but was moving swiftly out of the door and over the lawn....Conrad shut his eyes tightly as they rushed through the air.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Robin Redbreast"—*Baker-Kohlsaat.*
"The Woodpecker"—*Baker-Kohlsaat.*
"In a Clock Store"—*Orth.*

QUESTIONS

1. What birds are mentioned in this story? Which is your favorite bird? Why?
2. Sing some songs that tell of song birds.
3. Why was this a magic record?
4. What was the name of this record? Where did it take Conrad?
5. Where is the Black Forest?
6. In what way does music really take you to other lands?

MAGIC NOTES

There's magic in the notes and rests
When, by simply changing places,
The same ones make quite different tunes,
As if they'd different faces.

—*H. G. K.*

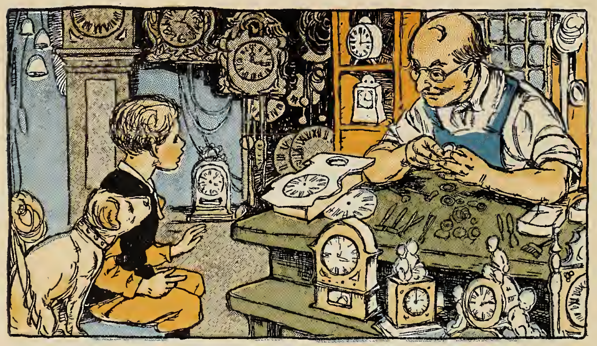
THE CLOCKMAKER'S HOUSE

WHEN Conrad opened his eyes again, the record had stopped spinning and he and "the dog" were sitting on a bench just inside the door of the queerest room he had ever seen. It was a long, low room, with heavy, dark-brown beams supporting the ceiling and the walls. Over at one end were two windows, each with many panes of glass in it. Another bench, like the one upon which he and "the dog" were sitting, stood under the window. At a rough table, a pleasant old man was at work, fitting little wheels and pieces of metal together.

On the table, under the table, on the floor, along the walls, and hanging from the beams, were queer-shaped pieces of wood and wheels, and many, many clocks.

At this moment, all the clocks began to strike three. First, there was a clock that struck quickly, with a clear, bell-like tone. Then the cuckoo clock called the hour, after which a very deep and heavy-toned clock struck three in a slow and very dignified manner, waiting almost a full minute between each stroke.

Just then Conrad heard someone whistling merrily, and in through the door came a young boy, just about his own size. "The dog"



cocked his ear and watched the boy closely as he began to sweep and make the room tidy. Conrad feeling very strange all at once, slipped his arm about "the dog's" neck, and spoke shyly, "How do you do! Will you tell us where we are?"

The boy did not reply but stopped his whistling and stared with wide open eyes at Conrad and "the dog" sitting on the bench, as if he now saw them for the first time.

Conrad repeated his question but the boy still did not answer. Instead, he said something in a strange language to the little old man. The old man put down his work on the table and looked at the strangers over his glasses for some time.

"Good day! Whom have we here?" he asked, in broken English. Then, as Conrad rose, followed by "the dog," and stood before him, politely, the old man added, "I am sure you do not live here!"

"I am from America, sir," answered Conrad, "and this is my dog. We just came over on a music record, and I do not know exactly where we are."

"So!" said the little old man, who rubbed his chin and smiled, looking just as though it were the usual thing for boys and their pets to fly in through the door of his house on a music record.

"Well, if you would know where you are, I will tell you," he said. "You are now in a village in the Black Forest in Germany. This is the 'Clockmakers' Village,' and nowhere are clocks made so well," he replied, proudly.

"For a hundred and fifty years the men of our village have made clocks. They have worked in the forests in the summer, cutting down trees and carefully drying the wood, which, during the long winter months, is made into clocks. Everyone here makes clocks. Even our wives and daughters sometimes help us, and clocks from here are sent to all parts of the world to tell people the time."

The little boy with the broom had come closer and was standing near the clockmaker, listening as he spoke and looking at Conrad and "the dog," with great interest.

"This is my grandson, Hans," the clockmaker continued, with his hand on the boy's shoulder. "He has always lived here. I lived once in

America, that is why I can speak your language. But I got so lonesome for the forests, for the river, and for all my friends here in the village that I came back to the Black Forest."

"What is the name of the river?" asked Conrad.

"This is the River Rhine," said the clockmaker. "Just now it is spring, and already you can hear, if you listen, the sound of the axes and the crash of trees falling in the forests. But in the winter, the Rhine sometimes freezes over and our village is shut in from the world. Our beautiful forests are then white with snow, and inside our houses, we work at our clocks, singing and telling folk stories and legends to each other as we work."

"What is your name?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"My name is Conrad," answered our traveler, "and this is my dog," he added.

The clockmaker reached down and petted "the dog," then patted the bench beside him. "The dog" looked up at Conrad, then jumped up beside the old man and settled himself to listen. His head was cocked on one side and there was a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes.

"Sit down, Conrad!" the clockmaker said, pointing to the bench on the opposite side of the table. "I will have Hans show you some of our clocks."

He spoke to Hans, who at once hustled about and brought many kinds of clocks. He also brought pieces of wood sawed ready for use, and some which had been made smooth with sandpaper. As Hans showed them to Conrad, the grandfather explained them to him. On some of the clocks, golden flowers and birds had been painted. Others were plain. Of all these clocks, the clockmaker seemed to like best those clocks which sang the hours instead of striking them. These were called "cuckoo" clocks.

"We like to make these clocks best of all," the old clockmaker told Conrad. "The cuckoo is a bird of the Black Forest, and as one walks through the woods, one can always hear it calling as it flies in and out of the trees. Black Forest people believe that it tells fortunes, and although it is very lazy—for it lays its eggs in other birds' nests—we like it better than any other bird.

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A VILLAGE IN THE BLACK FOREST

"So, at first, many years ago, when the people of our village made clocks, they made them with plain paper faces pasted on to the wood. Peddlers used to walk all over Europe selling our clocks. When they came back home they would bring glass for the new clocks we were to make. They could also tell us many interesting stories of the people they had seen, and places they had visited. I, myself, was a peddler of Black Forest clocks one summer, when I was a young man. If you and your dog stay with us tonight, I will tell you and Hans a story or two that you will like to hear."

"O may we stay?" asked Conrad, eagerly.

"Yes, of course," answered the clockmaker. Then, turning to his grandson, he said, "Go and tell Mother that we have company staying with us tonight."

Hans was out in the kitchen and back again in just a minute. As he came back into the room, the clocks began striking the hour again. Conrad listened to them closely but enjoyed, most of all, the cuckoo clocks. When they started to tell the hour, tiny birds popped out from the doors above the clock faces, and called cheerily, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"In a Clock Store"—*Orth.* (Listen for the different kinds of clocks, the whistling of the clockmaker's grandson, and the little music box that plays.)

"Tick Tock"—From *Hollis Dann Course.*

"Le Coucou" (The Cuckoo)—*Daquin* (Dah-keen′).

QUESTIONS

1. Where did the magic record take Conrad and "the dog"?
2. In what country of Europe is the Black Forest?
3. Find the River Rhine. The Black Forest.
4. Why was the village called the "Clockmakers' Village"?
5. What kind of clocks did the "old clockmaker" make?
6. How does a cuckoo clock tell the time? Imitate the cuckoo's song.
7. Which kind of clock do you like best? Tell why this is your favorite.
8. As you listen to the record playing "In a Clock Store," see if you can tell what folk song the music box plays.

MY BOOK HOLDS MANY STORIES*

My book holds many stories, wrapped tightly in itself,
And yet it never makes a noise but waits upon the shelf
Until I come and take it; then soon my book and I
Are sailing on a fairy sea or floating in the sky.

—*Annette Wynne.*

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THE CUCK-COO CLOCK*

On the wall hangs a brown wooden clock,
Saying tick! tock! tick! tock!
'Twas carved from a tree in fair Germanie,
Tick! tock! tick! tock!

In its heart lives a pretty bird blue, Cuck-Coo!
Tho' made of pine wood, it's almost as good
As a wonderful, real and true Cuck-Coo!
Cuck-Coo! Cuck-Coo! Cuck-Coo!

See a little red door at the top, flip flop!
Out flies the bird blue to sing just for you,
Cuck-Coo! Cuck-Coo! Cuck-Coo! Cuck-Coo!
Cuck-Coo! Cuck-Coo! Cuck-Coo!

—*Mena C. Pfirshing.*

Music to Hear:
"The Cuck-Coo Clock"—*Grant-Schaefer.*

QUESTIONS

1. Make a list of as many different kinds of clocks as you can.
2. In what one main thing are they alike?
3. What is there about the cuckoo clock that makes everyone like it?

---

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HANSEL AND GRETEL

BLACK FOREST folks have kind hearts, so that both Conrad and "the dog" were made very welcome at supper time. Hans, his sister Gretchen, and each one of the family tried to make them as happy as possible.

After supper, the whole family gathered around in the big room, in which the clockmaker worked during the day. Earlier in the evening, when the spring air had become chilly, Hans had helped his mother build a crackling fire in the great stone fireplace. Now all the family and the two guests sat facing it, enjoying its warmth and the beauty of the flying sparks.

Conrad learned that, while they did not all speak the English language easily, the old grandfather had taught the whole family to understand it. That would make it easy for the clockmaker to tell his stories in English so that everyone could understand.

"Tell us a legend, Grandfather," pleaded Hans. "Tell us the story of the two little children and the gingerbread house."

"Yes, please do!" urged Conrad.

The old clockmaker thought for a moment before he settled himself comfortably.

"Our Black Forest," he began, "is noted not only for its beauty and for its clocks, but also for its very old legends. I will tell you an old, old legend, really a fairy tale, that was first told by a man named Grimm, who lived many long years ago.

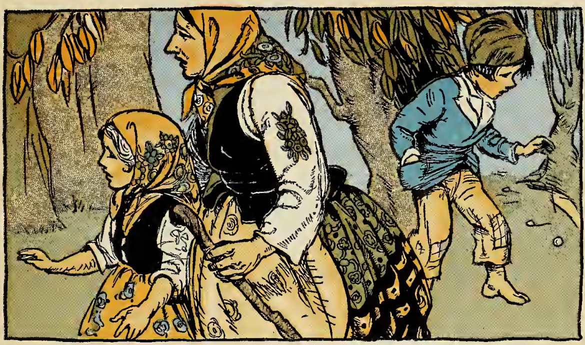
HANSEL AND GRETEL

"Near the borders of a large forest there lived, in olden times, a poor woodcutter who had two children—a boy named Hansel, and his sister, Gretel. One year when there was a great deal of want in the land, the poor woodcutter could not earn enough to buy food for their daily meals.

"One evening, after the children had gone to bed, the woodcutter and his wife sat talking together over their needs. The poor father said to his wife, who was not the mother of the children, but their stepmother, 'What will become of us, for I cannot earn enough to support myself and you, much less the children? What shall we do with them to keep them from starving?'

"'I know what to do,' the wife answered. 'Early tomorrow morning we will take the children for a walk across the forest and leave them in the thickest part, so that they cannot find their way home again.'

"'No,' replied the father, 'I will never do that. How could I leave my children alone in the woods



where the wild beasts might come and eat them?'

"'Well,' replied the stepmother, 'if you refuse to do this you know we must all starve to death.'

"After this, she let him have no peace until he was quite worn out. He could not sleep for hours, for thinking about his dear children.

"The two children, who were too hungry to go to sleep, heard all that their stepmother had said to their father. Little Gretel began to cry as she listened, and said to her brother, 'Whatever is going to happen to us, Hansel? Whatever is going to happen to us?'

"'Hush, Gretel!' he whispered, 'don't be frightened, I know what to do.'

"So they lay quite still until their father and mother were both asleep. As soon as they were asleep, Hansel got up, put on his clothes, opened the door, and slipped out of the house. The moon was shining brightly, and the white pebble stones which lay before the cottage door shone like new silver money. Hansel stooped and picked up as many of the pebbles as he could stuff into his coat pockets. Then he went back to Gretel and told her that she need worry no longer, they would be safe. Then he laid himself down again and slept until morning.

"As soon as the sun was up, the stepmother woke the two children and said, 'Get up, children, and come into the woods with me to gather wood for the fire.' Then she gave them each a piece of bread and said, 'You must keep that to eat for your dinner.'

"Gretel took the bread, for Hansel's pockets were full of pebbles. Then the stepmother led them a long way into the forest. They had gone but a short distance when Hansel stopped, as though looking back at the house, and this he did again and again. He was not really looking back, however, but he stayed behind in this way every little while, to drop a white pebble on the ground. As soon as they reached a thick part of the wood, their stepmother said, 'Come, children, gather some wood and I will make a fire, for it is very cold here.'

"Hansel and Gretel gathered and piled up a high heap of brushwood, which soon blazed up into a bright fire. The stepmother then said, 'Sit down by the fire, children, and rest, while I go and find your father, who is cutting wood in the forest. When we have finished our work we will come and get you.'

"Hansel and Gretel seated themselves by the fire, and when noon came they each ate the piece of bread which their stepmother had given them for their dinner. At last, when they had been sitting there a long time, the children grew very tired, and they both fell asleep. When they woke up, it was night, and Gretel began to cry, 'Oh, how shall we get out of the wood?'

"Very soon the moon rose, and it was as light as day. Hansel took his sister by the hand, and the white pebbles which glittered like newly coined money in the moonlight, and which Hansel had dropped as they walked into the woods in the morning, pointed out the way to their father's cottage.

"When they had walked a long time, and the day was just dawning, they came in sight of the house. They knocked at the door, and called to their father to let them in. Their father was overjoyed to see them, for it had grieved him to think of the children alone in the woods.

"Not long after this, however, the children heard their father and stepmother talking about them again.

" 'The times are as bad as ever,' the stepmother said. 'We have just a little food left, and when that is gone, we must all starve. The children must go away, and I shall take them deeper into the forest this time. They will not be able to find their way home as they did before.'

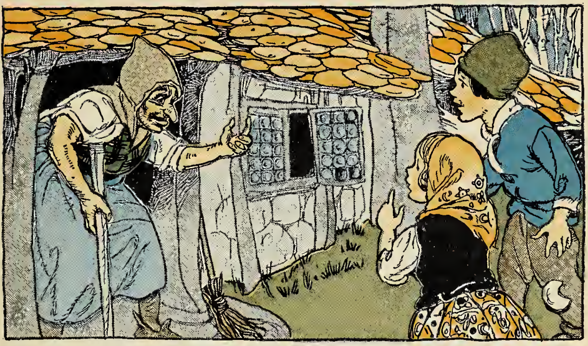
"The children were awake, and heard what was said. As soon as their parents were asleep Hansel got up, intending to go out and gather some more of the bright shining pebbles, as he had done before. But this time his stepmother had locked the door, and he could not open it.

"Early the next morning the stepmother woke the children. When they were dressed, she gave them each a piece of bread for their dinners, smaller than they had had before, and then they started on their way to the woods. As they walked, Hansel, who had the bread in his pocket, broke off little crumbs and stopped every now and then to drop one.

"This time they went on till they reached the very thickest part of the forest where they had never been before. Again they gathered brushwood and built a fire.

"Then the stepmother said, 'Stay here, children, and rest while I go and help your father who is cutting wood in the forest. When you feel tired you can lie down and go to sleep. We will come for you in the evening, when your father has finished his work.'

"The children stayed by the fire till noon, when Gretel shared her bread with Hansel, for he had



scattered his own along the road as they came.

"Night came on, but no one came to find the children. Gretel became quite afraid, but Hansel comforted her as he had done before, by telling her they need only wait until the moon rose.

"When the moon did rise, and they started out to find the path home, they found no bread crumbs, for the birds of the forest had found and eaten them. So the poor children walked about the forest the whole night and all of the next day, but they could not find the path again. Had it not been for the berries they picked from the bushes, they would have been very hungry and very tired.

"At last they grew so tired they could go no farther, and so they laid themselves down under a tree and went to sleep.

THE GINGERBREAD HOUSE

"When they awoke, they saw in the distance, among the trees, a small house, on the roof of which a beautiful snow-white bird was sitting and singing. They hurried nearer. How surprised they were when they reached it! It was built of gingerbread, and trimmed with sweet cakes and tarts, while the windows were made of little loaves of barley sugar.

"'Oh,' exclaimed Hansel, 'let us stop here and have a feast! I will have a piece from the roof first, Gretel, and you can eat some of the barley sugar window. It tastes so good!' Hansel reached up on tiptoe, and breaking off a piece of the gingerbread, began to eat with all his might. Gretel sat down on the doorstep, and began to eat some of the cakes of which it was made. Hansel, who found the cake on the roof tasted very good, broke off another large piece. Gretel had just taken a whole pane from one of the windows and seated herself again to eat it, when the door of the little house opened. Out came a wild and strange looking old woman, leaning on a stick.

"Hansel and Gretel were so frightened that they both dropped the food they had in their hands.

"The old woman shook her head at them, then took them both by the hands and led them into the house. Here she pretended to be very kind to them, and gave them much to eat and drink—milk, pancakes, sugar, apples, and nuts. When it grew dark she put them to sleep in two beautiful beds with white curtains about them.

"But although the old woman pretended to be so friendly, she was really a wicked witch who had her house built of gingerbread on purpose to trap little children. When once they were in her power, she would cook and eat them, and then call that her feast day.

"When morning came, she took hold of Hansel with her rough hand, dragged him out of bed, led him to a little cage, and shut him in. He might scream as much as he pleased, but he could not escape. Then she went back and shook Gretel roughly to wake her up. When Gretel saw Hansel in the cage, she began to cry bitterly, but it did no good. Gretel had to go out and fill the great iron kettle with water and hang it over the fire to boil. As soon as this was done, the old witch said, 'Now we will bake some bread. I have made the oven hot, and the dough is all ready to knead.'

"She dragged Gretel up to the oven door, under which the flames were burning fiercely, and said, 'Creep into the oven and see if it is hot enough to bake the bread.' "

"But if Gretel had done as the old witch said, she would have shut her in and baked her for dinner. Gretel, somehow, guessed this, and said, 'I don't know how to get in through that narrow door.'

" 'Stupid child,' said the old woman, 'why, the oven door is quite large enough for me; just look, I could get in myself.' With that she stepped forward to the oven and pretended to put her head into it.

THE GINGERBREAD HOUSE, THE OVEN, AND THE CAGE

"With a sudden thought, Gretel darted forward, gave the old woman such a push that she fell right into the oven. Then Gretel shut the great iron door and bolted it. Oh, how the old witch did howl! It was really horrible to hear! But Gretel ran quickly away, and the old witch was left to burn, just as she had left many poor children to burn, in that same oven.

"Gretel ran to Hansel, opened the door of his cage and cried, 'Hansel, Hansel, we are free; the old witch is dead!'"

"Although there was nothing more to be afraid of, the children hurried away from the old witch's house. How happy they were when they suddenly found themselves in a part of the woods which they remembered very well! As they walked on, it became more and more familiar, till at last they caught sight of their father's house. Then they began to run, and bursting into the room, threw themselves into their father's arms. Both father and stepmother were full of joy at seeing them again, safe and well, and they all lived together happily the rest of their lives."

— *Adapted from Grimm.*

Music to Hear:
"Broom Dance"—*Old German Folk Air.*

QUESTIONS

1. What did you like most in the story about Hansel and Gretel?
2. What were the names of the children?
3. How did Hansel and Gretel find their way home the first time they were lost?
4. Why were they not able to find their way home the second time they were lost?
5. What happened to the old witch?

A FAIRY OPERA

"ONE may read a fairy tale, or hear it told," said the old clockmaker. "But I wonder if you have ever heard a fairy tale sung. Long ago, in Italy, people learned that a beautiful story might be made still more beautiful, by both singing and acting it. When a story is made into a play, acted, and all the conversation in it is sung, it is called an **opera**.

"Dr. Engelbert Humperdinck, a great composer, has written a beautiful fairy opera called 'Hansel and Gretel.' In this wonderful music is told the same fairy tale that I have just told to you. The composer wrote the fairy opera to please his own children and those of his sister. It was his sister, Adelheid Wette, who arranged the words of the old folk tale so that they might be set to music.

"Humperdinck was born in Germany, not far from the River Rhine. All his life he was lucky. When he was only a very young man he had won three fine prizes. Two of these gave him enough money so that he could travel to Italy, and to other parts of Europe. There he learned many things about writing operas, and other kinds of music.

"He was nearly three years writing the fairy opera of 'Hansel and Gretel,' because he just wrote it, a little at a time, to amuse his own children and their cousins. When the whole opera was finished, it was so good that it was played at the theatre. Humperdinck did not dream that it would ever be published and be acted and sung in public all over the world.

Courtesy *Louis Edgar Johns*

E Humperdinck

"Into this opera, which many famous musicians say is the greatest and best-liked opera ever written for children, and which is enjoyed just as much by grown people, Humperdinck has woven many old folk songs.

"In the first act of the opera the two children, Hansel and Gretel, are so happy because they are no longer hungry and do not have to work, that they begin to sing and dance in the woodcutter's little cottage. The song they sing is a very old folk song, the words of which go like this:

Susy, little Susy, pray what is the news?

The geese are running barefoot because they've
no shoes.
The cobbler has leather and plenty to spare,
Why doesn't he make all the poor geese a pair?

"In the second act of the opera, when the children are lost in the enchanted forest and have to spend the dark night sleeping on a heap of leaves, a quaint little sandman, or Sleep Fairy, appears to them. The Sandman reaches over his shoulder into a bag which he carries on his back, and takes out a pinch of sand which he sprinkles into their eyes. As he does this, he sings them to sleep with a soft lullaby which is called 'I am the Sleep Fairy.'

"In the opera, Hansel and Gretel are awakened after the night of slumber by the Dew Fairy, who carries dew in the cup of a bluebell to sprinkle on the eyes of the children. As they awake, they see a marvelous house over in the woods. It is the witch's gingerbread house. Here, after she has imprisoned the children, and given them food to fatten them for her feast, the old witch sings of her awful plans to eat the children, and then mounts her broomstick for a short ride in the air. This 'Witch's Dance' is a very fine piece of music.

"In the end, however, everything comes out happily in the opera, as well as in the fairy tale. The old witch is burned in the great oven, and the children are both freed from the 'spell' cast over them by the old witch. When they rush from the witch's house, they find that even the gingerbread fence posts have been turned into happy children. Upon seeing this, the children all join in a very merry dance, as the opera comes to a very happy close.

GRETEL RELEASING HANSEL FROM THE CAGE

"You boys," said the old clockmaker as he finished the story, "must sometime go to see and hear this beautiful fairy opera, and learn more about its wonderful music."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

(Songs from the opera, "Hansel and Gretel")—*Humperdinck.*
"Susy, little Susy" (the theme of this song is the old folk song).
"I am the Sleep Fairy."
"Witch's Dance."

QUESTIONS

1. What is an opera?

2. Who wrote the music for the fairy opera of Hansel and Gretel?

3. For whom was the opera written?

4. How long did the composer take to write it?

5. What song in the opera is like an old folk song?

6. What folk song did the children sing as they danced in the hut of the woodcutter?

7. Who sang Hansel and Gretel to sleep their first night in the woods? Who awakened them next morning?

8. What piece of music tells what the old witch is going to do to the children?

9. What was it that came to life after the old witch was gone?

10. Try to tell the story of "Hansel and Gretel" to some other boy or girl who has never heard or read it. Build a "scene" for each of the three acts of the opera; first, in the home of the woodcutter; second, in the woods; third, for the part of the opera which is sung at the Gingerbread House. These scenes might be made of cardboard, or on a sand-table.

SHOES FOR GEESE

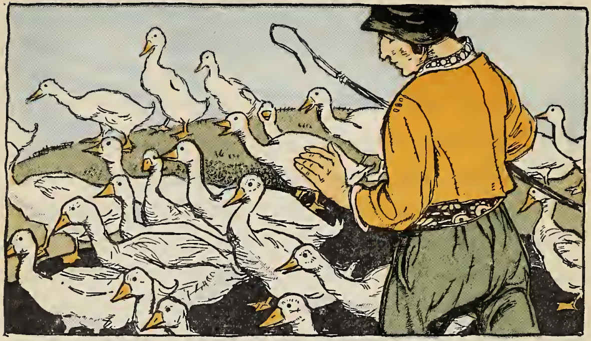
WE often wonder just how and why some folk songs first came to be sung.

When you go to see the opera "Hansel and Gretel," the first person you will see, after the curtain rises, will be *Gretel,* sitting near the fireplace, knitting a stocking. As she knits she sings. And here the great composer, Humperdinck, took an old folk song, and put it into his opera. The words of the folk song begin with,

Susy, little Susy, pray what is the news?
The geese are running barefoot because they've
    no shoes.
The cobbler has leather and plenty to spare,
Why doesn't he make all the poor geese a pair?

These words may seem very queer to a boy or girl in America but boys and girls who live in parts of Germany, Bohemia, and Poland know what the words mean. In some of these countries, people still raise large flocks of geese for sale. When they are ready to be sold, they are driven to market, just as cattle are driven to market in other lands.

The man who has raised the geese may live a long way from the city, and the tender skin on the feet of the geese would often become sore and



bleeding, if it were not for the queer shoes that the farmers give them.

These shoes are not made of leather. When the time comes for the geese to start to market, they are all driven through tar or pitch. Then, while their feet are still wet and sticky, the "goose-man," as he is called, makes the geese walk through some fine sand. The sand sticks to the tar and dries there, and in this way each goose is given stout and comfortable shoes.

— *An Old Folk Song.*

Music to Hear:

"Susy, little Susy"—*Humperdinck.* (Old Folk Song, in "Hansel and Gretel.")

QUESTIONS

1. What is the first scene in "Hansel and Gretel"?
2. Who sings the first song in this fairy opera?
3. What is this song? Sing it.

AN EVENING CONCERT

ALL those gathered round the warm fire, who had sat so quietly during the old clockmaker's gay fairy tale, now began to stir about and talk quietly among themselves. The old clockmaker sat with his eyes closed, thinking deeply.

"Nearly bedtime," said the mother of the family.

Turning to his son, who was father of the family, the clockmaker said, "Get out the instruments. Let us have some music before we sleep!"

In less time than it takes to tell it, two violins, a viola, and a 'cello were brought from the inner room, and music and music stands, as well. After but a moment's preparation in tuning, some of the wonderful string quartet music by the old master composers was being played by the family string quartet. The clockmaker played the 'cello; his son, his son's wife, and their older son, playing the other parts.

Conrad had often been told, by his mother, of the "household," or family quartet groups among peasant people in Germany. So great is the love of these people for good music that nearly every family has its own string quartet.

Conrad was delighted to hear one of these string quartets.

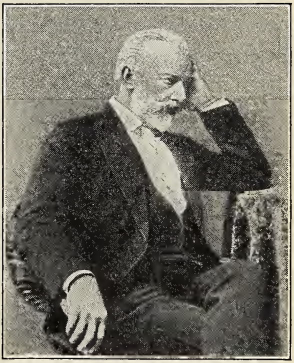
"Just wait till I grow up, I shall be playing, too!" said little Hans.

The music they played was wonderful. Before each piece of music was played, the clockmaker told Conrad something about it, about the man who wrote it, and a little of the history of the music. The clockmaker proved that he knew much about men and music by explaining very clearly about each composition.

Presently, the quartet played a piece which they told Conrad was a "Canzonetta," or "little song," written by Victor Hollaender. The "Canzonetta" had so pretty a melody and rhythm that Conrad wished he might be playing it, too. Toward the close of this piece, Conrad noticed that all the players except the first violinist plucked the strings of their instruments, instead of playing on them with their bows. This, he learned, was called *pizzicato*. They all played together, though, on the closing chord of the piece.

When this was finished, the clockmaker smiled at Conrad and said, "We will play just one more. This will be the "Andante Cantabile."

"The 'Andante Cantabile,' " said the clockmaker, "was written as the second part of a great string quartet composed by a Russian musician named Peter Tschaikowsky. The melody of the ‘Andante’ is that of a very old folk song of Russia. There is a story that tells us that one day, as Tschaikowsky was sitting at his desk, writing, he heard a man who was doing some plastering about the place, singing this folk song as he worked. Tschaikowsky thought it a fine melody, but went on with his own work.



P. Tschaikowsky

“When evening came and the house was quiet, and Tschaikowsky tried to read, he could not enjoy either books or music, because parts of the song which the workman had sung kept going through his mind. When morning came, and the plasterer came back to finish his work, Tschaikowsky went out to him and asked him to sing the song once more. Tschaikowsky wrote down on music paper the notes he had sung, and then used the melody for the main tune, or *theme,* when writing the ‘Andante Cantabile,’ which, afterwards, became so famous.”

When they had played the “Andante Cantabile,” the family musicians rose and put away their instruments, almost unwillingly, it seemed.

Conrad liked the "Andante" the best of all the pieces they had played.

A few minutes later, after thanking the clockmaker and his family for the music and the happy evening, Conrad was shown into his bedroom in the loft of the little house. As he lay in the darkness before sleep came to him, he heard the first faint strokes of the clock in the village tower, as it gave out the hour of ten. Shortly afterwards all in the Black Forest home of the old clockmaker were fast asleep.

—*H. G. K.*

String Quartet Music to Hear:
"Canzonetta"—*Victor Hollaender.*
"Andante Cantabile"—*Tschaikowsky.*

QUESTIONS

1. What instruments are played in a "string quartet"?
2. To what instrument family do these instruments belong?
3. What is a "canzonetta"?
4. What is meant by *pizzicato?*
5. Who wrote the "Andante Cantabile," and in what country did he live?
6. Tell how Tschaikowsky came to write the "Andante Cantabile."
7. From what source did Tschaikowsky take this theme?
8. What is a theme in music?

THE BOY WHO SANG WITH THE BIRDS

CONRAD slept soundly and when he woke in the morning, the sun was shining brightly. Upon opening his eyes he found "the dog" sitting on the bed beside him. For a minute, Conrad could not remember where he was, but as he looked about, he saw the record lying on the table beside the bed, just where he had left it the night before.

As he looked at the record, he suddenly sat bolt upright in bed! A terrible thought had come to him! These people had no talking machine. How could he set the record spinning? Would he have to stay right here *all the rest of his life,* and never see his home, and his father and mother, again?

"Oh, what shall I do?" he cried, throwing his arms about "the dog's" neck.

"The dog" was a very wise animal, it seemed, and guessing at once just what the trouble was, answered, "Do not worry! Everything will be all right. Never forget that music has a magic all its own, and can take you wherever you want to go, at any time." Then it went on to tell him just what to do when they should be ready to leave the village.

Conrad felt much better when he heard this, so he jumped out of bed and was soon dressed and downstairs. He could hear someone moving about already, while the mother of the family was busy cooking the breakfast.

Seeing no one else around, Conrad, followed by "the dog," left the house and went down the village street for a walk. Many of the little shops were already open. Across the street he saw a cobbler at work by the open window, singing as he tapped at the shoes he was fixing. Just across from the church stood the village blacksmith shop. The blacksmith was hard at work, too, and as he struck the anvil with his big hammer—Clang! Clang!—the sparks flew in all directions.

Conrad went back to the house, singing as he went. When he got there, he found the family ready for breakfast. It was a wonderful breakfast and after it was over, Conrad thanked the clockmaker and his family for their great kindness, and told them that it was now time for him to start away. But they did not want him to go.

"You must stay for a while, now that you are here," said the clockmaker, and as all the others urged him to stay, Conrad was glad to do so.

He, "the dog," and Hans were soon playing and visiting as though they had known each other always, and evening found two tired boys and a weary dog ready to sit down near the fireplace.

"What did you do all day?" asked the clockmaker.

"We played for a while, and then Conrad and I went down to the River, and through the woods. While we were there we heard a cuckoo, and many other kinds of birds," answered Hans.

"Did you ever hear of Walther von der Vogelweide, the boy who learned to sing by listening to the birds?" asked the old clockmaker.

"Oh no!" answered both Conrad and Hans in the same breath, guessing at once that the clockmaker was ready with one of his fine stories.

"I must tell you then about Walther, or Walther von der Vogelweide, which in English means 'Walter of the Bird Meadow.' The way in which he came to have such a strange name is quite a story.

"You have already read of the minstrels who sang, all through Europe, during the years which followed the famous Crusades. So dear did music become to all the people of our land that it was not surprising that the nobles, and even princes and kings, as well as minstrels, were trying to compose and sing beautiful songs.

"Such singers were called by different names in different countries. As they had been called *minstrels* in England, so they were called *troubadours* in France, and in Germany, *minnesingers*.

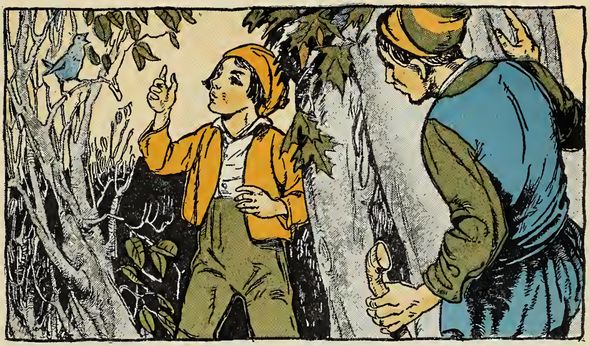
"The sweetest singer of them all was this boy named Walter of the Bird Meadow. Walter was born in the mountains of Austria, high in the part of that country which is called the Tyrol. Walter loved these mountains, as well as the animals and birds that lived there. His father was a nobleman, but was not rich. The family lived in a very humble home where the house itself, and the furniture in it, were very simple.

"When Walter grew a little older, he came to Germany to live, and here his home was at the edge of a deep forest.

"There were always many people, in those early days, who were willing to believe that there was magic about anything which they could not understand. One day a forester, who took care of the forest trees and the forest paths, heard strange whistling just at the edge of a big wood. He could not see anyone, and when he had heard the sound several times, he thought that it must be magic whistling made by some fairy, or elf.

"But when he hurried home to tell his wife of the strange whistling he had heard, she soon explained it to him.

" 'That is Walter, the nobleman's son,' she said. 'He loves music and wants to learn to sing so that he can be a minnesinger. Since his father and mother are so poor, and the boy can afford no teacher, he goes, each day, to the meadows near the wood. There he listens to the larks and to the cuckoo, and sometimes he hears the nightingale singing, too. The birds were afraid of him at first, but now he has only to whistle and they come at his first call. When they sing, he imi-



tates them, and he has learned their tunes so well that one can hardly tell his whistling from the whistling of the birds.' "

"The forester soon told his friends about the wonderful bird concerts. All through that happy summer many people came to the forester's home at the edge of the wood to listen to the beautiful music made by the birds and by the little Austrian boy. That was how he came to be called 'Walter of the Bird Meadow.'

"Walter became a favorite and a famous singer in all the castles and palaces of the land. For over thirty years he traveled about, from the home of one great prince to another. He sang the old songs that everyone loved, and made up new songs of his own, besides. One of his favorite songs was of the time when he was a little boy and learned how to sing. One verse of this song of Walter's reads as follows:

©*Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

WARTBURG CASTLE IN GERMANY
WHERE WALTER OF THE BIRD MEADOW SANG

"When the summer came at last
With the lovely flowers fast
On the meadows springing,
And the birds were singing,
Gaily did I sally
To that lovely valley
Where the woodland's bubbling spring
Started its meandering."

"As he grew older, Walter began to long for a home of his own. He was tired of wandering. So one of the princes to whom he had given so much pleasure, gave him a cottage and a garden near the castle. Here he lived for the rest of his life, singing often for the prince and his friends.

"When he was dying, he asked but one thing. He begged that he might be buried out in the meadow, or at the edge of the wood, so that the birds might sing above him forever.

"And should you visit this spot, you would find there, to this day, a great slab of stone above which his feathered friends flutter and warble, and upon which are carved these words:

TO THE MEMORY OF
WALTER OF THE BIRD MEADOW,
THE SWEETEST OF ALL NIGHTINGALES."

— *A Tale From History.*

Music to Hear:
An old Minnesingers' Song: "Summertime"—*Von Reuenthal.*
"Song of the Nightingale" (Chant du Rossignol)—*Filipovsky.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who were the minstrels? What kind of life did they lead?
2. What were the minstrels called in Germany? In France?
3. How did Walter of the Bird Meadow learn to sing?
4. Why did he want to learn to sing?
5. Where was Walter buried? Why?
6. Why was Walter of the Bird Meadow called the "Sweetest of all Nightingales"?

WALTER OF THE BIRD MEADOW*

Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
  When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
  Under Wartburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
  Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide
  Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
  I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
  They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
  And fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
  By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
  In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
  Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
  Overshadowed all the place,

---

* Used by the courteous permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

On the pavement, on the tombstone,
  On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
  On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
  Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
  Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
  Was the name of Vogelweid.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
  On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
  Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
  By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
  And the name of Vogelweid.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

QUESTIONS

1. From whom did Walter of the Bird Meadow learn the "art of song"?

2. Who were the "poets of the air"?

ROCKING CHAIR TRAVELS*

You sit down snug and quiet,
A book upon your knee—
A wonder-book that tells about
The lands across the sea;
And then a strange thing happens—
You do not leave your chair,
But as you read about these lands
It seems that you are there.
You see the queerest people,
They talk a language new,
The buildings are not those you know,
The streets are strange to you.
But you are never frightened,
It's pleasant to be there,
For you can always quickly come
Back to your rocking chair.
It does you good to journey
In such an easy way,
To learn about the big, big world,
And how it looks today.
This way a child should travel,
The road is very fair;
It's safe and best for little ones
To go by rocking chair.

— *Annie Willis McCollough.*

Music to Hear:

Lullabies, songs, and folk dances of other lands.

* Used by the courteous permission of *The Youth's Companion.*

THE SORCERER AND THE APPRENTICE

THE next morning when Conrad awoke, it was raining heavily. Not only was the rain falling, but the thunder roared with a terrible noise, and lightning flashed across the sky.

It did not really matter though, for inside the house, Hans' mother had made everything comfortable, pleasant, and home-like.

After breakfast, the two boys played a little, then watched the old clockmaker at his work. After a while they asked him to tell them a story.

"What shall it be this time?" he asked, "legend, battle, or magic?"

"Magic!" both boys shouted at once.

"Very well. I will tell you the story of a lazy boy, and the terrible thing that happened to him.

"You both know what a magician is, don't you?" he asked. "You know that he is a person who can do things by magic. He can make rabbits hop out of hats which seem empty, and do many other things that seem impossible.

"This magician, or sorcerer, of whom I shall tell you, was a very cunning man. He always kept an apprentice, or boy who worked for him, and who did the chores about the house while he was learning from his master to do magic tricks.

"One day, the magician had to go to town. Before the magician left home, he told the boy, who was his apprentice, of a number of things which must be done before he returned from town. The boy was to clean the house, and carry enough water to fill all the pots and pans.

" 'Now,' thought the lazy boy, 'I shall work no more than I have to work.'

"So he sat in the sun, watched the bees go from one flower to another, and listened to the birds singing. Then he read for a while.

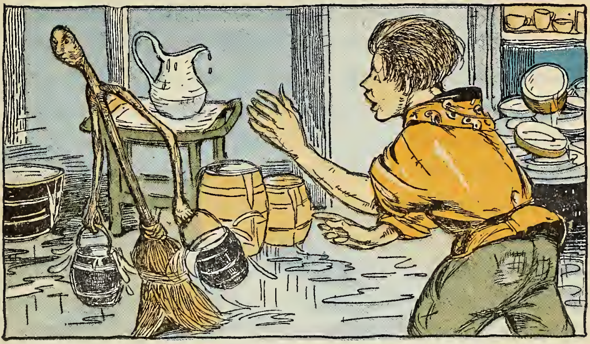
"All this time the house stood untidy and the pots and pans in it, quite empty.

"How sorry he was when the little bird in the clock which hung on the wall, popped out of his door and called "Cuckoo" five times! That meant that it was five o'clock, and that it was only an hour before his master would return home expecting to find all the work done.

" 'I know what I will do!' he shouted. 'I will do what the sorcerer does and get the broom to help me.'

"So he said some words to the broom. He tried several things, but it did not move even an inch. The trouble was that he could not remember the right words to say.

"Finally he thought of them and spoke them in just the manner his master always used. Out of the corner came the little broom—thump-et-y, thump-ty, thump-et-y, thump!



" 'Go to the stream and bring me water!' the boy ordered.

"The broom did not seem to mind the work at all, but thumped merrily back and forth from the stream to the house, bringing two pails of water each journey.

"Presently, all the pots and pans were full, but one. That one was also soon full. Then the water began to run over on to the floor, but the broom kept right on going, thump-et-y, thump-ty, thump-et-y, thump!

"The boy tried and tried to think what it was that his master said which always stopped the broom. The harder he tried to think, the worse things became, and the less he could remember of what the magician always said at such times.

" 'Stop, stop, Broomstick!' he shouted.

" 'I can't,' wailed the broomstick. 'The magic won't let go of me!' and out of the door it went, thump-et-y, thump, after more pails of water.

"When the broomstick came back this time, the boy caught it. 'I will help you stop,' he said.

"So he held on to the broomstick tightly, and sawed it into two equal parts.

"To add to his fright, that stopped nothing. Worse yet, for now, instead of *one* broomstick, there were *two*, each of which hurried away as fast as ever it could for more water—thump-et-y, thump-ty, thump-et-y, thump!

" 'Oh, what can I do? What will my master do to me? I will never be lazy again,' he said.

"Whether the magician had heard the loud noise or not, we do not know, but just at this moment he came hurrying up the hillside. He saw, at once, what the trouble was, and by saying just the right word, he sent the two pieces of broomstick back into the corner where they belonged.

"The apprentice was so afraid that the sorcerer would punish him, as he deserved, that he ran as fast as he could down the hillside from the cottage. The last ever heard of him, was that he was still running."

"Oh, that is a good story!" said both Hans and Conrad. "The dog" thumped on the floor with his bit of a tail as though he thought so, too.

"Yes, and the best of all is," continued the clockmaker, "that you may now hear that story told in music. A French musician, named Paul Dukas, has written a piece of music for orchestras to play, and has called it 'The Sorcerer and the Apprentice.' In it he tells this story by means of music, just as clearly as I have told it to you. When you hear it, listen for the first 'charm' which the apprentice says over the broomstick, then hear the broomstick as it hurries on its errand. Listen for the place in the music which tells you that the stick has been cut in two, and that the two broomsticks are carrying water. Then you will be able to hear the sorcerer's word as he stops the broomstick, and the running footsteps of the lazy boy as he runs away."

— *Adapted from Goethe's Poem.*

Music to Hear:
Scherzo: "The Sorcerer and the Apprentice"—*Paul Dukas.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who was the musician who wrote music for "The Sorcerer and the Apprentice"?
2. For what was this music written?
3. How does the apprentice know what charm to say?
4. What in the music tells that the broomstick has been cut in two?
5. How does the music tell that the two broomsticks are carrying water?

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THE "TOY SHOP" OF EUROPE

EACH night when the candles were lit, the clockmaker would sit down and tell stories to the boys. Sometimes during the daytime, they would come to the shop to watch him put all the little wheels and springs together in the clocks and then he would amuse them with stories, as he worked.

One morning he seemed to be in a very talkative mood, so the two boys waited patiently. They were not disappointed.

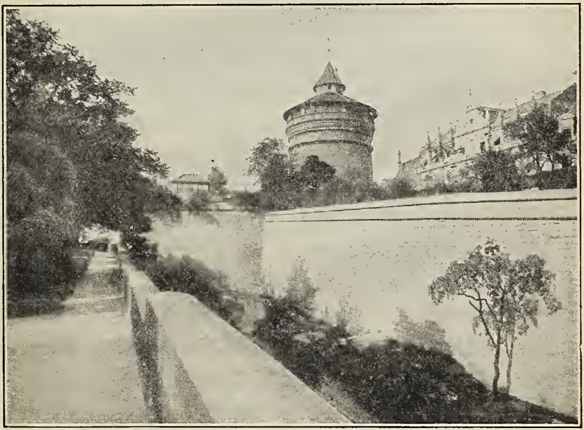
"Did you ever have a Noah's Ark, Conrad, or a set of wooden soldiers?" asked the clockmaker a moment later, as he filed a bit off a clock-wheel on his bench by the window.

"Yes, sir, I did," answered Conrad, who wondered just why he had asked such a question.

"Well, very likely it came from Nuremberg, an old city not many miles north and east from here.

"It is like turning the pages of an old fairy-book to take the trip up through the mountains to Nuremberg. Along the way there are red-roofed villages, and many old brown windmills which creak as they turn their great flapping arms. Once in a while you can see little goose-girls, all dressed in blue dresses and scarlet aprons, and often knitting long gray stockings, as they watch their flocks.

"Nuremberg is called 'an enchanted city' because it looks so like the pages of a picture book. Great castles of other days guard the old stone walls which zig-zag around the city, and the little red-roofed houses look like toy houses beside the old castles.



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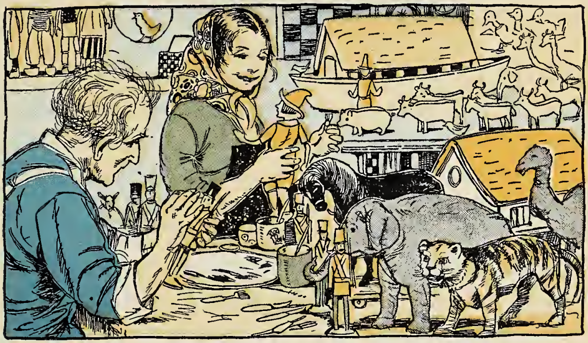
THE CITY WALL, A TOWER, AND MOAT, NUREMBERG

"There is an old saying in the Black Forest that 'Nuremberg's hand goes into every land.' The meaning of this strange saying is that the boys and girls in every country in the world play with some toy, or use something, which is made by the hands of men and women who live and work in Nuremberg.

"Nuremberg is called the 'toy shop of Europe.' Here are made millions of toys which go to make boys and girls all over the world happy at Christmas time. Many of the pencils you use in school are made there, too, but most of all, the people make toys.

"Crusaders returning from Palestine, about the year 1200, are said to have stopped in Nuremberg and bought hand-carved toys to take home with them for their children. Even now, whole families in Nuremberg follow the trade of making toys. If you were to visit some of these homes, you would think that the people in them had almost as much fun making toys as boys and girls have in playing with them. They joke and laugh and sing while they work. Sometimes, a family is so large that when all its members join in singing a folk song the whole street can hear them sing. At the same time they keep at their task of putting roses on the cheeks of dolls, setting eyes in their heads, painting stripes on tigers' skins, making humps on camels' backs, trunks on elephants, or painting whole regiments of wooden soldiers. You never saw people more happy than they are.

"The best wooden toys in Europe are said to come from this Black Forest city, where the peasants carve them from white pine, as we do



some of our clocks. The largest numbers of Noah's Arks, and lead and tin soldiers come from Nuremberg, too. Many of the toymakers of olden times became very skilled in carving, and there is no more wonderful wood carving to be seen than that which may be seen in the Nuremberg churches.

"There are many quaint things to see in the city of Nuremberg. There you will find a restaurant called the 'Little Sausage Bell' which was already old when Columbus started over the seas to America. People in those days would ask the cook of the 'Little Sausage Bell' to cook them a sausage. Then they would wander out along the street visiting with their friends until the meal was ready, instead of sitting down at a table to wait. When the sausage was cooked and ready to be eaten, the cook would go to the door and ring a bell to call the hungry man to his meal.

"In Nuremberg, too, is the Goose-Man Fountain. On the plains of Bohemia (or Czechoslovakia, as it is now called), which is a country not far from Nuremberg, and in some places in southern Germany, as well, people raise great flocks of geese. A boy or girl who is called 'Goose-Boy' or 'Goose-Girl' watches these flocks, just as shepherds in other countries watch the sheep or cattle. When you go to Nuremberg you will see there an odd drinking fountain. The statue in the middle of it is the figure of a German peasant with a goose held tightly under each of his arms. The water of the fountain flows out of the two goose-bills. Everybody loves to see this beautiful fountain.

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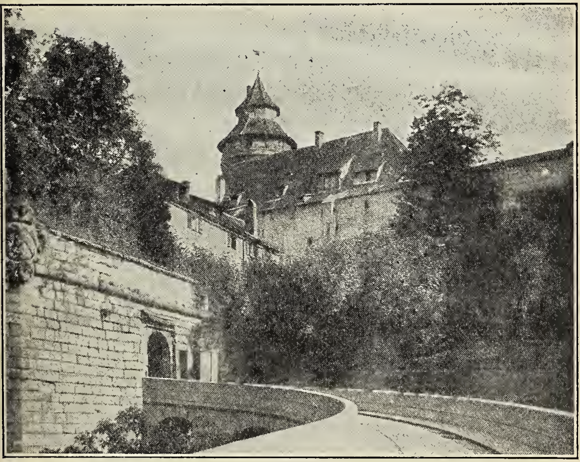
VICTOR HERBERT

"One of Conrad's countrymen, Victor Herbert, has written an opera about a toy shop such as is found in Nuremberg. Herbert was an Irishman, but before he went to America to live, he studied for several years in Germany. He often saw the people making toys and heard them singing as they worked. After he reached America, he wrote an opera, 'Babes in Toyland,' in which all the toys come to life during the night, while the toymakers are asleep.

"Some people who live in Nuremberg still think that the city is under a 'magic spell.' This is because of a quaint legend about one of the early emperors. This emperor's name was Frederick the First, but his Italian neighbors always called him Frederick Barbarossa, because of his bright red beard.



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FREDERICK OF THE RED BEARD'S CASTLE

"Emperor Frederick of the Red Beard once led a Crusade to Palestine, and while on the way tried to swim his horse across a wide river. The current was too strong for his horse and both horse and rider sank out of sight in the water. The soldiers were never able to find his body, but they would not believe that their Emperor was dead, and so some of the peasants still believe the legend which says that he was spirited away to the mountains seen from Nuremberg Castle. They say that there he is, seated by a huge stone table through which his red beard is said to have grown. The hill dwarfs guard and feed him and the ravens keep watch by flying night and day, above the mountain.

" 'Some day,' the legend says, 'the watch of the dwarfs will be over, and whenever the raven ceases to fly over the mountain, then Frederick Barbarossa will cast the "magic spell" from the city, and come back to take up his kingdom again.' " —*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Parade of the Wooden Soldiers"—*Jessel.*[1]
"March of the Toys" from "Babes in Toyland"—*Herbert.*

QUESTIONS

1. What city is called the "Toy Shop" of Europe?
2. What is meant by "Nuremberg's hand goes into every land"?
3. As the families work, what do they sing?
4. Who wrote an opera about a toy shop?
5. What is it called?
6. What did the composer describe in this music?

THE "LITTLE SAUSAGE BELL"

This verse was written many years ago, about the famous restaurant in Nuremberg. Here, in this place, the Crusaders are said to have eaten. Here, also, the mastersingers came, during the contests held on the meadows near the city. Hans Sachs, the cobbler, and many of his friends, are said to have recited their best verses, and sung their best songs inside this little building.

The "Little Sausage Bell" is built at the back of one of the famous old churches of Nuremberg. The wood carving on the ceiling of the little restaurant is as beautiful as that to be seen in many of the well-known churches.

THE "LITTLE SAUSAGE BELL"

Long, long ago,—
So long that none can tell,
The world has known the "Little Bell."

Years has it stood,
Until today,
Nor turned a single guest away.
— *Translated from Von Winterfeld.*

QUESTIONS

1. What was the "Little Sausage Bell"?
2. Tell what singers used to eat at this little restaurant.

THE MASTERSINGERS

WALTER of the Bird Meadow and his friends, the *Minnesingers,* were all noblemen, and sang only for knights and princes.

There was another group of wonderful singers who were called *Mastersingers.* These mastersingers were not men of the nobility. They were the working people of the country. Tailors, cobblers or shoemakers, and bakers belonged to the mastersingers.

The mastersingers were very serious about their music and anyone who wished to win the title of mastersinger was required to pass an examination. The mastersingers who gave the examination would sit behind the curtain, and there were usually four of them. One man would mark down his opinion of the verse which the singer had written for his song, for each singer had to write both the words and the music of the song, himself. Another man would mark down how well the words rhymed, and the others would write down marks for the music, and the singing. When they all agreed that the new singer might be admitted to the mastersingers, it was a very proud moment for him.

This honor was quite a prize in itself, but, in addition, the singer was always given a silver chain to wear which had on it one, two, or three silver medals. One of these medals had carved upon it the head of King David of Judæa, who was called "The First Mastersinger."

There was one mastersinger who was more famous than all the others. His name was Hans Sachs. Hans Sachs was born in Nuremberg just about the time Columbus discovered America, and lived there all his life. His father was a tailor and from the time he was a little boy, Hans showed that he liked to sew. But instead of sewing on clothes he liked to make shoes, and was known, when he grew up, as the "Cobbler Poet."

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HANS SACHS
THE COBBLER POET

Of all mastersingers of Nuremberg, there was none so great as the cobbler, Hans Sachs, and of all the people who lived in that town, none was better loved. The children all loved him, and the big boys and girls. The men and women, too, came to him to talk over their troubles and to tell him when good luck came their way.

Hans Sachs was a mastersinger for nearly sixty years, and wrote nearly four thousand songs. When he died, a great statue of him was put up in the market place. But the greatest honor of all came, nearly four hundred years later, when a famous composer named Richard Wagner wrote a wonderful opera about him and called it "The Mastersinger of Nuremberg." Wagner makes Hans Sachs the leading figure in this opera, which is, today, one of the most famous operas sung.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Prize Song"—*Richard Wagner.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who were the mastersingers?
2. How could one become a mastersinger?
3. How many judges would there be?
4. What would each judge do?
5. Who was the most famous mastersinger of Nuremberg?
6. Who wrote a great opera about Hans Sachs?
7. What was the opera called?

"THE MASTERSINGER OF NUREMBERG"

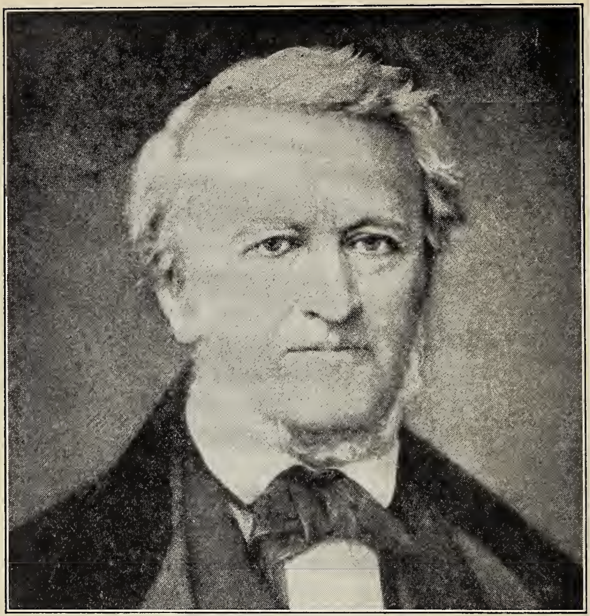
"IT was in 1861 that Richard Wagner, the famous opera writer, went to Venice for a visit," said the clockmaker, as he began another of his famous stories. "He was very unhappy for he had not been able to decide upon a story for a new opera. While he was in Venice he visited friends for several days.

"These friends invited him to go to an art gallery to see some paintings. He really wanted to stay at home, but the friends urged him until he went. When they entered the art gallery, Wagner became separated from his friends, and as he walked slowly from picture to picture, he was suddenly attracted by a certain picture. It was not the picture itself which had so charmed him, but something of which it made him think.

"He remembered, as he himself said, 'with a sudden flash,' the old town of Nuremberg, and the stories about Hans Sachs and the 'mastersingers.'

" 'I will write my new opera about the mastersingers of Nuremberg,' he said, and hurried home to begin work.

"Wagner went to Paris and there he stayed for several months. He had a small writing room, which overlooked several famous old buildings.



Brown's Famous Pictures

RICHARD WAGNER
COMPOSER OF "THE MASTERSINGER OF NUREMBERG"

" 'They think,' said Wagner, in a letter which he wrote to a friend, 'that I am looking out at Paris. But if they only knew how full my mind is of the story, they would know that I cannot see anything but Nuremberg. I even imagine that I am walking the streets there with the mastersingers.'

"Wagner thought of his opera night and day, and once when he was at the royal palace, he thought of a melody for one of the songs in it. He was so afraid he might forget it that he hurried to a near-by tavern to write it down.

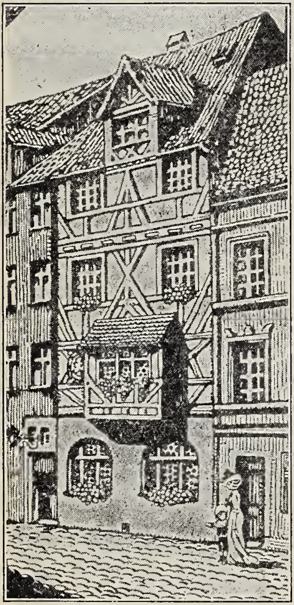
"All of the scenes of this opera take place either in Nuremberg, or in a field just outside the city. The story of the opera tells of a contest of singers. No one might enter this contest but those who had won the title of mastersinger. For hours, the day before the contest, young men had been taking the examination so that they might, possibly, become mastersingers, and take a part in it.

"A young man named Walter wanted to become a mastersinger, and since he sang very well, everyone was much surprised to learn that the judges had refused to let him pass the examination.

"When it was learned that a certain mastersinger named Beckmesser had been one of the day's judges, many of Walter's friends knew that the examination had not been entirely fair. Beckmesser wanted to enter the contest and win the prize himself, and it was said that the only chance he had to win was to keep Walter from being a mastersinger. In that way he would keep him out of the contest.

"Walter was very sad and disappointed and went to the shoemaker's shop that evening to tell Hans Sachs, the cobbler, all about it.

"After Walter went home that night, and fell asleep, he had a wonderful dream about a song. It was so marvelous a song that when he awoke he still remembered it and wrote down both the words and the tune on a piece of paper. Going by the cobbler's house an hour or so later, he stopped to show and sing the song to Hans Sachs. The cobbler said that it was the finest song he had ever heard, and told the boy to be sure to come to the meadow that day.


Old Nuremberg Print
HANS SACHS' HOME

"The cobbler and Walter then went out of the room for a few minutes and crossed the street to visit with some friends. While they were away, the jealous Beckmesser, who was really a sly and mean old man, came into the shop by another door. Seeing the sheet of music, which still lay on the table, he picked it up and read it carefully.

"This was a very fine song, he thought. There was no doubt of that. So, first looking slyly around to see that no one was watching, he tore up his own song that he had written for the contest, and put the stolen song into his pocket, before hurrying away. Beckmesser thought that Hans Sachs must have written the new song. and that if he had, the one who sang it would surely win the prize.

"Soon after this had happened, all the people in the town began to gather in the field just outside the walls. Some people came up the river in boats, and some marched in large groups, with their friends. On one side of the field, a large stand had been built for the mastersingers.

"Some of the people who had already reached there were dancing folk dances on the grass when Walter reached the field. They appeared surprised that he should have come, even to watch and listen to the contest.

"Presently, a band of shoemakers marched up, with banners flying. These were followed by groups of tailors and bakers, each group singing folk songs. Then came the mastersingers. Every one stopped their singing or dancing immediately and formed into two long lines so that the mastersingers' procession might march to the stand between them.

"When they saw Hans Sachs, all the people called out, as they always did at such times,

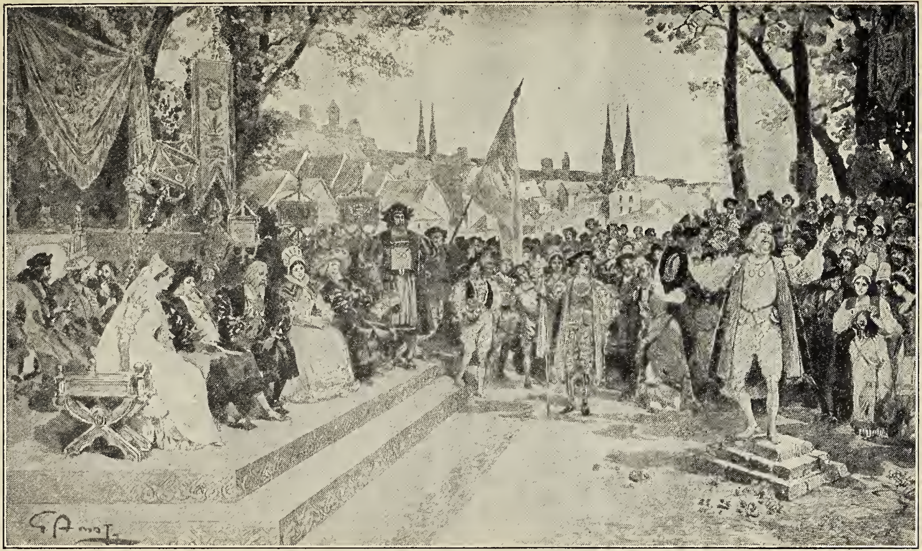
Hans Sachs, Hans Sachs!
Nuremberg's darling, Hans Sachs!

"As soon as the mastersingers were seated, the contest began. Some of the boys from the town had prepared a mound on which the singers could stand. In this way all were able to see and hear what was taking place.

"Beckmesser started his song first. The time had been so short since morning, that he did not know the new song very well. He had torn up his own song, so it was this one, or nothing. His singing was simply dreadful! The more he sang, the worse it became. First, he forgot the words and had to make up a silly rhyme.

"Then he forgot the tune, and the people of Nuremberg, who did not like him any too well, began to laugh. Beckmesser tried to sing louder, and the people began to talk aloud. At last, he made so bad a mistake that they laughed still more loudly and some even pointed their fingers at him. Beckmesser was so angry that he scrambled down from the mound and ran out of the field. As he went, he threw the music of the stolen song on the ground before Hans Sachs, shouting, 'Your song is no good, Hans Sachs. You are a poor poet!'

"As Beckmesser ran out of the meadow, Hans Sachs picked up the music. 'Now someone else must sing this,' he said, 'to prove that the song is



A SCENE FROM WAGNER'S "MASTERSINGER OF NUREMBERG" all right. The fault was with the singer, not with the song. Walter, he called, 'you wrote the song. *You* must now sing it.'

"It was the most exciting moment! No one was ever allowed to sing in these contests but mastersingers. But the people all loved Hans Sachs so dearly that they were willing to allow Walter to sing, and were glad to listen to him.

"Walter mounted the mound. There were still some in the crowd who felt like laughing and talking, but as the boy began to sing, they became very quiet.

"He had such a delightful voice, and it was such a beautiful song!

"Walter's song told of a wonderful dream in which he saw a tall tree. When night came on, all the fruit on the tree had turned into stars, which, when plucked, turned into great gifts.

"As Walter repeated the melody of his song, the people began to hum softly with him. When, at last his song came to an end, they all cried, together, 'Mastersinger! Mastersinger!' Then Eva, the daughter of the Nuremberg goldsmith, ran to the mound and placed a laurel wreath on his head.

"The day before, when Walter had taken the examination, he had not been allowed to become a mastersinger. Now, when the people and the judges wanted to give him the honor, he would not accept it. But Hans Sachs, who had been his friend all the time, came down from the high stand upon which he was sitting and begged him not to refuse. Eva begged, too, and so at last Walter consented. He knelt before the mastersingers while Eva took off the wreath and placed it as a crown on Hans Sachs' head, then slipped over Walter's head, the silver chain with its three medals.

"The people set up a great cheer for Walter, who was now the happiest of all the mastersingers. All through the day they feasted him, and sang songs in his honor.

"That," concluded the clockmaker, "is the story of Wagner's opera. In many operas, the people who sing the songs, and the places of which they sing, were never real. But in 'The Mastersinger of Nuremberg' both the place and the people are real, and should you go to Nuremberg, you will find the place and the story just as real as they were over four hundred years ago."

— *A True Story.*

Music to Hear:

"Prize Song"—*Richard Wagner.* (This is the song which Walter sings, in the opera, "The Mastersinger of Nuremberg.")

Finale to "The Mastersinger of Nuremberg"—*Richard Wagner.*

QUESTIONS

1. What famous opera was composed by Richard Wagner?

2. How did he come to write this opera?
3. In what way did the people of Nuremberg greet Hans Sachs?
4. Why was he called the "cobbler poet"?
5. What did Walter's song describe?
6. What kind of medal did Walter win as a prize?
7. Whose face was carved on it?

NUREMBERG*

Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
  Quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables,
  Like the rooks that round them throng.

Through these streets so broad and stately,
  These obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers,
  Chanting rude poetic strains.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet,
  Laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters,
  In huge folios sang and laughed.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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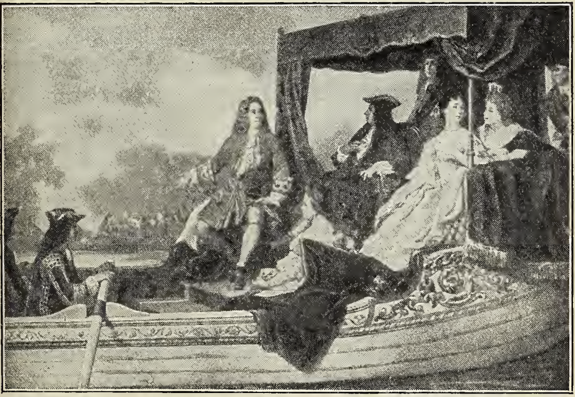
HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"

"YOU remember, I am sure," said the clockmaker, "the story of the little boy, George Frederick Handel, who practiced at night upon a spinet which was hidden in his father's attic. After he grew up, he went to England to live, where he composed the famous 'Water Music,' which was written to please the King as he floated down the Thames River in his royal barge.



Perry Pictures *From Painting by E. Hammann*

HANDEL AND KING GEORGE I OF ENGLAND

"You will remember, too, that Handel's father was a surgeon, and that, as he himself cared nothing for music, he planned to have his little son grow up to be a lawyer. There is still another fine story told of Handel's boyhood.

"One day, little George Frederick's father started from home on a visit to his older son, who was, just then, a page in the castle of the Duke. George Frederick begged to be taken along, but his father refused. When the big stagecoach drove up, the father got in, and the horses started off. Father Handel noticed that the other passengers seemed to be watching something behind the coach, and so he, too, looked out of the window. What should he see there in the road behind them but the small, determined figure of his little son, running fast, and trying to catch up with the coach!

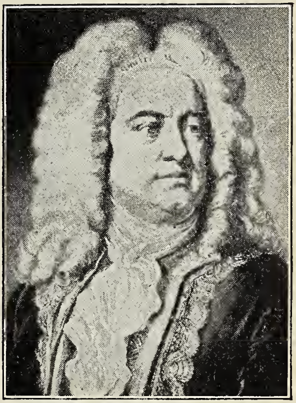
"The boy's determination pleased the old surgeon, and he called to the driver to stop the horses. They waited until George Frederick came up. His father then helped him into the coach, and took him along to the Duke's great castle.

"At the castle George Frederick was delighted with the wonderful organ in the Duke's chapel. George Frederick longed to play on it, but that seemed quite impossible. But one day when no one was looking, he crept into the chapel. At first he just looked at the organ. It was so beautiful that he longed to touch it, so he sat down on the organist's bench. Then he began to play, very softly, as he had done in the attic, and very soon people in the castle heard beautiful sounds coming from the chapel.

"The Duke, who was a good musician, went to see what stranger might be playing on his organ. You can imagine his surprise when he found that it was just a small boy.

"The Duke talked with him very kindly, and when he saw for himself, what great talent the boy had, he urged Father Handel to give him lessons in music, instead of insisting that he become a lawyer.

"George Frederick was then sent to study music with the organist at the great cathedral. He had to work hard and practice long hours each day, but it was all great joy for him. He learned to play the organ, the violin, the oboe, and the harpsichord. Before he was nine years old, he had composed several pieces of music, and had played the organ in the cathedral on Sunday mornings, an unusual feat for one so young.



Brown's Famous Pictures

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

"After he became a young man, Handel spent most of his life in England, and here it was that he wrote much of the music which made him famous.

"You will remember that a folk song is always very short. There is another kind of song which is called a *ballad.* A ballad differs from a folk song in that it tells a whole story. It is longer than a folk song, usually has a chorus, and sometimes needs and has, many verses.

"An opera tells a story too, but it is much longer, and is made up of many solos, duets, and choruses. It is always 'acted' and is partly a play, and partly music to be sung.

"Although George Frederick Handel wrote much fine music, and music of many kinds, his greatest music was religious music, and his most famous work is his oratorio, 'The Messiah,' which has been performed in all parts of the world.

"As an opera tells a story, which may be a fairy tale, a piece of history, or a story just imagined by the writer, so an oratorio tells a story from the Bible. It is sung, but not acted.

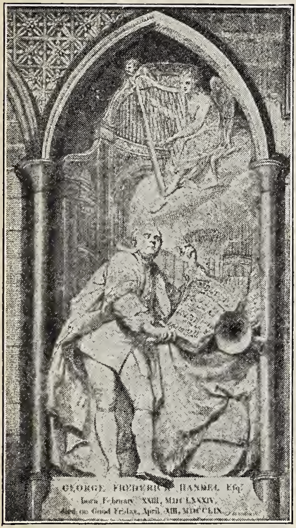
"One time Handel went for a visit, to the city of Dublin, Ireland, and it was there that 'The Messiah' was sung for the first time. 'The Messiah' is a very long composition, being made up of many separate songs and choruses, but Handel is said to have written it in twenty-four days.

"There were no blotters in those days, and no pens, such as we now use. Handel wrote the whole 'Messiah' with a quill which was sharpened into a point. When he had completed a page of music, he would sprinkle sand over it, as was the custom, to dry the extra ink. When this was dry the sand was shaken off the paper. One could then turn over the sheet and write on the other side.

"The manuscripts, or the music which Handel wrote himself, are now kept in a safe place in the British Museum. Handel wrote so fast, when he was working on 'The Messiah,' that he could not wait for the sand to dry the ink on one side of the paper before turning it over to write upon the other side. Those who have seen the precious pages in the British Museum say that many of them are streaked with the ink, so hurriedly did Handel dash the sand from them that he might continue his writing.

"After the first performance of 'The Messiah' in Dublin, Handel gave all the money which the people had paid to hear the music, to charity. This was in April, 1742. The people who attended the concert were so thrilled by the music that they took the horses from Handel's carriage as he started for his home, and drew it along themselves.

"The next spring Handel was back in London, and the wonderful music was given there in March. By this time everyone had heard of 'The Messiah' and a huge crowd attended the concert. Even the King was there. When the great choir sang the thrilling 'Hallelujah Chorus,' the King and the nobles with him rose to their feet to show their respect, and remained standing while the chorus was being sung.



HANDEL'S STATUE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ENGLAND

"That was many years ago, and 'The Messiah' is now known all over the earth. The whole oratorio, or parts of it, have been sung thousands of times, but ever since that day, it has been the custom for everyone to stand whenever they hear the 'Hallelujah Chorus' sung.

"Toward the end of his life Handel became blind, but as long as he lived he played on his beloved harpsichord each day. He played upon it so much that at the last its keys, where his fingers touched them in playing, were hollowed out like the bowl of a spoon.

"When Handel died he was buried in Westminster Abbey, in London. A white marble figure of him has been erected above the spot where he lies. In the hand of the statue is a scroll of paper upon which is carved a bit of the music and the opening words of 'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.' This was Handel's favorite of all the songs which are a part of 'The Messiah.'

"Handel did more than anyone to make *oratorio* really liked. His 'Messiah' is one of the greatest contributions ever made to *choral music.*"

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

Music from "The Messiah"—*George Frederick Handel.*

"He Shall Feed His Flock" (Contralto Solo).

"Come Unto Him." (Soprano Solo).

"Pastoral Symphony" (Music for orchestra. This is written to suggest the quiet starlit night and the faith of the shepherds who watched their flocks, the night that Christ was born).

"I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" (Soprano Solo).

"Hallelujah Chorus" (Chorus).

QUESTIONS

1. In what country was Handel born?
2. What music did Handel compose when he was in England?
3. What is an *oratorio?*
4. How does an *opera* differ from an *oratorio?*
5. What famous oratorio did Handel compose?
6. How did the King of England show his respect when the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung?
7. Where was Handel buried?
8. What is carved on the scroll on the statue?

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL*

George Frederick Handel in Saxony born
When a boy loved his music much more than a game;
But his youthful ambition was treated with scorn
And his music his father threw into the flame.

In secret he played in the garret alone
Such beautiful music as never was known,
'Till a good German Duke heard this marvelous creature
And forced the stern parent to give him a teacher.

Of his works the "Harmonious Blacksmith" we note,
And in one single month, the "Messiah" he wrote;
While he steadily rose to great honor and fame,
And the works of his genius immortal became.

— *Rebekah Crawford.*

Music to Hear:
"Air from Harmonious Blacksmith"— *George Frederick Handel.*

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FELIX MENDELSSOHN, THE JOYOUS COMPOSER

MORE than a hundred years ago, there was born a little boy, who, when he grew up, was to write some of the happiest music we know. This boy was Felix Mendelssohn.

Many of the great composers of music were the sons of poor men, and had, for that reason, to undergo great hardships. But Felix was the son of a rich banker, who gave his children many splendid gifts. He had a lovely home with beautiful gardens in which they could live and play.

Felix had a sister, Fanny, who was, as long as she lived, the dearest person in the world to him.

If you had asked either of these children how they came by their name of Mendelssohn, they would have laughed and told you the story.

One day, when their father was still a little boy, he had been out for a walk. "Look," said a friend, "there goes Abraham, Moses Mendel's Sohn." ('Sohn' in the German language, means the same as 'son' in English.) As he was called 'Mendel's Sohn' so often, the young man decided to adopt the name of Mendelssohn as his own. From that time on he was known as Abraham Mendelssohn and his children, as Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn.

The children's mother was their first music teacher. She always sat beside them while they practiced. So eager were they in this practice that both Fanny and Felix could play very well indeed.

They had one game which they enjoyed very much. If Felix went anywhere he was supposed to tell and describe whatever he had seen to Fanny, as soon as he reached home.

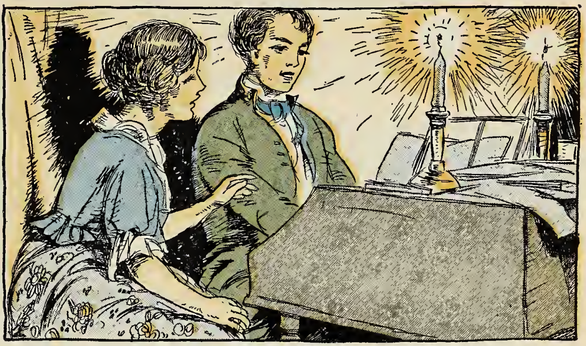
But instead of talking about it, he would sit down at the piano in the parlor and make up some music which described it. Then Fanny was to guess what he had seen.

Once he had heard a great band play and seen a company of soldiers marching. So he sat down at the piano and played a bugle call. Then he imitated the roll of a drum, as it went dr-r-rum! dr-r-r-um! dr-r-r-um! bm, bm! on the lower keys of the piano. That was easy and Fanny guessed at once just what it was.

Another time Felix had been away in the woods. When he came home and went to the piano to tell what he had heard and seen, he played a little air, with many trills, high up on the piano.

"Oh, Felix," Fanny asked, in a minute, "did a bird really sing like that today?"

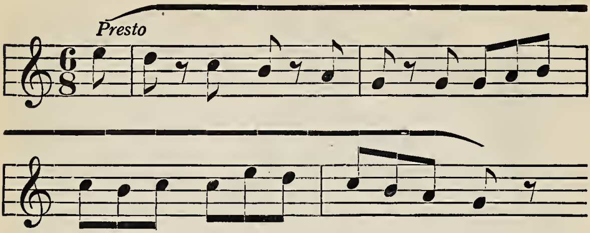
It was because of these games, and his good study, that Felix was finally able to write a whole book full of "Songs Without Words" for other



musicians to play on the piano. Some of these 'Songs' have titles which tell us what Mendelssohn intended us to think of when we play and hear them. But many of them, like the tunes he played for his sister Fanny, are so cleverly written that we could probably guess, anyhow, just what he meant to describe, even if there were no title.

One of these "Songs Without Words" is the "Spinning Song." This piece does not start with the song, but with the accompaniment, which is nothing else than the whirring of an old-fashioned spinning wheel as it whirls round and round. As soon as the spinner has her wheel well started, she begins to sing. If you listen to her song you will find that it runs like part of a scale.

There are really three verses to her song, and all the while, the wheel keeps spinning.



Many of Felix Mendelssohn's finest pieces were written especially for the parties which his father and mother held in their beautiful garden.

One day Felix and his sister were sitting in their father's garden reading to each other. The book they happened to be reading that day, was Shakespeare's charming fairy story of "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Write some music about it," suggested Fanny, and Felix set to work at once to do this. He was not quite eighteen years old at that time, but he was able to write an "Overture" which is still thought to be a very fine piece of music. An overture is a "beginning piece."

In this "Overture," Mendelssohn described the people in Shakespeare's play. First he takes the listener to fairyland by means of four magic chords. Then we can hear music which tells us that fairies are dancing. There is a lullaby, which puts the Queen of Fairyland to sleep; a musical description of the people of the court, and another one of the townspeople. A donkey brays, "Hee-Haw!" in a very funny manner, as all donkeys do. The "Overture" ends with the first four chords, which are repeated to bring us back from fairyland.

A number of the friends of the Mendelssohn family played violins, horns, and other instruments of the orchestra. On the Sunday afternoon after the music was written, these friends all came to the Mendelssohn home, and with Felix at the piano, they played this "Midsummer Night's Dream" out in the music house of the Mendelssohn garden. This was in Berlin, where the family then lived.

Courtesy Information Bureau of Switzerland
A SPINNER AT WORK

It was not until many years later that Felix Mendelssohn wrote any more music about Shakespeare's play. When he was about thirty-four years old the King happened to hear an orchestra play the "Overture," and begged Mendelssohn to write the music for the whole drama. It was then that he wrote the whole story into music. —*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Songs Without Words"—*Felix Mendelssohn.*
"Spinning Song."
"Spring Song."
"Midsummer Night's Dream"—*Felix Mendelssohn.*
"Overture."

QUESTIONS

1. What game did Felix and his sister often play?
2. What is a "Song Without Words"?
3. Can you sing the tune, or melody, of one of these "Songs"?
4. For what play by Shakespeare did Mendelssohn write music?
5. Of what does the "Overture" tell?
6. When was the "Midsummer Night's Dream" first played?

FAIRYLAND

Thou shalt remain here,
Whether thou wilt or no.
I do love thee:
Therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing,
While thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep.
—*From A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

ELIJAH, THE FAITHFUL PROPHET

AS Sunday night drew near, and the long evening shadows began to fall across the village street in the little home in the Black Forest, the clockmaker told the boys the story of Elijah, the faithful Prophet.

"There lived, long ago, in the days of the Bible, a wicked king whose name was Ahab. Elijah, the Prophet of the Lord, was sent to punish him, and the people of his land, for their wickedness. He said that there should be no more dew or rain in the land until the king and his people should repent for their sins.

"Ahab, the king, was very angry because Elijah had said this and wished to capture him and put him to death. He even sent soldiers out to find him, but a message was brought to Elijah in time so that he escaped.

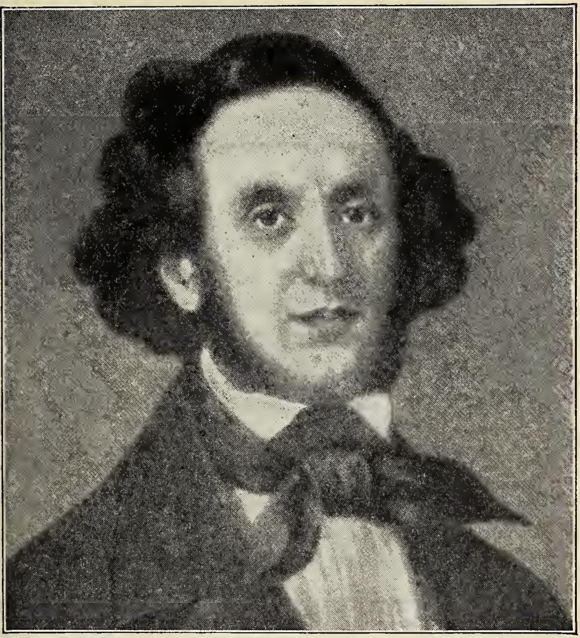
"At the command of the Lord, Elijah was told to hide himself, where the king's soldiers could not find him, by a brook called Cherith. Here, the Lord promised him, he would be safe. He might not only drink from the waters of the brook, but he would also be fed with bread and meat that should be brought to him, each day, by ravens.

"Elijah could not understand how this might be done, but he had such faith in the Lord that he did exactly as he had been told to do. When he reached Cherith, he found plenty of good water in the brook, and the ravens visited him, bringing food with them, each night and each morning.

"After a time the brook dried up, for, with no rain falling in the land, even the springs from which the brooks and rivers started, were soon dry. Elijah was then sent a message which told him to go on to a certain village, in which he would find shelter. There a miracle took place. Elijah was given power by the Lord, to bring back to life the son of the woman who sheltered him.

"From this time on, for many years, Elijah was in hiding, in one place or another. The king had soldiers watching for him in all places. Once again he came to Ahab, thinking that it might be possible that the king would now repent of his wicked deeds. But Ahab was more angry than ever, and the Prophet barely escaped with his life.

"This time, Elijah fled into the wilderness, where he lay down under a juniper tree, and fell into a sleep from which he was awakened by an angel. Several times after this his life was in danger, and had it not been for his faith in and obedience to the Lord's commands, Elijah would surely have been caught and put to death. At last, King Ahab repented and his kingdom was



MENDELSSOHN, THE JOYOUS COMPOSER

saved. Elijah did not die but was taken to heaven in a chariot of fire.

"Felix Mendelssohn read, as a boy, this wonderful story of the Prophet Elijah and his marvelous adventures. When Mendelssohn was older he often played and helped sing 'The Messiah' written by Handel, and from playing this oratorio he came to want to write one of his own.

When he had to choose a Bible story which he should set to music, he could think of no story that he liked so well as this story of Elijah.

"Therefore you may often hear, in churches or in concerts, solos and choruses which are a part of the oratorio 'Elijah,' by Felix Mendelssohn. It has now become a custom to sing the whole oratorio as an important part of great music festivals. Next to 'The Messiah,' 'Elijah' is the greatest oratorio ever written.

"These are some of the verses as you will hear them sung:

" 'Hear ye, Israel; hear what the Lord speaketh:

" 'Be not afraid, saith God the Lord. Be not afraid! Thy help is near. God, the Lord thy God, saith unto thee, 'Be not afraid!'

" 'For he shall give his angels charge over thee; that they shall protect thee in all the ways thou goest; that their hands shall uphold and guide thee, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

" 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord.

" 'O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and he shall give thee thy heart's desires.

" 'For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but Thy kindness shall not depart from me.

" 'If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me. Thus saith our God.'

* * * *

When the reading was ended, the clockmaker turned to his son and said, "Let us have some music!" And there in the quiet evening hour, Conrad listened while the entire family joined in singing old hymns. But best of all, he thought, was the melody which Hans' father sang so sweetly. This was, "If With All Your Hearts," a beautiful song from Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Elijah."

—*Old Testament.*

Music to Hear:

Songs from "Elijah"—Oratorio by *Felix Mendelssohn.*
  "If With All Your Hearts" (Tenor Solo).
  "O Rest in the Lord" (Contralto Solo).
  "Lift Thine Eyes" (Baritone Solo).
  "Hear Ye, Israel" (Soprano Solo).

QUESTIONS

1. What made Mendelssohn want to write an "oratorio"?
2. Which Bible story did Mendelssohn choose?
3. Name two well-known solos from this oratorio.
4. Which is the greatest oratorio ever written?
5. Who wrote it?
6. Give the name of a fine song taken from Mendelssohn's "Elijah."
7. What is the great message to be had from Mendelssohn's oratorio?
8. Who was Elijah?
9. What happened to him at the end of his life on earth?

“ONLY ONE BACH!”

AWAY in the village of Eisenach there lived, many years ago, a small boy named Johann. His last name rhymed with the name of the town in which he was born, and there is a jingle which says that,

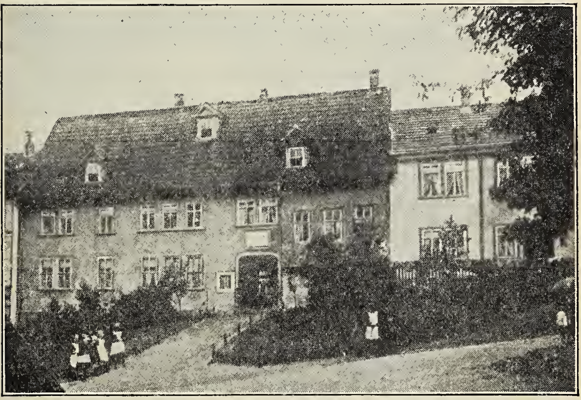
> “The famed Johann Sebastian Bach
> Was born in little Eisenach.”

Johann was born in the same year as George Frederick Handel and although both boys grew up to be great composers, and lived for many years only about thirty-five miles apart, they never saw each other.

All the Bachs liked music. For nearly two hundred years before Johann Sebastian was born, there was nearly always one or more of the Bach family among the town musicians. They had helped with the music so long that town pipers came to be called “The Bachs” whether any of Johann’s people were playing or not. When village folks would see the pipers marching in some parade, or hear music being played, they would say, “There go the Bachs! There go the Bachs!”

Johann’s great-grandfather was a jolly miller. A story is still told of him in Eisenach. While the mill wheel went round, click-clack, and ground the meal, he would sit at the door of his mill and sing, playing at the same time on his *zither*, which is an instrument much like the guitar in appearance.

When the miller's son Hans was old enough, he learned to play well upon a violin, and the two then played many duets in the old mill doorway.



BACH'S BIRTHPLACE

Then came Hans' twin boys, John Christopher and John Ambrose, both of whom played in the family orchestra.

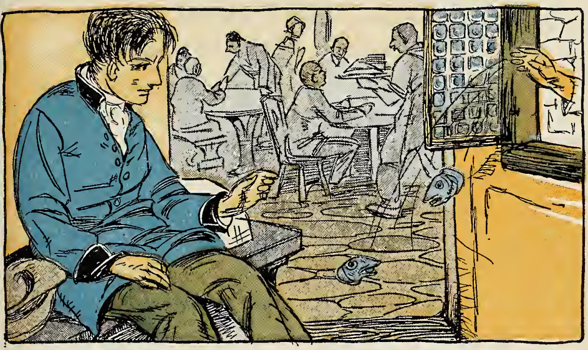
Johann Sebastian Bach was the son of John Ambrose, and so, you see, he was born of a very musical family. When Johann was only ten years old, his father died, and he went to live with his older brother. The brother was a good musician, and besides taking good care of him, and sending him to school, he taught Johann how to play on the *clavichord,* which was an instrument much like the piano.

Music was hard to secure in those days, for most of it was copied by hand, and for that reason, very precious. Johann's brother had a book of hand-copied music of which he was very proud. Although Johann begged to be allowed to copy some of the pieces in it for himself, he was not allowed even to touch it.

So one night, after everyone was fast asleep, Johann stole downstairs, unlocked the cupboard in which the precious book was kept, then stole back with it, to his room in the attic. Here, by moonlight, and for several nights, he copied, until one piece, "From Heaven High," was finished. Then he showed it to his brother, thinking that he would, of course, be very pleased with the copying he had done.

He was disappointed in that, for his brother not only scolded him for disturbing the book without permission, but actually burned up all the music which Johann had copied.

Soon after this happened, Bach was sent away to school. He felt very lonely at first, but was much happier when he learned that here he would be able to hear many fine organists play.



Once, when he was about eighteen years old, he walked many miles to the city of Hamburg, to hear a great Dutch organist named Reinken, who was playing there at the time. Bach stayed in Hamburg listening to the fine concerts until nearly all of his money was gone. Only then did he start back. As he walked, he was very hungry, and when he had bought his breakfast, one morning, he found that he had no money left. So he tramped that day without any dinner, for he would not ask for food. At night, when supper-time came, he was so tired that he just sat down to rest on the steps of a tavern. He could go no farther.

Someone inside the tavern must have noticed the tired and hungry boy, for a few minutes later, there were thrown, through the window, two herrings' heads. They landed on the ground right at Bach's feet, and as he looked at them he saw that there was a silver coin in the mouth of each fish.

Bach never found out who it was who had been so kind to him, but you may be sure that he was very grateful.

Soon after this visit to Hamburg, Bach became a violinist in the Prince's band, and also the organist of a church. Whenever he played in the church, the accompaniments he added to the music were so beautiful that the singers would almost stop their own singing to listen to him.

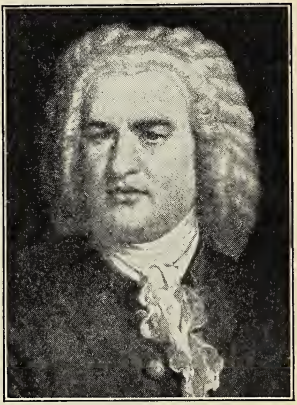
When Bach was about thirty years old, he was chosen as Chapel Master, or Director of Music, as we would say, for the Prince of Cöthen. This was a great honor. Here Bach not only played and wrote music, but directed the playing of a large company of musicians. The prince grew to love him so that he would not go on any journey unless Bach would go with him.

Bach stayed with the Prince six years, and then moved to the city of Leipzig. Here he was the organist at a great school, and director of music in two city churches. He still had time to write songs and pieces for organ and clavichord, and to teach some pupils.

One of the things which he wrote was a book full of *Preludes* and *Fugues*. There were twenty-four of each, and he called the book "The Well-

Tempered Clavichord," meaning that they were pieces to be played on a clavichord which was tuned in the modern way; that is, in the way in which our pianos are tuned.

The very first Prelude in this book was Bach's special favorite. When it was played just as it should be, on the gentle-toned clavichord, it sounded very much like the music of a harp.



BACH

Although the Prelude was very beautiful just as it was, a musician named Gounod, who lived many years later, added still more charm to it. Gounod composed a melody, set to sacred words, and used the Bach Prelude as an accompaniment. Many of the finest singers in the world have sung this song, which is called "Ave Maria," and now we may also hear it played by many great violinists. When you hear it sung, or played on the violin, listen not only to the melody, but also to the rippling, harp-like accompaniment, for that accompaniment will be Bach's First Prelude.

While he lived with the Prince, Bach wrote many suites for the Prince's orchestra to play in the daily concerts, and a number of short pieces in old folk dance style. After he came to the city of Leipzig to live, he wrote much church music, and it is said that scarcely a Sunday passed, but that some music which Bach had written during the week was sung at the church service.

To the end of his life, Bach was a favorite with princes and kings, as well as with musicians. One time he went to the palace of Frederick the Great, to visit his son, who was one of the King's musicians. As soon as it was known that Bach had arrived, the King left all his family and guests to go at once to see and meet the great musician. He begged Bach, that same evening, to play on his new piano, and to try all the clavichords in the palace. As Bach played, the King would stand behind him and say, over and over again, "Only one Bach! Only one Bach!"—so greatly did he admire him.

Finally in his old age, Johann Sebastian Bach became entirely blind, and some people say that this was because he strained his eyes so greatly when he copied the music by moonlight when but a little lad in Eisenach.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

- "Menuet"—*Bach* (From a book of little pieces which he wrote for his wife, Anna Magdalena Bach, to play).
- "My Heart Ever Faithful"—*Bach* (From a sacred cantata which he wrote for church services).

"Gavotte in E Major"—*Bach* (A composition for violin).
"Ave Maria"—*Bach-Gounod* (This is the piece for which Gounod wrote the melody, using Bach's Prelude as an accompaniment).
"Air for G String"—From *Bach's Suite* (Written for orchestra).

QUESTIONS

1. Where was Bach born?
2. What other great composer also lived at this time?
3. How important was the Bach family in the town of Eisenach?
4. Why was it hard to get music in the time of Johann Sebastian Bach?
5. What instrument did Bach usually play?
6. What were some of Bach's chief compositions?
7. Why did the King repeat "Only one Bach" as Bach played?

THE SCALE

I pray thee,
I pray thee,
How do we best sing a scale?
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la,
This is the way
To sing a scale.

—*Beethoven.*

THE ORCHESTRA

Oh, we can play on the big bass drum,
And this is the music to it:
Boom! boom! boom! goes the big bass drum,
Boom! boom! boom! goes the big bass drum,
And that's the way we do it.

Oh, we can play on the bugle horn,
And this is the music to it:
Tan-tan-ta-ra! goes the bugle horn,
Tan-tan-ta-ra! goes the bugle horn,
And that's the way we do it.

Oh, we can play on the violin,
And this is the music to it:
Fid-dle-dee-dee, goes the violin,
Fid-dle-dee-dee, goes the violin,
And that's the way we do it.

—*Old Game Song.*

Music to Hear:

"Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore"—*Verdi.*

NOTE TO TEACHER: Boys and girls may sing this old game song, if desired, adding, with each verse, the name of an additional instrument, and words describing the sound it makes when played.

THE VIOLINMAKERS' VILLAGE

"GRANDFATHER," spoke one of the older boys, one evening, "if Conrad likes music, he should go down to Markneukirchen, the 'violin village,' and see the sights there."

"That is a fine thought," replied the clockmaker. "Yes, Conrad, you must go down to Markneukirchen, in Saxony. My cousin Albert, who lives there, could show you about. He is at the head of one of the great instrument workshops and will show you the town. You will like to see the instruments and fiddles made," he continued, and had Conrad sit down beside him while he told him just how to find his cousin Albert, of whom they had just spoken. "And when you have seen it all," the clockmaker repeated, "come back to visit us again before you return home."

Conrad decided at once that he would like to go to Markneukirchen, and that he would go the very next day. That night he could hardly get to sleep, for thinking of the next day's journey. He even sat up in bed and looked out of the window. All he could see was stars.

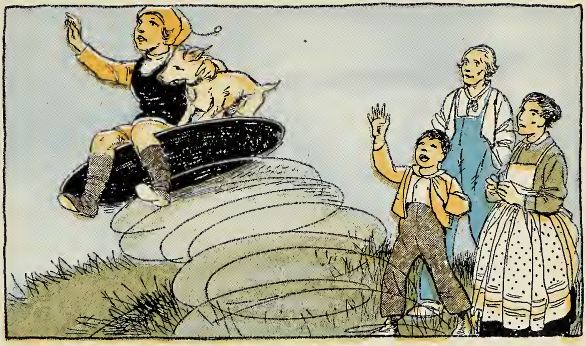
Finally he fell asleep.

Right after breakfast, the next morning, he ran upstairs to get his record, and when he was ready to start, Hans and all the family crowded about the door to see him leave. Remembering what "the dog" had told him, Conrad stepped to the ground in front of the house, placed the record on the palm of his left hand, gave it a whirl into the air with his right hand, called to "the dog," and jumped . . . In a moment they were high in the air, riding along on the record above the tops of the Black Forest trees.

As they went along, Conrad looked down over the country, where deep, dark-green pine woods lay side by side with open patches of meadow. For a time they flew above the Danube, the river which lies, like a ribbon, across much of central Europe. It was, Conrad decided, really the "Beautiful Blue Danube." He had heard his teacher say, one time, that it was one of the best known of all rivers because of a song of that name!

This song, the teacher had said, was first written so that it should be sung by a chorus of men. It had not been well liked until after the composer, whose name was Johann Strauss, had arranged the music so that it might be played by orchestra. Then it became very popular and was a great favorite, until the "Beautiful Blue Danube" is said, today, to be the most popular waltz in the whole world.

As they turned away from the Danube, Conrad noticed the winding roads and thought



of the clock-peddlers who used to tramp from village to village with their ticking loads upon their backs.

In a very short time they came in sight of a town built on a mountain side, and Conrad knew by what the clockmaker had told him that this was Markneukirchen. The town itself was not very near to the railroad. It was, the clockmaker had said, one of the hardest villages to reach in all Europe, and yet the people who lived there made more musical instruments by hand than were made by the people of any other town or city in the world.

There had been, in early days, two separate towns, Mark and Neukirchen. Now the towns had grown together, and were called Markneukirchen.

In the daytime, Markneukirchen is a very quiet town, as everyone is busy making instruments. Nearly all the shops are built as a part of the homes.

At the head of a long street in the middle of the town, Conrad could see a great high building, the roof of which seemed to be climbing upwards in steps. It had also a high steeple pointing to the sky. Near this building, of which he had been given a careful description by the clockmaker, Conrad and "the dog" were to look for a little gray, unpainted house with a large garden beside it, and with a factory built behind it.

Conrad knew the house as soon as he saw it, because the clockmaker had told him just how it would look. He was soon climbing the steep stairs to the factory door. A little old man opened the door when he knocked. When Conrad told him that he had been sent by the clockmaker, he was at once made welcome. Messages sent by the clockmaker and his family were given, and Conrad was then shown over the town and through the busy factories that seemed to be everywhere.

The people seemed to take great pride in their shops and in their instrument-making. Conrad learned that for years and years, the same families had made violins in this town. Carl, the son of the old fiddle-maker, had an old-fashioned bench upon which he sat to carve the violin necks. This bench had been used for the same purpose by his father's grandfather before him.

In a store room at the top of the house there were piles of violins not yet varnished. These were to be kept there for several years, he told Conrad, to "season," before the varnishing and finishing could be begun. All the wood used in making these violins, Conrad was told, was maple, and was brought from Czechoslovakia, just across the border line. There were also, Carl added, several important violin villages in Czechoslovakia.

Conrad spent a happy day and saw a great many unusual sights. Because he was just a little boy and because he had come a long way, he was allowed to go everywhere, so he saw many things which were not always shown to visitors. He saw how the wood for the violins was split into wedge-shaped pieces, and how these were then cut into shape and hollowed out. He saw varnish being put on to the finished violins, and finally he was taken into a room where violins were being packed to send to New York, where most of the violins were sent to be sold.

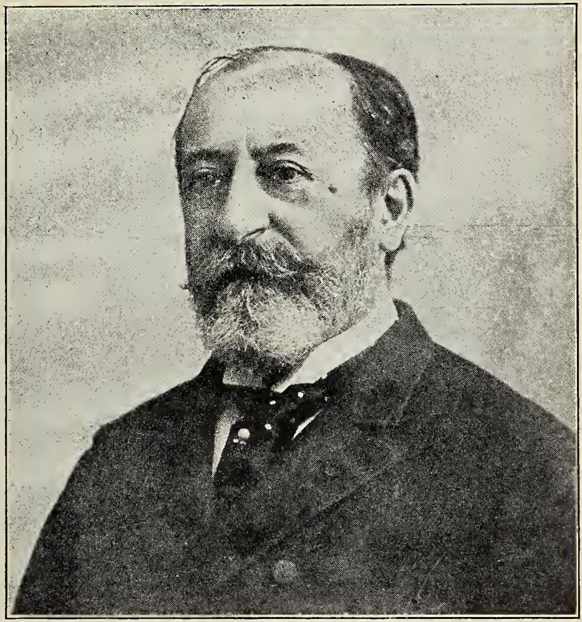
In some of the houses other instruments were being made—violas, cellos, and double basses. These big "bass-violins" were very clumsy to handle. Conrad had always heard them called "bass viols." Now he learned that "double-bass" was really the correct name. Mandolins, guitars, and harps were also being made.

In each home or factory visited, the men played on the finished instruments, to let him hear the tone. Conrad soon learned to recognize the *sound* of the instruments, as well as their *appearance.*

Conrad learned the difference in the tone of two instruments of the same "family" by hearing the same piece played on each. This was when one of the finer workers, who had studied for a time with a very good violin teacher in Paris, played on one of the finished violins, a piece of music called "The Swan."

This music, the young musician told Conrad, had been written by a Frenchman named Camille Saint-Saëns. The piece, he added, was a favorite solo with great artists, and it had evidently been a favorite with the composer, too, for he had arranged the music for nearly every instrument of the orchestra. After the young violinist had played it for Conrad, he called one of the violoncello makers, who then played it on the violoncello, or 'cello, as it was called.

As Conrad was leaving this factory, he heard sounds which caused him to rush out into the street. Sitting in a little fenced-in band stand in the square, right in front of the factory, were a group of men playing away at the familiar air of



Rotary Photo, London

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS
THE FAMOUS FRENCH COMPOSER WHO WROTE "THE SWAN"

Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." These players were the men who worked in the instrument factory, and the instruments upon which they played were those they had just made, themselves. This was their way of testing them.

On every holiday, too, Conrad was told, this same band of men gave a concert, and the most popular piece, and one which they almost always played, they said, was the joyous American march, "Stars and Stripes Forever."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Blue Danube Waltz"—*Johann Strauss.*
"The Swan"—*Camille Saint-Saëns.*
"Stars and Stripes Forever"—*John Philip Sousa.*
Instruments of the Orchestra.
  Double-Bass Solo: Excerpt from "Aida" (4th Act)—*Verdi.*
  Viola: Excerpt from "Freischutz" (2nd Act)—*Weber.*

QUESTIONS

1. Of what music does the River Danube now remind Conrad?
2. Who wrote it?
3. What instruments were made at Markneukirchen?
4. Why is the making of a violin so important?
5. Describe a violin. To what instrument family does it belong?
6. How many instruments played in bands or orchestra can you think of? Write their names.
7. What was the name of the famous composer who wrote "The Swan"?
8. Why did Camille Saint-Saëns arrange the music of "The Swan" for nearly every instrument of the orchestra?

THE FRENCH HORN

NEXT to watching the violin-making, Conrad liked best to watch the men who made trombones, brass tubas, and horns. He had often seen these instruments at home. There was quite a big factory where these were being made. Conrad went through all the rooms, even through the big rooms in which the boiling hot metal was poured into molds.

THE FRENCH HORN

"How would you like to play such an instrument?" asked one of the men, holding up a shining instrument which he was polishing. It was a queer-shaped instrument, not very large, with a wide-open "bell," as the open end was called. But it was twisted, it seemed to Conrad, in countless circles. The tube of the horn was circled round and round, and back and forth.

"I should like to play it, I am sure," answered Conrad. "What is it called, and why are there so many turns in its tube?"

"This is a French Horn," said the workman, "and the reason for all those turnings makes quite a story."

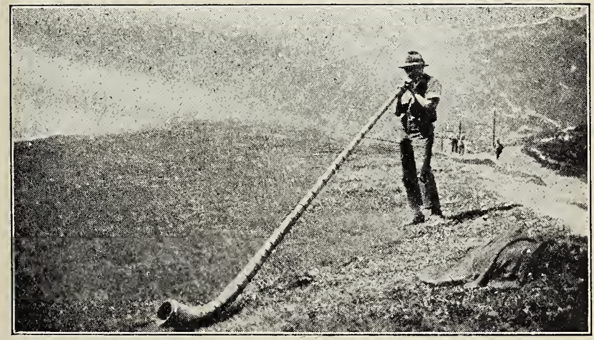
"Tell it to me, please," said Conrad, seating himself on the edge of a chair, and watching, with the greatest interest, as the man fixed into place and polished first one little "key" and then another.

"Well, to begin the story of this horn," said the workman, after a bit, "we would have to go back to early days. In those times there were no musical instruments like this. A horn was *really* a horn, probably that of a ram or of an ox. It was not blown so much to make music as to make sound. People played it in those days when they were very happy and wanted everyone else to know it. They also blew a loud blast through the horn when they wanted to call someone who was a long way off.

"After many years, people in Europe began to use horns. Men who lived in deep forests always carried a horn. They would fasten it to a strap made of skin, and carry it slung over the shoulder. Hunters on horseback always carried a horn. When several men went hunting together they would often separate and go to different parts of the woods, or of the hill where they were hunting. Then if one of them saw a fox, or some other animal, he would call to his friends by blowing his horn.

"It was also used by men who lived on the high mountains. I myself was born and raised in Switzerland, a country not far from here. In that country, many of the villages are built in the valleys, with high mountains reaching up into the air on almost every side.

"Each spring, the men and boys go to the better pastures high on the mountain side, taking the goats and the cows with them. The best companion that these boys and men have is their long Alpine Horn, an instrument upon which they learn to play very well as they while away the long and lonely hours when watching the flocks.



Courtesy Pearl Van Gilder

A SWISS HERDSMAN BLOWING THE ALPINE HORN

"This Alpine Horn is very long. Sometimes, it is sixteen or seventeen feet long. No one man can hold it in the air so the end is left lying on the ground while the player blows into the mouthpiece. It is much better to have a long instrument like that than a short one, like the old ram or ox horns, for with the long one, the player can make so many more tones, and really play a tune.

"One day, long ago, a hunter from France happened to ride over the border into Switzerland. There he saw and heard the Alpine Horn for the first time.

"'How fine it would be,' said he, 'to have a horn that sounds like that, if only it weren't so long and clumsy!'

"Then, so the story goes, he thought and thought. 'Why don't I just wind it about my neck, and carry it so?' he said. No sooner said than done. So he wound the long horn about his neck and shoulders and rode away with it.

"Now that tale may not be exactly how it all happened, but it is very sure that the French Horn of today came about in much this way, and that it is a 'relative' of the old-time Alpine Horn. The turns and twists are there, in the French Horn, to allow the long tube of the horn to be used. Valves and keys have been added to make it easier to play.

"Still the horn was only used for hunting or for some outdoor sports. One day a composer named Lully, who was writing some music to be played by an orchestra at the palace of Louis

Courtesy Information Bureau of Switzerland

THE VILLAGE OF DAVOS

A TYPICAL BEAUTY SPOT IN THE SWISS ALPS WHERE VISITORS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD GO TO INDULGE IN WINTER SPORTS, AND TO ENJOY THE WONDERFUL AIR OF THE ALPINE REGIONS.

XIV, the King of France, set himself to write a hunting song.

"'What can I use to make the music seem more like a hunting song?' he asked himself. 'I know,' he said, after a few minutes' thought. 'I will put that hunter's horn into my orchestra. Then, when the King and all the nobles see and hear it, they will think, at once, of the fine times they have had while out hunting, and will like my music all the more.'

"So Lully made the hunter's horn a part of his orchestra. Because this was done in France, the instrument began to be called the French Horn, and so it has been called until this day. The French Horn, as it is now made, is one of the sweetest-toned of instruments. Great composers use it often when they wish to add great beauty to the music they are writing.

"Listen, and I will show you," continued the workman. Putting the mouthpiece of the French Horn to his lips, he began to play. Conrad listened eagerly. It was, as the workman had said, one of the sweetest-toned of instruments.

"What is the piece that you played?" he asked when the music was ended.

"It was a 'Horn Call' from the music of Wagner's great opera," said the workman. "Wait here until I come back," he said, as he started for another room in the factory to get a new instrument upon which to work. "Then I will tell you a legend that they have in Switzerland, about the Alpine Horn."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Siegfried's Horn Call"—*Richard Wagner.*

QUESTIONS

1. Name two kinds of horns that were used before the French Horn came into use.
2. How did the French Horn come to have its present shape?
3. How did it come to have its present name?
4. What composer first used it in an orchestra? Where?
5. What kind of tone has this instrument?

SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN

No man like him the horn could sound,
 And hill and valley rang with glee
When Echo bandied, round and round,
 The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days, he little cared
 For husbandry or tillage;
To blither talks did Simon rouse
 The sleepers of the village.

—*Wordsworth.*

THE LEGEND OF THE ALPINE HORN

"THERE is a Swiss fairy tale," said the workman, "which tells of the Alpine Horn, and of how it came to the people of Switzerland.

"In those days, the people of Switzerland sent their herds of cows and goats to the high green slopes of the Alps to feed, each summer, just as they do now. The summer days were often long and lonely on the high slopes, where the herdsmen must watch the flocks, far from their homes and families.

"It happened, one summer's night, that a Swiss boy, alone on the mountain, sat for some time before going to bed, looking at the lights in the houses in the village far below.

"When at last he climbed to his bed in the loft of the hut in which he slept at night, he fell at once into a sound sleep. Many hours later, he woke up with a start. As he listened, he was sure that he heard voices in the room below him, and the sound of footsteps.

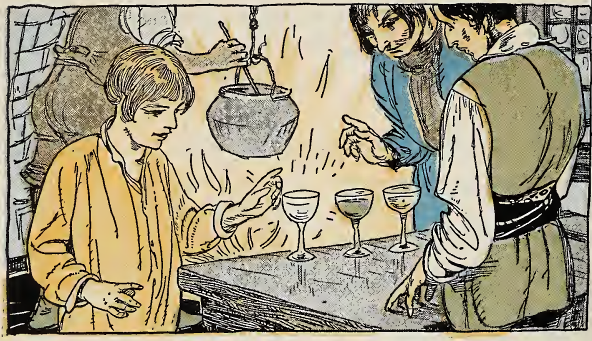
"Stealing quietly out of bed, he crept to the ladder hole and looked down into the room. What should he see but three strange men moving carelessly about! A bright red fire was burning in the fireplace, and over this fire, in the big iron kettle that always hung there, one of the men was boiling something that looked very much like syrup. Every little while he stirred the liquid, and it soon began to bubble and steam.

"Presently, one of the strangers went outside the cabin door, and the air was filled with strange sweet music which seemed to come from all sides, above, and below, at once. When the man came back into the room, he went at once to the table, upon which stood three beautiful glass goblets.

©*Publishers' Photo Service*

A HERDSMAN WITH DECORATED COWS
LEAVING THE MOUNTAINS ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER

"'Come down!' called the men to the watching boy in the loft.



"The young Swiss, knowing by this that they must have heard or seen him, came timidly down the ladder. Although he was frightened by the sudden appearance of the strange men in his house, in the middle of the night, he tried to show himself both bold and fearless.

"The man who was tending the boiling mixture in the kettle now took one of the glasses, and filling it from the kettle, set it down on the table. The liquid in it was of a gleaming green color.

"Taking up a second glass he turned to the kettle again, to which he gave a sharp rap with his dipper. Then he filled this glass, but when he set it on the table, the liquid in it was of a vivid red color.

"Giving the kettle still another rap, he filled the third glass, which, when set on the table, seemed to be full of a clear white ice.

"'Which will you have?' asked the first

stranger. 'If you drink my red liquid, you shall win many battles, and be covered with much glory.'

"'Take mine!' urged the second stranger, 'and your hands shall be filled with riches.' With this he flung several shining gold pieces on the floor before the surprised boy, who knew not what to say or which to choose.

"Just then the third stranger spoke. 'If you drink from my glass you may win neither glory nor riches. I can offer you only the happiness of real music, and the present of my Alpine Horn.'

"'I will drink from your glass,' said the boy, and, taking up the glass of white liquid, he drained it to the bottom. After all, it tasted just like the rich sweet milk which the cows gave him each night and morning, only cold as the snow on the mountains.

"Like a flash the three men and the goblets vanished, and the boy found himself standing alone in the middle of the room. After looking about to make sure that he was really alone, he went up the ladder to the little loft again and went to sleep.

"When he awoke it was dawn. Hurrying down to the open space outside the hut, he saw, standing against the trunk of a tree, a long circular horn. It was too long to hold out before him, so he let the end of it rest on the ground. Then putting the smaller end to his lips, he began to play the 'Ranz des Vaches,' as the Swiss call their 'Song of the Cows.' When he stopped, there came back to him, from hill and dale, from village and mountain top, the echo of the herdsman's song. From every side came the tinkling of goat bells and the tinkling of cow bells. He could even hear the clinking of the bells which hung in the heavy collars of some horses which had been grazing on the hillside.

"And ever since that golden morning, so the old folk tale tells us, the Alpine Horn has carried messages of greeting from friend to friend; from mountain peak to mountain peak; has spoken warnings in time of danger; and has ever been the true friend of Swiss herdsmen."

—*A Swiss Folk Tale.*

Music to Hear:

"Caprice" Opus 51, No. 2—*Ogarew* (O-gar-eff).

(A *caprice* is a lively piece of music. The name "caprice" comes from the Latin word for "goat," an animal which always skips about, no one ever knowing, for sure, just how it will behave.)

QUESTIONS

1. How did the Alpine Horn come to Switzerland?
2. Of what was it made?
3. How does the Swiss boy's choice prove the power of music?
4. What did he play on the Alpine Horn?
5. What happened when he played?
6. What kind of music is a *caprice?*

THE SWISS HERDSMAN'S CALL

"AS many of the people who live in Switzerland earn their living by herding their goats and cows on the green mountain sides,

Courtesy Information Bureau of Switzerland

A Swiss Mountain Home

and by making cheese, one of their favorite songs has always been the 'Ranz des Vaches,' or 'Song of the Cows.' This is also sometimes known as 'Call of the Cows' or 'Cow Song.'

"Just as each country may have several patriotic songs, so Switzerland has more than one 'Ranz des Vaches.' There is one though, that is dearest to all Swiss herdsmen. They sing it through their long Alpine Horns, through which they also often call to their friends in the valleys below. Even the cattle learn to know it, and come to the herdsmen whenever it is played.

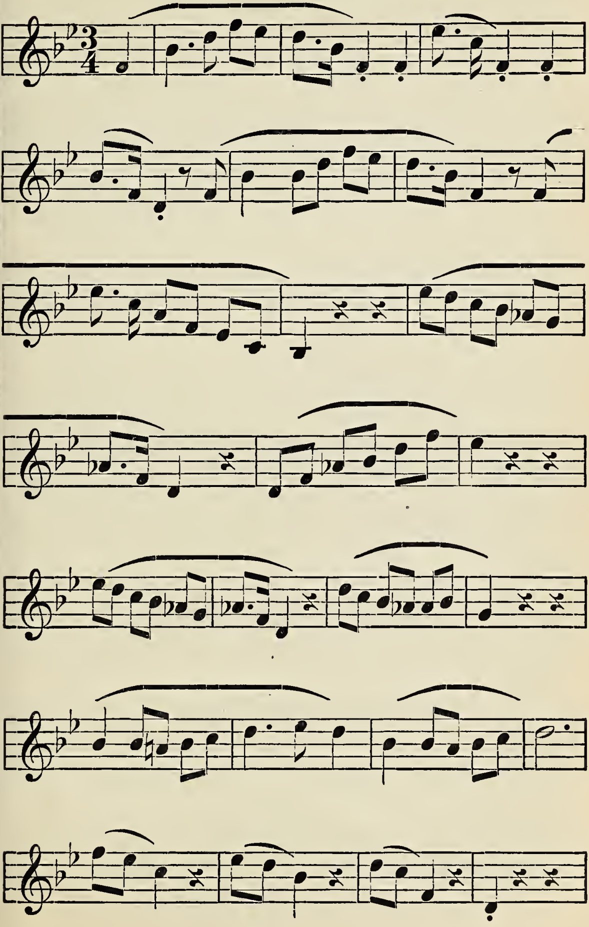
"So much a part of their home life is this old song, that in old days, when Swiss soldiers were on duty outside their native land, no one was allowed to play a single bit of it. This was because of the homesickness that always seemed to come when a Swiss, who was away from home, heard it played or sung.

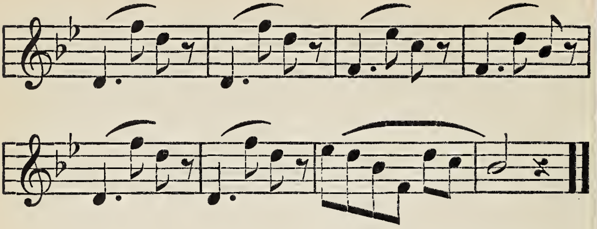
"Many composers have made the air of the 'Ranz des Vaches' a part of their own compositions. Words often sung with this air are,

"Sing not that mountain cry
  Which in my youth I heard,
If thou'd'st not wake the sigh.
  There's magic in each word!
Past scenes its sounds renew
  To memory dear.
Home once again I view,
  Loved voices hear.
Sweet Ranz des Vaches! like you
  No song so dear.

"The music of the 'Ranz des Vaches' is quite gay and joyful, and the last part is much like a yodel, or mountain call."

RANZ DES VACHES





—*A Swiss Song.*

Music to Sing or Hear:

"Ranz des Vaches"—*Swiss Herdsman's Song.* (See pages, 123 and 124.)

QUESTIONS

1. What is the favorite song of the Swiss people?
2. Into what instrument is this often sung?
3. Why was no Swiss soldier allowed to sing this song when he was away from home?
4. How have great composers used this melody?
5. Why is this song such a favorite of the Swiss people?

SWITZERLAND

'Twas sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er the Helvetian mountains flung,
Herds tinkling roamed the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glittered white, and gardens flourished green.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

MORE INSTRUMENTS AND MUSIC

THAT evening, as Conrad visited at the home of Cousin Albert, as everyone in the village seemed to call the old gentleman, there was more talk about music and instruments.

Working with instruments all day, and hearing them tested and played so often, it was only natural that the family should be interested in music.

Conrad had been telling about the silver clarinet that he had seen a man play in his home town in America.

"The Clarinet, which is really a 'relative' of the flute, as both instruments are played by being blown into, was probably made of silver for two reasons," said Cousin Albert. "One reason might be that it would never crack, as wood sometimes does. The other reason might be that silver is so pretty," he added with a smile. "The clarinet will always be called a wood-wind instrument, though, no matter of what it is made."

"Do you know," he asked Conrad, "that the first real clarinet was invented* and made in the city of Nuremberg, which is only a few miles from here?"

---

* By J. C. Denner, in 1690.

"Not Nuremberg of the mastersingers?" asked Conrad.

"The very same place," answered Cousin Albert. "What do you know of Nuremberg?" he asked.

Then Conrad told him of all the fine stories the clockmaker had told, and especially of the stories of the mastersingers and of the quaint city called the "Toy-Shop of Europe."

"If I had known just where Nuremberg was, I would like to have stopped there as I came to Markneukirchen. But I did see many interesting things, especially the Blue Danube," said Conrad.

"Why do you call it the *Blue* Danube?" asked the old gentlemen. "We call it the *River* Danube."

"I guess, because I have always heard it called that," answered Conrad. "I always wished that I knew more about it. My teacher in school told us that it was one of the best known rivers in the world, and partly because of the song, the 'Beautiful Blue Danube.'

"That is probably true," answered his host. "I think that before we go to bed I will tell you about the 'Beautiful Blue Danube'—also about the man who wrote it. I have seen him and heard him play, many times. Then, in the morning, when you start away, we will tell you just how to reach Nuremberg, so that you may see the place where so many interesting things have happened."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear (As played by Flute, Clarinet, and Piano):
"Nocturne in D Flat"—*Chopin.*
"Artists' Life Waltz"—*Johann Strauss.*

QUESTIONS

1. Of what instrument is the clarinet said to be a "relative"? Why?
2. Where was the first clarinet invented and played?
3. What else can you tell about that city?
4. To what family of instruments does the clarinet belong?

A VIOLIN OF MINE

When any master holds 'twixt hand and chin
A violin of mine, he will be glad
That Stradivari lived, made violins
And made them of the best . . . .
For while God gives them skill,
I give them instruments to play upon,
God using me to help Him . . . .
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio.

—*George Eliot.*

ELVES' SONG*

Come, Fairies, appear, your playtime is here,
  Oh, let us dance merrily, merrily, merrily!
The moonshine is bright, and sweet is the night,
  The crickets pipe cheerily, cheerily, cheerily.

Come away, come away,
  Let us laugh, let us play,
Happy night, happy night,
  Full of joy and delight.

The flowers in their beds are nodding their heads,
  The birdies sleep cozily, cozily, cozily,
But Fairies awake in bushes and brake,
  Their cheeks flushing rosily, rosily, rosily.

Come along, come along,
  With a laugh, with a song,
Let us prance, let us glance,
  Let us whirl in the dance!

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

Music to Hear:
"Elfenspiel" (Dance of the Elves)—*Kjerulf.*

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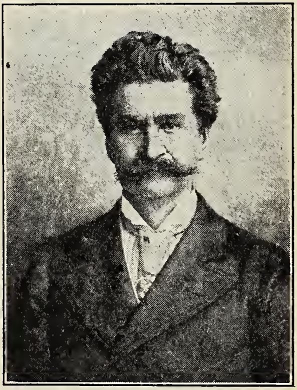
JOHANN STRAUSS, THE "WALTZ KING"

"JOHANN STRAUSS was called the Waltz King because he wrote so many very beautiful waltzes," said Cousin Albert. "Johann was born in the beautiful city of Vienna, in Austria. He was the son of a very well-known composer of wonderful dance music who was famous throughout Europe. Strangely enough, Johann's father did not want him or any of his children to become musicians. He was afraid that they would always be poor, for musicians were not paid very well in those days.



Harper's Black and White Prints

JOHANN STRAUSS

"But Johann had made up his mind that he would be a musician so he took lessons on the violin and lessons in composition in secret. To pay for these lessons, he taught other children what little he himself knew. His father's orchestra held all its rehearsals right there at home, and in listening to these rehearsals the small boy learned many things about music and about how to conduct an orchestra.

"At last the father had to let Johann have his way, but it was a long time before he would admit that the boy was right in choosing music for his vocation.

"When Johann was nineteen years old, he had his own orchestra. From that time, as long as he lived, he directed other musicians. He played before the kings and queens of Europe. He wrote over four hundred waltzes, nearly all of which are beautiful. So, you see, he had a right to be called the 'Waltz King.'

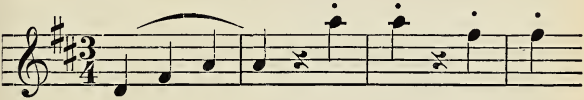
"'The Beautiful Blue Danube' was not the only wonderful waltz that Johann Strauss wrote, but it is probably the most beautiful, and has always been said to be the most famous waltz ever written.

"This is how he came to write it. One night, when Strauss was getting his men ready for a concert, he happened to hear a verse of the poem 'The Blue Danube' spoken,

River so blue,
  So blue and bright,
As dawn's pearly hue,
  As dawn's sweet light.

"The words just waltzed, he said, through his mind, and so enchanted him with their rhythm and 'swing,' that within a few minutes a tune seemed to join itself with them in his mind. Strauss had no paper with him, and, being afraid that the melody might be forgotten, he wrote it down with a pencil on his white cuffs.

"Then he went on with the concert. By the time he reached home that evening, after the concert, Strauss had forgotten both the words and the melody. His wife, seeing the music written on his cuffs, reminded him of it. This is the first part of the tune, as he had written it," and here Cousin Albert whistled this air,



"Some time later, Strauss finished the waltz. It was first sung, as you already know, by a male chorus. Then it was played by orchestra, and soon became the favorite of all concert goers in the world.

"When Johann Strauss died about thirty years ago, he was buried in the Musicians' Corner in Vienna, near the graves of Franz Schubert and other great musicians. When the news of his death reached the Volksgarten, a park in which he had often played, a concert was going on. The conductor of the orchestra at once stopped the playing of the musicians. He turned and told the sad news to the large audience that was gathered there. Then, turning back to his orchestra, he asked them to play the 'Blue Danube' very softly.

"The 'Blue Danube' may now be heard as a song, as a piece to be played by a great symphony orchestra, or as a piano solo. And whenever you hear it, whether it is sung or played, think of Johann Strauss, who loved music so dearly, practiced so faithfully, and wrote so many beautiful waltzes."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Blue Danube Waltz"—*Johann Strauss.*

QUESTIONS

1. In what country was Strauss born?
2. Why was Johann Strauss called the "Waltz King"?
3. What very famous waltz did he write?
4. What inspired the composer to write the "Blue Danube"?
5. Upon what did he first set down the melody?
6. Where was Johann Strauss buried?

LITTLE BROOKLET

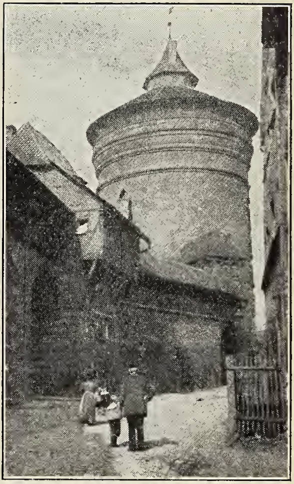
Brooklet—brooklet—little brooklet!
  Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
  Through the flowers glancing,
  Like a child at play.

—*Author Unknown.*

OLD NUREMBERG

THE sun was shining brightly when Conrad and "the dog" started from Markneukirchen to the charming old city of Nuremberg.

On reaching the city, Conrad found that it was a festival day. Flags were flying in all the streets. There was a music festival going on, evidently, but not a festival of the old-time minnesingers, nor yet a contest of the mastersingers, whose lives and doings were so much a part of the town. But today, singing societies of many cities round about Nuremberg were coming together to sing some of the great choruses written by famous old-time composers. Garlands of flowers were hung in many windows, as they used to be in the days of the mastersingers, and everything was in holiday dress.



©*Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.*
OLD GATEWAY, NUREMBERG

Also, it happened to be market day, and all along the way to the city Conrad had seen rude carts coming in from the country, loaded to the top with vegetables and other spring produce. Some of the carts were drawn by two oxen, and one was even drawn by a cow and a donkey. It seemed so funny to Conrad!

Conrad had never been in a walled city before. The great high stone wall through which he must go to enter the old part of the city was very interesting. The wall, with its round towers, and many little windows, had a large entrance, or gate, with curious old locks and bolts.

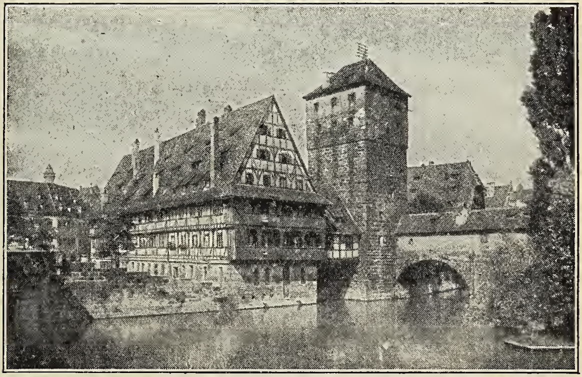
Hundreds of years ago, these gates were always locked to protect the people in the city against the attacks of robbers. Along the upper part of the wall was a covered place or passageway in which the watchmen used to walk back and forth, on the lookout for the enemy.

When the visits of the robbers became fewer, the gates had been left open by day, but were always closed as the sun went down. Now they are open all the time, and rust lies thickly on the bolts and hinges.

Outside the walls, Conrad saw the old moat, a deep broad ditch, into which the water of the river was often turned to prevent the enemy from entering the city. Now, there were pretty flower gardens, and children's playgrounds in the old moat.

Everywhere, quaint little lanes and narrow, crooked streets were to be seen facing each other.

Up they went along a crooked, narrow street, past old houses and churches. Brown houses, with red-brown roofs, as well as the churches, were made beautiful by the most wonderful wood carvings. Red geraniums bloomed in almost every window.



©*Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

THE MUSEUM BRIDGE AND EMPLOYMENT HOUSE IN NUREMBERG

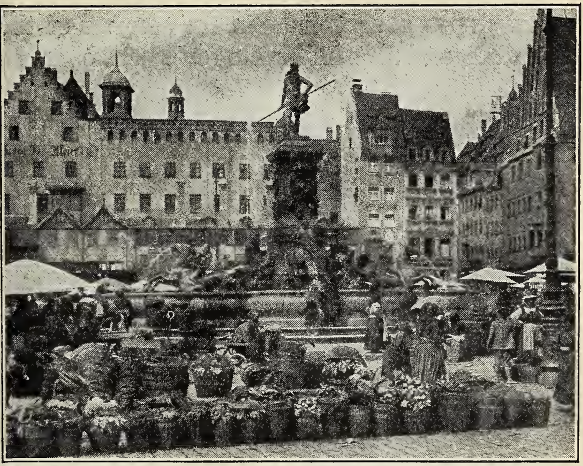
Not far from the old Museum Bridge, where Conrad now stood, in the meadows beside the river, had been the famous contests of the mastersingers. What a thrilling moment it was for Conrad!

Soon Conrad and "the dog" came to the Market, a famous spot in the center of the old town. Here on the cobble-stone pavement of the open square, the market had been set up. Since daylight, carts full of good things to eat had been coming in from the country. The country women, each with a gay red or blue dress, bright apron, and with a black handkerchief tied over her head, had arranged their home-made baskets and everything in them to look their best. They had set up their huge white umbrellas to keep the sun from the food, and had then settled back to wait for their customers.

In every direction he looked, Conrad could see wonderful fountains. Just back of the church in a smaller square, was the Gooseman Fountain, with water flowing out of the bills of the geese just as it had done for nearly four hundred years. How funny the Gooseman looked standing there with two fat geese under his arms!

Back still farther, about one block, Conrad saw a sign that interested him very much. He ran just a few steps. Yes, there it was, the Hans Sachs house, just as it used to be when the Cobbler-Poet worked there at mending shoes and making songs and verses! There, in the center of the Place, as the little open square was called, was a statue of the greatest mastersinger, Hans Sachs. How glad Conrad was that he had come to Nuremberg!

Toys! Toys! They were everywhere! There



©*Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

NUREMBERG'S BUSY MARKET AND NEPTUNE FOUNTAIN

was no direction in which Conrad could look but he saw them. In some of the windows he could see men and women making them. Here was a man blowing, out of glass, the pretty little ornaments that are hung on Christmas trees. There, girls were painting doll-heads, and dressing dolls. He saw whole trays full of tin and wooden soldiers. Conrad was sure he knew now why Nuremberg was called "The Toy Shop of Europe." Even boys and girls who were too young to go to school and learn to read, knew how to carve little figures out of bits of wood.

Long before Columbus was born, men of Nuremberg had carved, not only toys, but bows and arrows, spears, and paddles, for soldiers of the Crusades, and for sailors who rowed out over the seas.

"Santa Claus must like this town," said Conrad to the boy of whom he bought some of the famous Nuremberg gingerbread. But the boy only smiled.

Then Conrad walked around for quite a while. He saw figures of Hansel and Gretel and the Old Witch, Little Red Riding Hood, and St. Nicholas and his reindeer.

"Now let's see the castle in which the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa once lived," said Conrad at last. Walter of the Bird Meadow, the Minnesinger who learned from the birds, had later come to the castle to sing for another emperor and his friends.

In one of the emperor's rooms, in the castle, Conrad saw a wonderful stove,* covered with porcelain and decorated with many beautiful pictures. When they came out on the east side of the castle, on the wall, Conrad was shown two marks that looked as though they were made by a horse's hoofs.

"How did they get there?" he asked politely.

"Those hoof marks are very old," said the man who was showing him round. "There was once a robber knight who rode through the country-side, stealing the precious treasures of the people living there. At last he was caught, and was brought to this castle and shut up in the Tower that you see there. The soldiers who had captured him decided to kill him, so that he could not steal and plunder any more.

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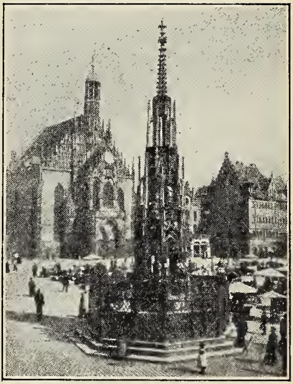
* Read "The Nuremberg Stove" by Ouida.

"When the day came on which he was to be killed, he was led out near this very wall. Here he saw his own horse being led out also. So he turned to the soldier who had him in charge and asked to be allowed to say goodbye to his horse. The soldier could see no harm in that, for, with soldiers all about, the robber could not possibly escape.


NUREMBERG'S FOUNTAIN BEAUTIFUL

"So the knight petted his horse, and talked to it softly.

"At first he moved quietly around in a little circle, inside the guard of soldiers. Suddenly, he jumped on to the horse's back, started the horse at a gallop, and jumped right over this wall into the moat a hundred feet below. While he was swimming the horse across the moat, the soldiers hurried to the drawbridge, but before they could be ready to chase him, he was out of the moat and far away. The robber knight was never seen again, but the marks that his horse's hoofs made in the wall, have been here ever since that day."

When they came from the castle, Conrad saw that the people were all going to the festival concert. Hurrying to buy some more gingerbread and a sausage, which he shared with "the dog" as they went along, Conrad walked after them.

The hall was full when they reached it, but Conrad managed to get a seat near the door from where he could hear everything.

The great chorus sang many wonderful pieces of music, and there were some solos and duets. But best of all did Conrad like the last two things they sang. He liked these best, he thought, because he knew about them. One of these was "The Heavens are Telling," a chorus from a great oratorio by Joseph Haydn, the composer who wrote the "Surprise Symphony." Conrad had heard his mother play that at home and he always enjoyed it.

The last piece they sang was a hymn, one that the Crusaders used to sing as they marched out of Nuremberg on their way to Jerusalem.

"Come on," said Conrad to "the dog," as the last song was finished, and they went outdoors to the sunshine.

Then, balancing the magic record, which he had carried with him all day, Conrad began to spin it. In a moment they were sailing, out over the old wall and the moat, to the sunny land of Italy.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"The Heavens are Telling"—*Haydn* (from "The Creation").
"Fairest Lord Jesus"—*Old Crusaders' Hymn.*
Overture to "The Mastersinger of Nuremberg"—*Wagner.*

QUESTIONS

1. Name some of the interesting things which Conrad saw in Nuremberg.
2. What famous musical contests were once held in this city?
3. Who was the composer who wrote an opera telling the story of these contests?
4. What is the name of the opera?
5. Who is the most important character in it?
6. What instrument used in bands and orchestras was invented in Nuremberg?

HOW CHILDREN GREW

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

—*Anonymous.*

THE THEATRE BY STARLIGHT

CONRAD'S first night in Italy was spent in a little town to which he and "the dog" had come so unexpectedly. Before Conrad had left the clockmaker's house in the Black Forest, the clockmaker had placed some coins in his hands, saying, as he gave them to him, "You may go a long way before you come back, and may need them."

These coins, none of them like the American money he had often carried, were now used to pay for a room in which he and "the dog" were to spend the night, and for food.

The journey to Italy had all come about in the oddest way. As he stood before the instrument factory in Markneukirchen, listening to the band as it played in the village square, he had overheard a man who was standing near say, "This town supplies thousands of students with instruments. Markneukirchen and Cremona have really supplied the world with violins."

Just what this meant, Conrad did not understand, so, when the little concert was over, he had asked the man where Cremona was.

The man very kindly explained to him, in just a few words, that Cremona was a little town in Italy. Here, centuries ago, violinmakers lived and made instruments which were so wonderful and so beautiful, that they are still in use. They are now so precious that only very rich people can buy them, he said, and only very fine violinists would be allowed to play upon them.

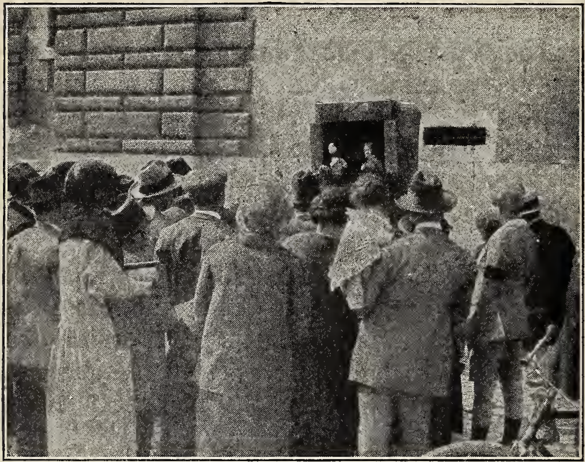
"Markneukirchen," he had added, "is a 'little Cremona,' and sends much happiness out into the world with the instruments it makes."

So Conrad had called to "the dog" and on the magic record had come to Cremona. Now as he was finishing his supper, he heard the sound of a drum outside the inn. *Thump!* Thump! . . . Thump! Thump! Thump! it went, over and over again.

"What do you suppose is happening?" he asked "the dog," and hurried his last few bites so that he could go and see.

Thump! Thump! the drum went on, sounding more softly as it went on up the street.

Conrad and "the dog" were soon out of the door and after it, catching up with the procession of boys and girls that was following it, just as they all came to the village square. Here the drummer stopped, and Conrad saw that there was set up, in the street, a "Punch and Judy" show. The owners of the show had placed a few benches in front of their tiny stage, and into these many families were finding their way. Fathers, mothers, and children were all trying to get near enough to the stage to hear what the dolls said.



By Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW IN ITALY

For—yes, the players were all dolls! How funny they were! The stage was just a couple of feet across, with a tiny curtain hung before it, just as in a real theatre. When the curtain was pulled back, two little figures, made of wood, began to talk, and to wave their short arms about in the air wildly. Conrad got a seat near the front rope, and was soon laughing with the other boys and girls, at the actions of the little players. The whole play only lasted a few minutes, and then the fiddler who stood on a box outside the benches played a jolly tune. While he played, one of the girls who had been helping came around with a hat and collected a few cents from each person who had been sitting down. Those who had to stand up outside the benches and the ropes could give just what they liked.

Then the show started again. The drummer beat on his drum to let people know that a new show was beginning, the curtain was pulled back, and the little players began again. There were Punch and Judy, the Dog Toby, the Policeman, the Clown, and the Baby. Each of these had a part in the play.

Having seen it once, Conrad now went behind the stage, and watched, a little more closely, to see just how it was done. The head of each player, he saw, was carved out of wood, with a hole in the neck large enough for the first joint of a person's finger to fit in. The dolls had wooden arms and legs, but the body of each figure was just a bag, large enough so that the person who was working it could put his hand inside. The first finger of this person's hand went into the neck, the thumb and second finger into the sleeves. Sometimes two of the characters were worked by one person at the same time. The people who worked the dolls were back out of sight, and it was they who said what the dolls were supposed to say.

Sometimes they sang, the jolly fiddler playing along with them. One song that they sang was an old Italian folk song, that everyone seemed to love. Many fathers and mothers, as well as boys and girls, sang it with the Punch and Judy players, softly.

At last the little show was over. The players picked up their tiny stage, their Punch and Judy dolls, and the drum began its *Thump!* Away they went up the street to another part of the town. There they would set up the stage again, and go over the plays, until everyone who lived in the near-by houses would have seen them.

"We'd better go back, and go to bed," said Conrad to "the dog," as he patted its head.

So the two travelers, suddenly lonely in this strange land, walked slowly back through the moonlit street toward the inn. In some of the houses they passed, Conrad could see people still sitting about the table, laughing and eating. In others, mothers were putting their children to bed. Out of the door of one house came the sweet tinkle, tinkle, of a dainty music box. It was such a pretty sound!

But the last thing that Conrad heard, as he lay in bed, looking out of the window at the sky, was the distant beat of the player's drum, as it called the boys and girls of the old, old town of Cremona to the play of the wooden dolls in the Italian "Theatre by Starlight."

— *A Tale of Italy.*

Music to Hear:
"The Dancing Doll"—*Poldini.*
"O Sole Mio (My Sunshine)"—*Italian Folk Song.*
"Music Box"—*Liadow.*

QUESTIONS

1. What two towns of Europe are well known as places in which violins are made?
2. Tell what you know about Cremona. In what country is it?
3. What is a "Punch and Judy" show?
4. What are the players, and how do they act and talk?
5. Why are these little shows called the "Theatre by Starlight" in Italy?

THE HURDY-GURDY*

Outside on the pavement
  There's a sound of flying feet.
A hurdy-gurdy's just begun
  To play, far down the street.

Sweet and gay the music chimes
  Through the balmy air
While soft responsive laughter
  Echoes everywhere.

Balls and hoops are left behind,
  Skipping ropes forgot,
One and all the children haste
  To the magic spot—

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* From the *Mayflower*. Used by the gracious permission of the Pilgrim Press.

Where the hurdy-gurdy man
  Grinds his simple tune,
Filling with enchantment
  The late, spring afternoon.

—*Alfarata Hilton.*

BOOK, BOOK*

Book, book, I have found
Earth, sea, air, within you bound;
I have talked with saints and sages,
In your clear, cool shining pages;

I have searched the skies with you,
Traced the planets through and through;
You have been my comrade brave
Or my willing, waiting slave.

Book, book, I have found
Earth, sea, air, within you bound;
Through your clear, cool shining pages
I have walked with saints and sages.

—*Annette Wynne.*

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THE WHITTLER OF CREMONA*

MORNING had come, and here were Conrad and his companion, "the dog," eating their breakfast in the little inn at Cremona. Just now they were very busy enjoying the fine food that had been prepared for them. Later, Conrad was going up the street to a strange old house he had been shown the night before, and which, he was told, had been the home of Antonio Stradivarius, *the greatest violinmaker who had ever lived.*

When he reached the quaint old house, which was built close up to the street, Conrad stopped and looked at it for a long time.

Its first floor looked as though it might be a shop. Then there were two stories above that, each with many small-paned windows, and with shutters on the windows of the third floor.

Just above that, on the roof, Conrad could see the strangest kind of open-air porch, or room. It really looked like a covered band stand, such as he had seen at home, except that the side toward the street had a closed wall, with only one window in it.

Conrad, with "the dog" beside him, went

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* Adapted by permission from Katherine D. Cather's "The Whittler of Cremona," in the *St. Nicholas Magazine.*

across the street so that he might see the house better. As he was looking up a man came along the village street and stopped beside him. This man carried, in his hand, a large leather case. He looked at the little boy, who seemed so interested in the old house across the way.

Then he said to Conrad, in a very pleasant voice, "Why are you so interested in this house?"

Conrad hardly knew what to answer, and while he stood thinking what to say, the man asked, "How would you like to go inside?"

Conrad could answer that question easily, and did so at once.

"All right, just wait here a minute," the man said, and went quickly over to the doorway of the house. He talked for a moment with the Italian woman who came to the door, then turned and called to Conrad to follow him. Conrad ran across the street, and together they went in and climbed the stairs.

They came out on the fourth floor, in the open-air room which Conrad had noticed from the street. There below them lay the village, and at the edge of the town, flowed the River Po. To the north, the snowcapped mountains of Switzerland could be seen, in the far distance.

After looking about, Conrad went over to the south side of the open room and sat down there on a bench, "the dog" beside him. The man with the big case seemed to be very interested in everything. He walked from side to side of the room, looking carefully at the benches, and even at the walls. After a while he came and sat down beside Conrad, and for a time, seemed lost in thought.

"Did you ever hear the story of the 'Whittler of Cremona'?" he asked, presently.

Without waiting for an answer, he began: "More than two hundred and fifty years ago, a little Italian boy, just about your age and size, lived here in Cremona. He sat, one day, in the village square, whittling a dagger out of a piece of wood. He felt very lonely and sad for his two brothers were earning many pennies by playing and singing on the street corner. They were both very good musicians. One played the violin, and the other one sang.

"Antonio Stradivarius, for that was the name of this third brother, could neither play nor sing. All that he knew was about knives and wood, so he always whittled when his brothers made music.

"On this particular day, as the brothers were playing and singing, a great man came along the street. He tossed some money to the two boys, then stopped to look at the whittling which Antonio was doing. He seemed to like the work, for he took it in his hands to look it over carefully, and asked many questions of the little boy. 'Who,' he asked, 'taught you to carve?'

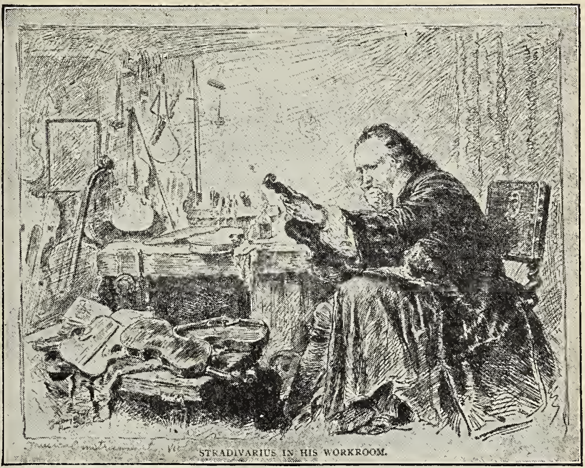
"Antonio had to reply that he had no teacher, that he only whittled because he was not able to make music as his brothers did.

" 'Come with me,' said the man, who was no other than Nicolaus Amati, the great violinmaker, who, with his father and grandfather before him, had lived in Cremona and made the best violins the world had ever seen, up to that time. Long before, when Christopher Columbus had crossed the Atlantic Ocean and discovered America, the Amati family had been making violins in Cremona.

" 'Come with me,' said Amati to little Antonio, 'and I will show you another way to make music. Your carving is very good, and I will show you how to make violins.'

"So Antonio went home with Amati to his shop. Every day, he carved and toiled in the little workshop until he had made a real violin. First he had lessons in cutting the wood, much of which had to be floated down the River Po on a raft from the mountains. Then he learned to shape the wood, place the parts of the violin, finish it, and mix and apply the varnish. The making of this varnish was a special 'secret' which Amati (and later Stradivarius and the other Cremona violinmakers) was said to possess.

"Just across from the Amati workshop, there lived a family by name of Guarnerius. Joseph,


STRADIVARIUS IN HIS WORKROOM.

From An Old Print

STRADIVARIUS, THE MASTER VIOLINMAKER, IN HIS CREMONA WORKSHOP, ITALY

the son of this family, was also learning to make violins, and sat at the same workbench with Antonio.

"Antonio was only thirteen years old when he made his first violin. Both he and Joseph Guarnerius grew to be great men, and both made many wonderful violins. Antonio, though, was said to make the best violins. His violins were known all over Italy, for their tone was wonderfully sweet and mellow.

"When Amati died, his pupil Antonio took his place as the master violinmaker of Italy. This was over two hundred years ago, and the place in which he worked was this very room in which you and I are now sitting.

"Cremona is now, as it was then, but a little town beside the River Po, but wherever it is mentioned, people always think of Antonio Stradivarius. There is no land in which his instruments are not played. Violinists prize them more highly than any other violins, and pay great sums of money for them. Violinmakers since that day have tried to equal these violins, but they have never been able to do so."

— *Katherine D. Cather* (Adapted).

Violin Music to Hear:

"Song Without Words"—*Peter Tschaikowsky.*

"Songs My Mother Taught Me"—*Antonin Dvořák* (Dvor′-zhak).

"Aubade Provençale" (Ohbahd′ Proh-von-sahl′)—*Couperin* (Koo-per-rahn′).

(The melody of this composition is very old, having been sung in the days of the Crusades. It takes its name from "aubade"—meaning *song*—and Provence—the name of a region in France.)

QUESTIONS

1. What violinmaker was known as the "Whittler of Cremona"?
2. In what country did he live and work?
3. Name three famous makers of violins.
4. Why are the violins that were made by these men so precious?
5. Why is violin-making so important for good music?

THE CONCERT ON THE PORCH

"I WILL show you something," went on the stranger, as he noticed Conrad's great interest in the story he had told. Resting the leather case on a wooden bench before him, he undid the fastenings and opened it. There on the soft plush lining, wrapped in silk coverings, lay two beautiful violins.

"This violin," he said, taking out one of the instruments, "was made in this very village by a man named Joseph Antonio Guarnerius Del Jesu. He was a cousin of the older Joseph Guarnerius who used to sit at the same bench with Antonio Stradivarius in Amati's workshop. The Joseph who made this violin was the greatest pupil of Stradivarius. The man who made this thought himself very rich to have been paid a sum that equals about twenty dollars, for it. It is now worth over ten thousand dollars. Hear it, what a wonderful tone it has!" After tuning the strings, the stranger tucked the violin under his chin and began to play.

The violin voice sang so sweetly that it seemed as though the wood in the violin must be enchanted. It was an old folk song that he played—"Old Vienna Waltz"*—and when he stopped Conrad wished that he would just go on playing forever!

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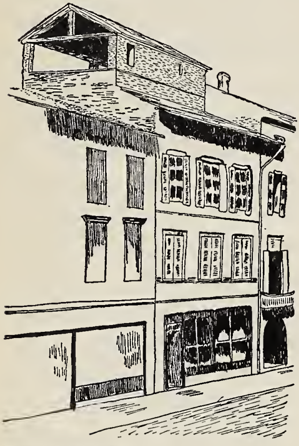
* "Old Vienna Waltz" is also known as "Liebesleid."

Then the stranger laid down the violin upon which he had just been playing, took the other out of the case, and tuned it.



From An Old Print

THE HOME OF STRADIVARIUS SHOWING THE OPEN-AIR PORCH

"How strange!" he murmured to himself, and looked at the beautiful instrument. Then, turning toward Conrad, he held out the violin, turning it about this way and that, so that the light fell upon its wonderful golden varnish.

"This," he said, tapping the fiddle gently with his bow, "is a violin made in this very room by Stradivarius, himself. Some people say that it is the greatest, most valuable violin in the world. How strange to bring it back here to its 'birthplace'!"

With that, the violinist began to play! Music both sad and gay, came from the strings as the violinist walked back and forth. Sometimes he would tell Conrad something of the music which he played, and would often call to him to listen to the tone of the violin, or to compare the tone of the two instruments, as he would lay down one and repeat what he had just played upon the other.

First came a "Gavotte in E Major" by Johann Sebastian Bach. "The *gavotte*," he said, "was a very old French dance said to have taken its name from the people in an old province of France, who were always called *Gavots*. This dance was different from the other dances of that time because the people who danced it lifted their feet as they danced, instead of shuffling them, as was then the fashion. This dance became very popular, even in the royal palace, and was often danced by the Queen of France.

The violinist then played "Turkish March" by Beethoven. This was a very lively piece which, somehow, made Conrad feel that he could hear the soldiers marching, now far away, then right beside him, and then farther and farther away again, as though they had gone down the street and out of sight around the corner.

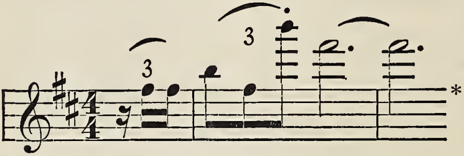
Then one more piece. This was "Caprice Viennois."

The violinist played this piece many times, using first one, and then the other of the two violins.

At last he put them both in the case again and said to Conrad, who had sat spellbound through the entire concert, "You said, as we came up the stairs, that you should like to hear a big orchestra. If you can get to Amsterdam, in Holland, by next Tuesday, go to the Orchestra Hall, or Concertgebouw, as it is called. Find there the door marked 'Stage Entrance,' give the doorkeeper this card, and you and 'the dog' will be admitted to hear a 'popular' orchestra concert which is to be given there at three o'clock."

So saying, he sat down and wrote upon a card which he gave to Conrad, this—to Conrad—meaningless message:

S'il Vous Plaît,
Admettez ce Garçon et
Son Chien



Then looking at his watch, he began hastily to wrap up his violins. He picked up his hat and coat from a near-by bench, said goodbye to Conrad, and hurried down the stairs.

---

*This extract from "Caprice Viennois" by *Fritz Kreisler*, is reproduced by the gracious permission of the publisher, Carl Fischer, Inc.

Out in the street in front of the old house, a number of people were standing about, having been attracted there by the music which had come to them from the housetop.

Conrad leaned out over the high porch wall and saw the violinist come out from the street doorway below. He hurried through the little crowd, bowing to several of the men, who spoke to him in a friendly village manner. Conrad watched him go down the street to the railroad station, where a train was just coming in.

After the train had gone, Conrad decided that it was time for him to go, too. Not until it was too late did he think that he did not know the violinist's name. "Well," he said to himself, "He must have been a great artist, for he played more beautifully than any one I have ever heard."

Conrad looked around him and tried to imagine the room as it must have looked in the days when fiddles were made there. Here had hung the great strips of white wood, cut from the south sides of the trees up in the Alps. The wood on the sunny south side was closer and finer grained than that on the north side of the same tree, and gave out a more beautiful and mellow tone when made into a violin. Here might have hung the partly finished violins, and here, those newly varnished with the magic varnish of Cremona. Here on the benches had sat the men and boys, each doing his own piece of work, while the great master, Stradivarius, moved from one to the other of his pupils, advising and helping.

Conrad held up the card which the great man had given him, before "the dog's" face. "What do you make of it?" he asked, but as "the dog" gave no answer, he buttoned it into his coat pocket, saying, "We'll keep it, anyhow, and maybe we can go to that city, Amsterdam, on Tuesday. Now let's go back to the clockmaker's for the night; and tell him all about it."

— *A Stradivarius Story.*

Violin Music to Hear:

"Old Vienna Waltz" (Liebesleid)—*Fritz Kreisler.*
"Gavotte in E Major"—*Johann Sebastian Bach.*
"Turkish March"—*Beethoven.*
"Caprice Viennois"—*Fritz Kreisler.*

QUESTIONS

1. Name still another violinmaker mentioned here.
2. Name four compositions written for violin.
3. Give the composer of each of these compositions, and the name of the country from which he came.
4. What is a "gavotte"?
5. What would you think from the fact that the violinist had two valuable violins in his possession?
6. Do you know the name of the composition from which the measures which the violinist wrote on Conrad's card, are taken? (If you will read the bit of music and sing or whistle it, then listen to all the music suggested in the "Music to Hear," you should be able to tell.)

THE STORY OF THE ORCHESTRA

WHEN Conrad and "the dog" whirled down into the yard in front of the clockmaker's home, they found Hans sitting on the doorstep. Hans had been very lonesome without them so he gave them a warm welcome as they returned.

All of the family came in to see the returned travelers. They asked Conrad many questions about his journey, where he had been, and what he had seen since he left them. The clockmaker, especially, asked many questions about Cremona.

Conrad took from his coat pocket, the card with the written words and the bar of music on it, that had been given him by the man who had played the violin for him in Cremona. He gave it to the clockmaker, who looked at it long and carefully. Then he looked at Conrad, softly whistling a few notes as he did. Just at that moment, Conrad was eagerly talking with Hans, but he looked up at the clockmaker quickly.

"Please whistle that again!" he said.

The clockmaker did so, while Conrad listened.

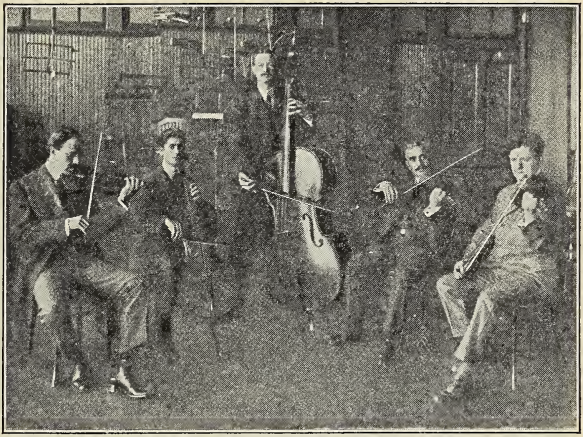
"That is the tune the violinist played!" he said.

"I thought it was, very likely," replied the clockmaker. "Do you know what these words say?" he went on, pointing to the writing on the card. "No? Well then, I will tell you. This is written in French. The writing says, 'Please admit this boy and his dog.' No one has signed it, but the music would probably take the place of a name, should you present the card at Amsterdam, as the violinist suggested. You must surely go to that concert," the clockmaker added very earnestly.

That night the clockmaker would not tell any stories until the table was cleared and all the dishes washed and put away. Then the candles were lighted and everyone settled down to a talk before the open fireplace.

"I am very glad, Conrad," said the clockmaker, "that you have been in Cremona, and that you have heard the great violinist play. Remember, whenever you hear fine violin music, that the man who made the instrument is really helping to give the concert."

"The first evening you were here, Conrad, you remember that we played some string quartet music," began the clockmaker. "Well, away back in 1600, even before that, 'bands' of stringed instruments were played together. During these years, the King of France had what was called a 'Band of Twenty-four.' It was made up of twenty-four violins, a part which followed each voice in a quartet of voices, soprano, alto, tenor,



THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE STRING CHOIR
The Violin, 'Cello, Double Bass, Viola, and Violin make up this String Choir.

and bass. This was so popular that other kings organized bands of stringed instruments, too.

"After a while people began to write music especially for these 'bands' and the instruments themselves were improved. Then the name 'string quartet' came to mean first and second violins, the viola, and the 'cello. Each of the violins has a separate 'part' or 'voice,' although the instruments which play them are exactly the same. These are the *soprano* and *alto* of the string quartet. The viola, which is really a large sized violin, plays the *tenor* 'part' or 'voice.' The 'cello plays the *bass* of the quartet.

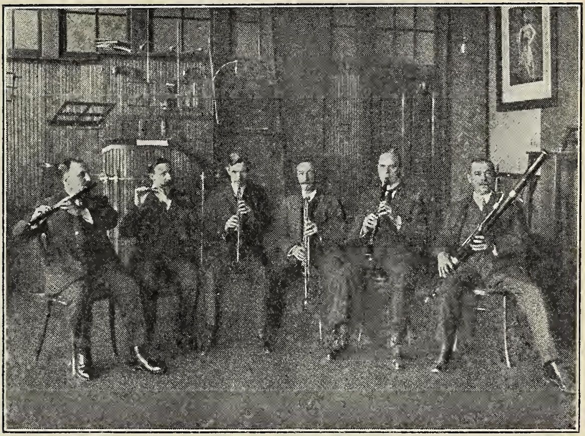
"Composers have, for years, written some of their finest music for string quartet. Such music is enjoyed both by the people who listen to it and the people who play it, and can be played in even a very small home.

"Then came the first real orchestra. A band of musicians, in Italy, was gathered together in December 1600, to play the accompaniment for an opera which was being given. From this time on, the orchestra grew and improved until it was necessary to write special music for it.

"Orchestras have always had conductors, or men who directed the other players. These conductors did not, at first, stand in front of the orchestra as they do now. In the early days, the conductor would sit at a harpsichord, which was a little instrument something like our grand piano. He both played and directed the other players, as many pianists do now in many of our 'movie' orchestras.

"When an orchestra played the accompaniment for an opera, in the early days, the players were seated out of sight so that people would not watch them instead of the singers.

"Orchestras such as you will hear in Amsterdam, Conrad, if you go there on Tuesday, are now very large. Sometimes there are more than eighty players in them, and the big musical 'family' is often thought of in four separate groups, or 'choirs.' I am going to tell you about these 'choirs.'



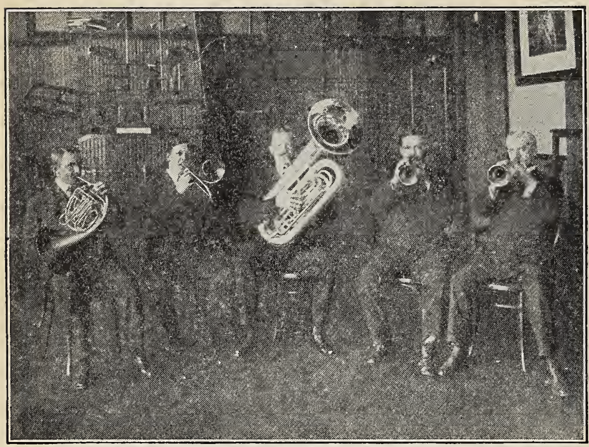
THE WOOD-WIND CHOIR
Note how the Flute, Piccolo, Oboe, English Horn, Clarinet, and Bassoon are held as they are played.

THE STRING CHOIR

"First, there is the 'String Choir.' All the stringed instruments which are played with a bow belong to this. These are the violin, viola, 'cello, and double bass. The double bass is the big instrument you saw when you visited at Markneukirchen.

THE WOOD-WIND CHOIR

"Then comes the 'Wood-Wind Choir,' which has as its members the flutes, the piccolos or little flutes, the clarinets, oboes, English horns, and bassoons.

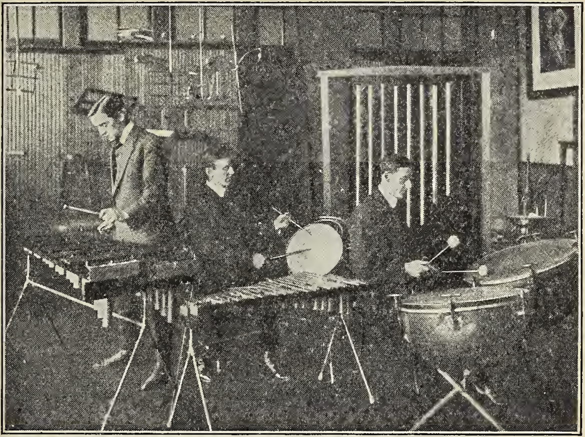


THE BRASS CHOIR
From left to right are seen the French Horn, Trombone, Tuba, Trumpet (Cornet), and Cornet (Trumpet).

"Although all of these instruments are said to belong to the 'Wood-Wind Choir,' or family, many of them are not made entirely of wood any more, but of the finest silver. Many players now use flutes, and even clarinets, that are made of solid silver. They still belong to the same choir, though, for they make no music until the player blows into them.

THE BRASS CHOIR

"The 'Brass Choir' includes more instruments that are 'blown.' These are the trumpets, French horns, trombones, and tuba. The Eng-



THE PERCUSSION CHOIR
The Xylophone, Orchestra Bells, Side Drum, Chimes, and Kettle Drums (Tympani) make up this Percussion Choir.

lish horn of the 'Wood-Wind Choir' is really an alto oboe, while the French horn plays the alto in the 'Brass Choir.' Here, the trumpet plays the soprano; the trombone, the tenor; and the tuba, the bass.

THE PERCUSSION CHOIR

"The fourth Choir, for there are four choirs in each orchestra, just as there are four singers in each quartet, is made up of instruments which are struck. These include the big bass drum, the snare drum, the triangle, two round plates of brass called cymbals, and the kettle-drums. Sometimes an orchestra uses bells or chimes, and gongs. All of these are called the 'Instruments of Percussion.'

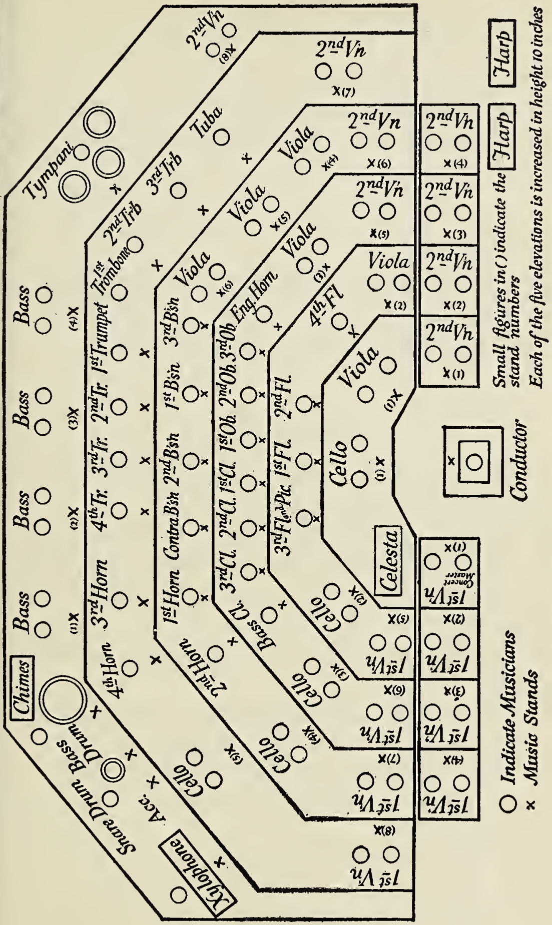
"The kettle-drums are very interesting and are really big copper kettles with skins stretched over their tops. The man who plays on them can screw them up tighter and tighter, and the tighter he draws the skin, the higher is the pitch of the sound made when he strikes them. Sometimes a kettle-drum player will have three kettle-drums in front of him, each stretched to a certain tightness until really tuned to a certain pitch.

"When I was young, I used to go to orchestra concerts every time I delivered a load of clocks in the city, and it was always the greatest fun to me to see the orchestra men come in and take their seats. I got to know exactly where the players of each instrument should sit, and would watch them take their places. Hans, get me my box of chalk, and I will draw it for you and Conrad."

Hans ran for the chalk box which his grandfather always kept by him while working at the clocks.

The old clockmaker drew his chair up before the brown wooden wall by the fireplace with the boys near him.

"Here," he said, "are the first violins, and here, the second violins," making marks on the wall to show the places of each. The drawing went on until there was, upon the wall, a picture


Chimes
Bass
Bass
Bass
Bass
(1)
(2)
(3)
(4)
Bass Drum
Snare Drum
Tympani
4th Horn
3rd Horn
4th Tr.
3rd Tr.
2nd Tr.
1st Trumpet
1st Trombone
2nd Trb
3rd Trb
Tuba
Acc.
Xylophone
2nd Horn
1st Horn
ContraB'sn
2nd B'sn
1st B'sn
3rd B'sn
Viola
(6)
Viola
(5)
Viola
(4)
2nd Vn
(8)
2nd Vn
(7)
Cello
(5)
Bass Cl.
3rd Cl.
2nd Cl.
1st Cl.
1st Ob
2nd Ob
3rd Ob
Eng. Horn
Viola
(3)
Cello
(4)
Cello
(3)
Cello
(2)
3rd Fl. and Pic
1st Fl.
2nd Fl.
4th Fl
Viola
(2)
Cello
(1)
Viola
(1)
Celesta
2nd Vn
(6)
2nd Vn
(5)
1st Vn
(8)
1st Vn
(7)
1st Vn
(9)
1st Vn
(5)
2nd Vn
(4)
2nd Vn
(3)
2nd Vn
(2)
2nd Vn
(1)
1st Vn
(4)
1st Vn
(3)
1st Vn
(2)
1st Vn Concert Master
(1)
Conductor
Harp
Harp
○ Indicate Musicians
× Music Stands
Small figures in ( ) indicate the stand numbers
Each of the five elevations is increased in height 10 inches

THE SEATING PLAN OF THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA of the seating of a complete symphony orchestra.

At last he made a mark in the center to show the place for the stand in front of the orchestra from which the conductor would direct the players.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

String Orchestra: "Waltz" from "Serenade"—*Tschaikowsky.*
Ensemble for Wood-Wind Choir: "Lead Through Life a Pleasant Way"—*Kullak.*
Ensemble for Brass Instruments: "Chorale"—*Bach.*
Percussion and Orchestra: "Overture"—*Suppe.*

QUESTIONS

1. When was the first orchestra gathered together, and what was it called?
2. What instruments make up a string quartet?
3. How many "choirs" are there in an orchestra?
4. How many instrument families are there in the orchestra?
5. Copy the seating plan of a symphony orchestra, page 169.
6. Where does the orchestra conductor stand?
7. Name all the instruments of percussion.
8. Name the instruments of the String Choir.
9. Give the names of all the instruments of the Wood-Wind Choir.
10. What instruments do you find in the Brass Choir?

THE SPOILED VIOLIN*

I know a little family,
  A family of Strings;
Viol is their ancient name,—
  They are the quaintest things!

Their family resemblances
  Are very, very strong,
They haven't any hands nor feet,
  But oh, their necks are long!

Bass Viol is the big Papa,
  Who stands against the wall;
And Mother 'Cello, soft and sweet,
  Near by, is 'most as tall.

Next there is sister Viola
  (Who used to be a twin),
But crowding in before them all
  Is little Violin.

Mamma has often said to me—
  I'm sure of every word—
That when the grown-up people speak,
  I must be seen, *not heard.*

But in the family of Strings
  It is not so at all,

---

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For Father only mumbles things
Up there against the wall;

And Mother 'Cello's voice is low,
And Viola's is thin,
But always louder than the rest
Talks little Violin.

He interrupts them when he likes;
They cannot keep him still.
He runs and quavers, laughs and whines;
His voice is high and shrill.

No matter who was speaking first,
No matter what they play,
The Violin just pitches in
And always has his say.

If I were Violin's Papa,—
Bass Viol, six feet high,—
I would not let my silly son
Think he was big as I.

If I were Mrs. 'Cello, too,
I'd bring him up to be
A nice, well-mannered Violin,
Seen and not heard—like me.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

Music to Hear:
Double Bass (Bass Viol): "Excerpt from Aida"—*Verdi.*
'Cello: "Il Gavotte Tendre"—*Hillemacher.*
Viola: "Excerpt from Freischutz"—*Weber.*
Violin: "Nocturne in C Sharp Minor"—*Tschaikowsky.*

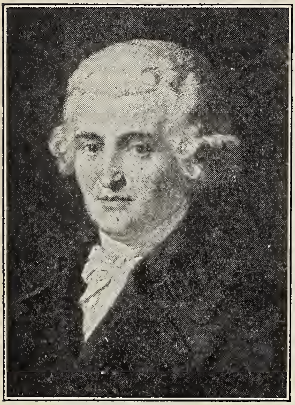
THE SURPRISE SYMPHONY

"AWAY back in the year in which George Washington was born," began the clockmaker, "there was born, in a village in Austria, a boy named Joseph Haydn."

"Joseph's father and mother were poor people. His father, Matthias, was a blacksmith and a wheelwright. The father sang, and could also play well on the harp. With his wife, who had a sweet soprano voice, he would often give what were called 'grand concerts' for all the neighbors, out on the front porch on Sunday afternoons. They sang many folk songs and national airs together, with the harp accompanying them. Sometimes the neighbors would join in the singing, too."

"Joseph soon learned all the music that his father could teach him, and when he was only eight years old, was already a good musician. He had a beautiful voice, and sang so well that he was given a place in the choir of the church attended by the Emperor."

"As he grew older, he learned more and more about music, until finally he was chosen as court musician by Prince Esterhazy. Here on the large Esterhazy estate, just outside the city of Vienna, Joseph Haydn was in charge of a fine orchestra. Every week, and sometimes daily, he gave concerts for the Prince and his guests.



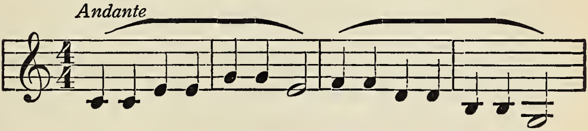
JOSEPH HAYDN

"In those days it was not easy to buy printed music, as it is today, so many hours were spent in copying music. Once copied, the sheets of music were very valuable because of the time and work it took to make them.

"For this reason and because there were not many beautiful pieces of music for orchestras to play at that time, Haydn composed many fine symphonies for his own orchestra to play at the castle. He conducted the Esterhazy orchestra for thirty years, so he wrote much of his finest music while in the employ of the Prince Esterhazy.

"One time, when Haydn and his orchestra gave a concert for the Prince and a large number of his guests, the Prince took advantage of the music and went to sleep while the musicians were playing. This happened several times when Haydn played, until he began to feel very much offended. It is never thought good manners to correct a Prince though, so Haydn could not say anything to him about sleeping through the orchestra concerts. But Haydn set to work to write some music. In this music, he planned to play a joke on the Prince.

"A whole symphony, which is a name given to a certain kind of music written for an orchestra to play, has four parts, or movements. In the first part of the second movement of the symphony which Haydn wrote so that he might play a musical 'joke' on the Prince, the music was very beautiful and peaceful. It went like this," and the clockmaker, who was telling the story, whistled a few notes:



"Haydn called this movement of the Symphony, the 'Andante,' an Italian word which means 'quite slowly.'

"Haydn's orchestra practiced the music until they knew it perfectly, and then played it for the Prince and his friends. Haydn called the whole symphony, the 'Surprise Symphony.'

"No one knew what the surprise was, but the players in the orchestra. The musicians began to play the new symphony, and as the gentle music moved along, the Prince leaned back in his chair and went to sleep again.

"Then, at the close of the fourth phrase, or division, of the *Andante,* there came a sudden *bang!* All the instruments, including the noisy brass instruments, the drums, and the cymbals, played loudly together with a big crash. The Prince woke up with such a start, that he fell right off his chair. He felt so disgraced and ashamed that he never went to sleep during a concert again."

— *Story of an Austrian Prince.*

Music to Hear:
"Andante" from "Surprise Symphony"—*Joseph Haydn.*

QUESTIONS

1. What famous composer was born the same year that George Washington was born?
2. In what country was he born?
3. Tell what you know of this composer's home and family.
4. Where did he direct an orchestra after he grew older?
5. What was one of the famous compositions he wrote?
6. Why did he write it?
7. Name some other composition by this same composer.
8. What is the surprise in the "Surprise Symphony"?

THE SURPRISE SYMPHONY*

I should like to have you know
Of a concert long ago;
People came from far away
To hear Haydn play.

Oh! Oh! Oh! It's right to sleep, but
O! You'll rue it if you do it
In a very public place;
Sleep at concert's a disgrace!

Pa-pa Haydn played a joke
On these proud and sleepy folk:
After notes that sweetly sang
Came a sudden *Bang!*

Oh! Oh! Oh! It's right to sleep, but
O! You'll rue it if you do it
In a very public place;
Sleep at concert's a disgrace!

—*Burges Johnson.*

*Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with the author. Mr. Johnson wrote these words to fit the rhythm and the tune of the *Andante* from the "Surprise Symphony."

FRANZ SCHUBERT AND HIS FAMOUS CUPBOARD

"JUST one more story about Franz Schubert, and then to bed," said the clockmaker.

"Franz Schubert was a little Austrian boy born in 1797, in the city of Vienna. His father was a schoolmaster, and little Franz was called a 'wonderchild,' because he was so very talented and bright in music. It is said that he was only five years old when he composed his first real music.

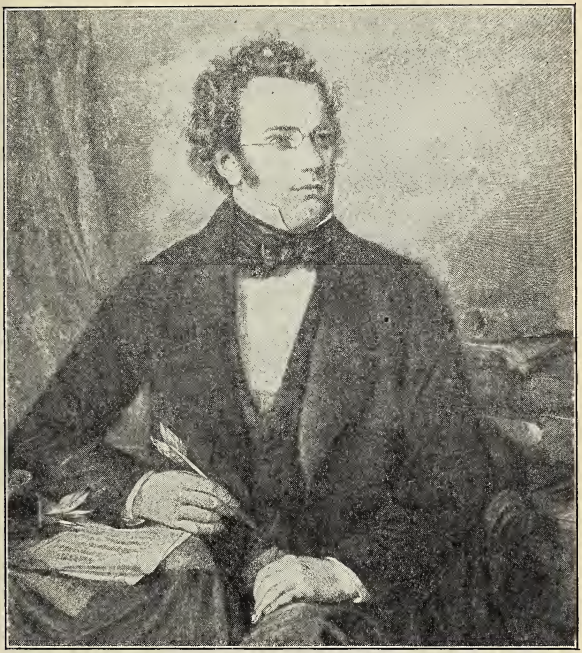
"As he grew up, Franz was a very fine student, and was a favorite with all his teachers. He was often too poor to buy even music paper. Many of his compositions were written upon scraps of plain paper, sometimes even upon the blank leaves of books.

"One evening he went to a restaurant to eat supper with some friends. Some one who had been there before them had left a book of Shakespeare plays on the table. Schubert picked it up and began reading it. As he read, he came to the words which begin,

'Hark! Hark! The lark at Heav'n's gate sings.'

"At once a sweet melody came into his mind. It seemed to fit the words exactly.

"'If I only had some music paper!' he said.



From a Portrait by Rieder

FRANZ SCHUBERT, THE IMMORTAL

At once, his friends drew lines on the back of the bill of fare for him. Right there in the restaurant, with such music paper, Franz Schubert wrote the song 'Hark! Hark! the Lark!' which has since been sung by almost every famous singer in the world.

"Franz had many brothers and sisters, and as they were all very musical and had learned to play upon many instruments, they had a family orchestra. They played, each Sunday afternoon, for their relatives and friends. Franz began to play upon the piano as soon as he was tall enough to reach the keys, and began to write tunes as soon as he knew how to write the notes. When he was a little older, he became a student at the Imperial School, but he returned home each Sunday to play in the family concerts.

"It is very strange, but Schubert also conducted the orchestra on the Esterhazy estate, just as Haydn had done, nearly sixty years before him. Here, as Court Musician, he wrote much beautiful music. He is especially famous for the beautiful songs he wrote.

"Schubert wrote also for orchestra. When he was about twenty-six years old, he thought he would write some music to accompany a play called 'Rosamunde.' The play was only given twice and was soon forgotten, but one piece of the music is still played, and is very much liked. This is called 'Ballet Music' from 'Rosamunde.' It was a piece of music written for the quaint dance that was a part of the play.

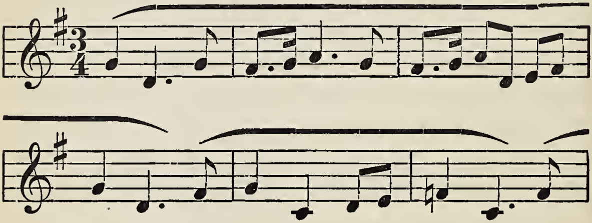
"Schubert had an old cupboard in his room, and when he thought that a piece of music was not liked by his friends, or some audience it had been played for, he would put it away in this cupboard and lock the door. He often made mistakes in judging music in this way, and locked up much very fine music. He also kept his unfinished manuscripts in this cupboard.

"Almost forty years after he died, some musicians happened to find the old piece of furniture in a room where it had been hidden away. From the cupboard they took the manuscript of this 'Ballet Music' from 'Rosamunde,' which had not been played during all those years.

"Among other things that were in the old cupboard, when they found it, was a manuscript of an unfinished symphony. 'Unfinished Symphony' was the name they gave the music when they published it. Some people think it one of the most beautiful pieces of music for orchestra, that was ever written. Two completed sections, or movements, of the symphony were found. Schubert had evidently planned to have three movements. He had not completed the third one, and when the manuscript was found, there were only nine bars of the third movement. So when you hear the 'Unfinished Symphony' played, you will hear just the two movements of the symphony.

"Schubert himself never heard this music played, but he was great enough a musician and composer to be able to imagine how it would sound. When you hear it played by a large orchestra, listen for the first theme, or melody. This is sung over and over, first by the French horns, the altos of the Brass Choir (here the clockmaker pointed to the drawing on the wall, showing the boys the seats of the French horn players in the orchestra), then by other instruments, one after another.

"Then comes the second theme or melody, which is even more wonderful than the first theme. It is the one of which we always think, when we think of the 'Unfinished Symphony.' The 'cellos sing this melody first. It is repeated again and again, the pitch dropping gently lower and lower each time the theme is sung. Here it is," the clockmaker said, and whistled,



Conrad stood and looked at the rude drawing of the orchestra upon the wall, until Hans' mother promised that it should not be rubbed out, and that he could see it again in the morning.

"I surely hope," he said to "the dog," as they climbed the stairs to his bedroom, "that the orchestra in Amsterdam will play the 'Unfinished Symphony' on Tuesday."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Ballet Music" from "Rosamunde"—*Schubert.*
"Unfinished Symphony"—*Schubert.*

QUESTIONS

1. What composer, besides Joseph Haydn, conducted an orchestra at the Esterhazy castle?
2. Tell of at least three pieces of music which this composer wrote.
3. What musical treasures were found in Schubert's famous cupboard?
4. Why is this symphony by Schubert called the "Unfinished Symphony"?
5. Sing the favorite theme from this symphony.

THE SINGER*

O lark! sweet lark!
Where learn you all your minstrelsy?
What realms are those to which you fly?
While robins feed their young from dawn till dark,
You soar on high—
Forever in the sky.

O child! dear child!
Above the clouds I lift my wing
To hear the bells of Heaven ring;

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Some of their music, though my flights be
wild,
To Earth I bring;
Then let me soar and sing!
—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

THE LARK AND THE ROOK

"Good-night, Sir Rook!" said a little lark.
"The daylight fades; it will soon be dark;
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray;
I've sung my hymn to the parting day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow—good-night, Sir Rook!"

"Good-night, poor Lark," said his titled friend
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
"I also go to my rest profound,
But not to sleep in the cold, damp ground.
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost branch of yon tall pine tree.

"I opened my eyes at peep of day
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams;
Soaring too high to be seen or heard;
And I said to myself, 'What a foolish bird!'

"I trod the park with a princely air,
I filled my crop with the richest fare;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you!
The sun shone forth on my ebon wing;
I looked and wondered—good-night, poor thing!"

"Good-night, once more," said the lark's sweet voice.
"I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more sweet than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?"

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:
"Lo, Here the Gentle Lark"—*Shakespeare-Bishop.*
"Hark! Hark! the Lark!—*Schubert.*

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

—*William Allingham.*

THE MARSEILLAISE

"IT is fine to know," said the clockmaker, one day, "just how some famous songs came to be written."

The two boys, Conrad and Hans, had been sitting near the clockmaker's bench for some time, talking of many things, and especially of great armies and battles.

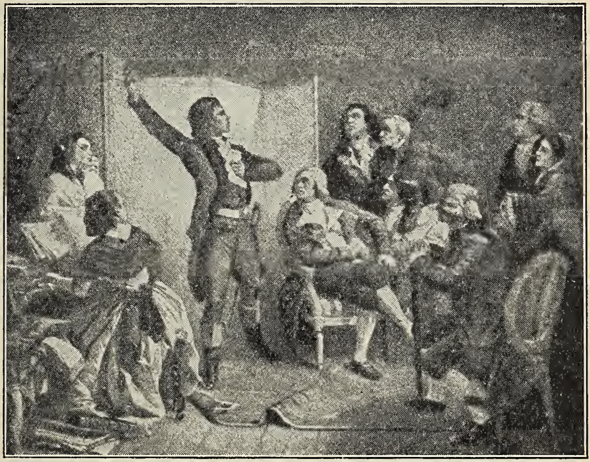
"There is one song," the clockmaker continued, "which has done a great deal to help win battles. It is the 'Marseillaise,' sometimes called the 'War Song of the French.' It is very dear to the French people, and is now used not only for war, but is also sung on every happy occasion.

"Once, now more than a hundred years ago, when France was at war, the French people had no good patriotic marching song. This was the time following the French Revolution, when nearly all the countries of Europe were fighting France.

"At that time a young man named Rouget de Lisle, a captain in the army, was living at Strassburg, in the home of the Baron de Dietrich, who was mayor of the city.

"One evening at the supper table, and afterward, there was a great deal of talk about the need of a rousing marching song. Presently the Captain went to his room, but he did not go to bed. He felt that he could not sleep.

"As he walked up and down the floor of his room, words kept coming into his mind, and as they came, formed themselves into verses. Suddenly, he stopped in his walking, for a melody to fit the words had come to him, too.



Cosmos Pictures Co., N. Y.

ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE TO A GROUP OF FRENCH OFFICERS AND FRIENDS

"An old story says that Captain de Lisle took up a piece of charcoal from the fireplace, and, singing, while half in tears, began to write both the words and music on the broad, white wall of his room.

"He wrote in this way for more than an hour, but as soon as the song was completed, the excitement left him, and he sat down and slept soundly until morning, with his head in his arms on the table before him.

"This happened on the evening of April twenty-fourth. The next day de Lisle sang his song at the mayor's house to a group of officers and friends. During the following two days it was copied and parts arranged so that a military band might play it, and on Sunday, the band of the National Guard played the song at a public ceremony in Strassburg.

"The song had, so far, no name, but was always called the Marseillaise from June twenty-fifth of that year, for on that day it was sung at a big military banquet in the city of Marseilles, in southern France. The crowds of soldiers were so wildly enthusiastic that the song was at once printed, and little sheets of paper on which it appeared were distributed to the troops just starting for Paris. These soldiers sang the song, and as they entered Paris, still singing, the martial air swept over the city, until even the people in the streets were shouting it.

"It is said that Captain de Lisle was later (in 1830) given a pension for life by Louis Phillippe, the King, because he had given

France this great patriotic hymn, the chorus of which always calls for their best from the sons of France.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
  Hark! Hark! What myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,—
  Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
  With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
  While liberty and peace lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory, or death!

—*A Famous French Song.*

Music to Hear:
"La Marseillaise"—*Rouget de Lisle.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is the name of the national song of France?
2. Who wrote this song? When? Where?
3. Tell the story of this song, and of how it came to be called by this special name.
4. What did the King of France do for Rouget de Lisle?

NAPOLEON AND THE KREMLIN: THE OVERTURE 1812

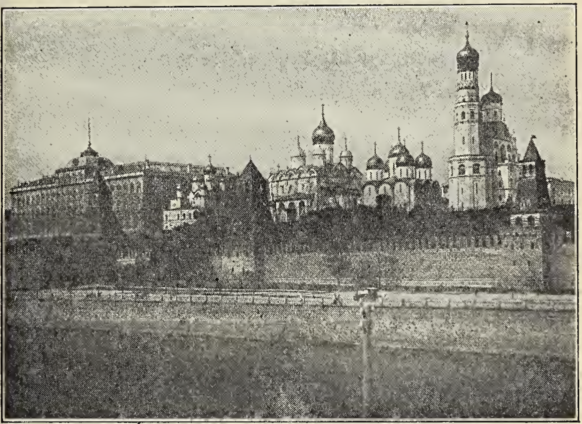
"THERE are not many pieces of music written which tell a whole story so clearly, without a single word being spoken, as does the composition called 'Overture 1812.' This was written by Peter Tschaikowsky for a great celebration in Moscow, some years ago." It was thus that the clockmaker began a story about Napoleon, who was often called "The Little Corporal of France."

"Many people think Peter Tschaikowsky to have been the greatest of all Russian composers, and in this 'Overture' he tells, in music, the story of a terrible and exciting battle.

"Tschaikowsky was not a rich man's son, but the son of an engineer in one of the great mines of Russia. When he was about twenty years old, he decided that he would like to study law at the university, but after having studied it for two years, found that he liked music better than anything else in the world. So he entered the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music, and there learned how to play and to write music.

"St. Petersburg is now called Leningrad, and the great palace in Moscow of which I shall tell you has been greatly changed since those days, more than a hundred years ago.

"There was a famous palace in the city of Moscow which everyone called the Kremlin. This great palace fortress of the Russians was built on a high hill overlooking the rest of the city, and was richly stored with treasures of gold and jewels. It had in it a famous flight of stairs known as the Red Staircase, or sometimes, the Staircase Beautiful. Over these historic stairs all great heroes entered the palace.



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THE KREMLIN
A FAMOUS CASTLE IN MOSCOW, RUSSIA

"One of the most wonderful things about the Kremlin was the peal of bells which hung in its tower. Russia is a land of bells, and those which hung in the Kremlin tower were rung on all festival days, and on other great occasions worthy of celebration.

"In the year 1812, Napoleon, the general of a huge French army, marched across Russia toward Moscow, hoping to capture both the city and the palace. No one in the world had ever seen so great an army as he brought with him, for there were more than four hundred thousand men in it.

"It was in September that these soldiers drew near the city of Moscow, and found the Russian soldiers lined up on both sides of the Moscow road. The French troops were already very tired from their long march, but fought fiercely, singing the Marseillaise as they fought.

"When the Russians would make a little gain in the fight, they would sing their solemn national hymn—'God Preserve Our People.' At one time during the battle, a band of brave and gay soldiers from one of the Russian provinces even sang an old Russian folk tune.

"After many days of fighting, the Russians left the city of Moscow, taking with them all their treasures. When Napoleon and his troops entered Moscow, they found that the Russians had set fire to their homes before leaving, and had destroyed the food and clothing which the French soldiers had expected to use.

"After battles with fire and hunger which were more terrible than any other of the battles they had fought, the French soldiers who were still living, and their daring general, Napoleon, had to leave the city. Then began the long and terrible march back to France, through the bitter cold and deep snows of the Russian winter.

"It was nearly sixty years after the Battle of 1812 that Tschaikowsky wrote the famous 'Overture.' The Russian people were to have a great holiday and festival in Moscow to celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of 1812. They invited Tschaikowsky to write some music for the Russian Orchestra to play for the crowds in the Square before the Kremlin, on that day.

"Tschaikowsky is said to have thought for a long time about the battle, and the nations who had taken part in it, before he began to write. Most overtures, you know, are written as preludes, or 'beginning pieces' for operas, or for oratorios. The 'Overture 1812' has no connection with any opera or oratorio, but is a separate concert piece in itself. This Overture is of that kind of composition which is called *program music*, because it tells a story. So large an orchestra is needed to play it, if done as Tschaikowsky intended, that it is sometimes necessary to add a small extra platform at one side of a regular concert stage, for the extra players to sit upon. Tschaikowsky put in parts, in the music, for pistols, and cannons, so as to imitate the sounds of battle, but because these things make noise rather than music, most conductors of orchestras leave out these parts when they play the 'Overture.'

"In listening to the 'Overture,' you must remember, each time, that the Marseillaise is heard whenever Tschaikowsky intended to suggest the advance or gain of the French soldiers. The melody of the Russian national hymn, so slow and dignified, tells us each time the Russians are victorious.

"The 'Overture' starts with music which sounds as though the Russian people might be singing. Then we can hear the chimes ringing softly, after which the beating drums and bugle calls tell us that the soldiers are being called to battle. As the battle rages we can hear, first the Marseillaise, then the Russian national hymn, the Russian folk song, and then the Marseillaise again. At the close, the joyful blending of the Russian hymn and the lively folk tune, tell us that the Russians have finally won the victory, while over all we can hear the wild and excited pealing of the famous Kremlin bells rung by the happy Russians."

—*A Tale of Russia.*

Music to Hear:
"Overture 1812"—*Peter Tschaikowsky.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is an "overture"?
2. Who wrote the "Overture 1812"?
3. Where was he born?
4. What other piece of music did he compose?
5. Of what famous battle does this "Overture" tell?
6. What great general took part in the fighting?
7. How did Tschaikowsky try to represent the fighting in his music?
8. What music do we hear when the French are winning?
9. What music do we hear when the Russians are winning?
10. What is meant by "program" music?

PICTURES ARE WINDOWS*

Pictures are windows to many lands,
But a book is a door that ready stands
To him who will open and go outside,
Where the rivers and plains are free and wide—
Pictures are windows through which we look,
But the door of the world is just a book!

—*Annette Wynne.*

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WINTER SONG

In this poem, Shakespeare describes a cold winter scene in England. He also mentions his own sister, Joan, and some of his friends, and tells of some of the feasts that often took place in his own early home.

WINTER SONG

When icicles hang by the wall
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
  And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl.
  Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
  And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
  Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

—*William Shakespeare.*

Music to Hear:
"Jingle Bells"—*Pierpont.*

TIME AND MUSIC

"TIME is as old as the world," said the clockmaker one evening, as Conrad described his trip to Nuremberg. Conrad had seen there a strange and wonderful clock, set high in a church tower near Market Square. In this clock there were small figures of men that moved about each time the hour was struck. Then the seven figures, which are those of seven men who lived in Nuremberg long ago, would walk around a central figure of the Emperor of those days, who had become famous.

"It is as long ago as 1740 that people of the Black Forest made their first striking clocks," the clockmaker continued. "The first watches in the world had just been made at Nuremberg. These watches were as large as goose eggs and had to be wound twice a day. Even at that, they would vary as much as an hour in time from each other, but were considered to be very fine. Later, our people began to make cuckoo clocks which were first sold quite a bit before the time of George Washington.

"People all over the world have always tried to find new and pleasant ways to tell time. This has much to do with music, too, as one of the first things we try to do in music, when we either sing or play an instrument, is to keep time."

"How did people tell time before there were clocks or watches?" asked Conrad.

"Well," said the clockmaker, as he worked away at a tiny clock he was finishing, "That is quite a story."

"First of all, we read that time was divided into day and night. Then after a while, a man wanted to divide the day into different parts. So he set a stick into the ground and watched the shadow that it made when the sun was shining. The shadow was quite long in the morning, but grew shorter and shorter as the sun rose higher in the sky and shone almost above it. Then the shadow grew longer again as the sun went down in the west. That divided the day into three parts—morning, noon, and evening. Later, someone thought of dividing each of those into parts.

"So he made a flat circular earthen plate, with a pointer stuck in the center of it. This plate was divided into equal parts so that when the sun was shining, the pointer cast a shadow on one of the marked parts. In this way they could tell what hour of the day it was. This was the first sundial.

THE WATER CLOCK AND THE HOURGLASS

"People also used to tell time by means of the water clock. The water clock was first used in Egypt. There slaves would fill a jar, which had a tiny hole in it, with water. The small opening was made so as to let the water drip out very, very slowly, drop by drop. When the water had all dripped out, one of the slaves would beat loudly on a flat gong made of copper, that was usually hung in the branches of a tree. This was to tell everyone that an hour had passed.

"The sound of this copper gong was so pleasant, that slaves in Egypt made themselves copper drums, and took them with them as they worked along the Nile River. Drums are now made of wood and skin, and should you go to Egypt, you would often hear the music of the drum. For workmen in Egypt almost always sing as they work, and they almost always have one man who keeps time to the singing of the others, by beating on a drum.

"But it was not always easy to carry water around to keep such a clock going. So people made themselves hourglasses which were filled with sand. These hourglasses were shaped like a figure eight (8) and were always in two parts with a tiny opening in the middle between the parts. It took an hour for all of the fine sand to run down from one side, or part, to the other. Then the hourglass could be turned upside down, and a new hour started.

"Alfred the Great of England, who once saved his land by being able to play a harp, found still another way of measuring time. This was by burning candles, on which small colored rings had been placed, one for each hour of time.

"For a time, bells were rung at church doors, each hour, to tell the people who lived in the village in which the church stood, that an hour had passed. Then, because people who lived in the country, and on high mountain sides, wished to know the time, the bells were hung in high belfries built upon the churches.

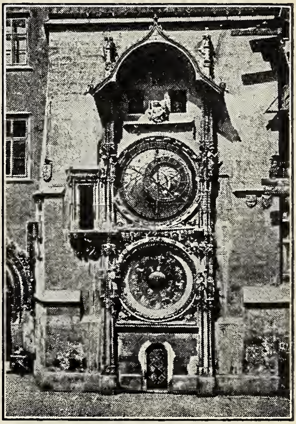
"From the bell-ringing to tell time, we have come to have bells hung in great steeples, or campaniles, as they are sometimes called, just to make music. Such chimes of bells are often called *carillons.* A carillon is a set of bells so made—some are very small, while others in the same belfry are very large—that each one has a *pitch.* That is, it sings one tone of a musical scale. To tell the *pitch* of any tone is to tell whether it is high, or low.

"You, in school, have often sung the scale of eight tones, counting from *Doh* to *Doh.* A chime, or 'peal' of bells can be made so that there is one bell to sound for each of the tones of this scale. These bells can then be played, either by being struck by huge hammers, or by being rung by skillful bellringers, so as to make pretty tunes. Some carillons have more than eight bells, and can play very high or very low.

Bells are now to be seen and heard in all great orchestras.

"After bells, used for time-telling, came the first clocks. The first ones were very clumsy affairs, and did not keep very good time. But the people of those days thought them very wonderful, and by the time the Crusaders were on their way to Jerusalem, many of the walled cities of Europe had begun to build large clocks. Most of these had faces and hands, so that people might *see* time, as well as *hear it*.

"There are now many clocks in the world that tell time in both ways. Some of them have bells in them that play tunes. Such clocks, which are placed in high towers, usually have large faces that may be seen for a long way. Then they often have a special tune that they play each fifteen minutes, or quarter of an hour. This is done by the help of the machinery that runs them. The people who live near such clocks learn to know the tune for each quarter



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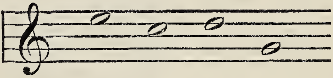
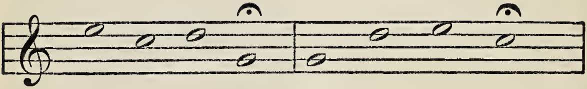
THE PRAGUE CLOCK, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

hour, and can tell whether it is fifteen, thirty, or forty-five minutes past the hour.

"For instance, such a clock might play these four tones, and then stop. Anyone who lived near it would know that it was fifteen minutes past the hour.



"Then thirty minutes past the hour, the clock would play two little tunes, with a short rest between.

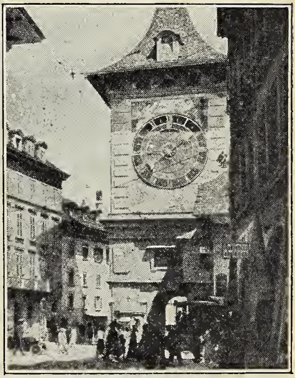


"So it would go on, adding four more notes with each fifteen minutes. When the hour came around, it would not only play its four little tunes, but would follow these by striking the hour. Great composers have used these notes of the clock-tune as a *theme*, upon which to write large compositions.

"There were many very wonderful clocks made in Europe in what we call the Middle Ages. One of these is in the city of Prague, in Czechoslovakia (Bohemia). This clock tells, not only the time, but also the month of the year, the day of the month, and the time the moon and the sun will rise and set each twenty-four hours.

"There is also a wonderful clock in Switzerland, in the city of Berne. The name of this old and quaint city means *bear*. The city was founded about the time of the Crusades. This city had walls, just as Nuremberg had. What was once the west gate of Berne is now the center of the city. This was called the 'Clock Gate,' for here on one side was a huge clock. The old tower clock has been there now for many hundreds of years, and it is still running. The hands and figures on this clock are covered with gold.

"Every hour a little door opens and a toy rooster comes out, flaps its wings and crows, and a troop of little bears marches around a sitting figure of a man. Then this figure, which is called Father Time, strikes the hour with a small hammer, and another little old man turns an hourglass upside down.



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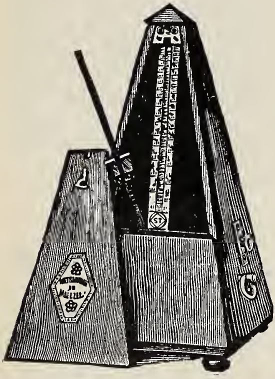
THE OLD CLOCK TOWER IN BERNE, SWITZERLAND

"There is still another clock in Amsterdam, and you must see it if you visit that city. At eleven o'clock each day, mechanical horses, which are a part of this clock, have a chariot race across its face. Men and women, and boys and girls, who have seen that clock all their lives, hurry to be in front of it every day at eleven, if they are anywhere near, to see the exciting race.

THE METRONOME

"All this will make you think of one other thing which connects time and music. You may have sometime seen a *metronome*, a little ticking machine in a wooden box, that is used by many boys and girls to help them keep time while they are practicing their music lessons."



THE METRONOME

"Yes, indeed," answered Conrad. "I have one on the piano at home, and have often played with it."

"The metronome was invented more than a hundred years ago,* by a man named Johann Maelzel. Maelzel was a clockmaker for the king, and also made and invented many other kinds of clever mechanical toys.

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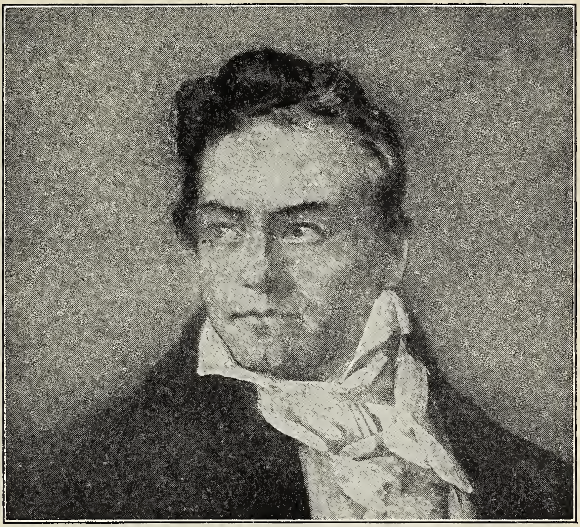
* In 1816.



BEETHOVEN, MASTER OF SYMPHONY

"Beethoven, a great composer who was both a friend and a pupil of Joseph Haydn, liked Maelzel and admired his useful little ticking machine.

"One summer, Maelzel planned to go away from his home town for a long trip. So, one evening, all of his friends gathered to eat a farewell dinner with him. After the dinner was eaten, some of the men who were there got up and made speeches, telling Maelzel how sorry they were that he was going away.

"At last it came to be Beethoven's turn to talk.

But instead of talking, he stood up and taught them all to sing a jolly little song that he had written in honor of his friend. The song was very clever, and imitated, all the time, the ticking of Maelzel's metronome. The words went,

'Ta, ta, Mael-zel, fare-well, fare-well'

and if you say them over two or three times very evenly, you will see that they do 'click' along just like Maelzel's ticking timekeeper.

"Beethoven first taught all the men to sing the tune. Then he divided them into three parts, and started one part after the other, until they were all singing, after the fashion of a round. Over and over they sang the jolly song. When Beethoven went home that night, he wrote the whole story of the dinner, and the notes of the song in the notebook that he always kept with him.

"Several years later, when he was composing his 'Eighth Symphony,' for orchestra, Beethoven happened to look through the pages of this same notebook. There he saw the little song about Maelzel, which he had written so long before.

" 'I shall use that in my Symphony,' he said to himself, at once.

"And should you ever happen to hear the second part, or 'movement,' of this 'Eighth Symphony' by Beethoven, you can easily find in it, if you listen, the 'tick, tock, tick, tock,' of Beethoven's playful song to his friend."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"Allegretto Scherzando"—*Ludwig von Beethoven* (Second movement of "Eighth Symphony").

QUESTIONS

1. Tell how people "told time" before the invention of clocks.
2. Which of these ways is still suggested by songs of working people in Egypt? How?
3. What is a carillon?
4. What is meant by *pitch?*
5. How many tones are there in a scale?
6. How have composers used the little tunes that many clocks play?
7. How did one great composer imitate the ticking of a mechanical timekeeper, to help him write a great symphony?
8. Who was this composer, and of whom was he a pupil?
9. What is the name of this mechanical timekeeper?
10. When you hear this "Allegretto Scherzando" by Beethoven, listen carefully for the little theme that makes you think of the 'farewell' song. Count the number of times that it is heard.

A FAMOUS CLOCK

WHEN Conrad awoke the following morning, which was Sunday, the sun was just coming up. As he lay watching the birds flying in and out of the trees beside his window, Conrad made up his mind that the time had come for him to leave the clockmaker's house in the Black Forest.

There were other places of great interest which Conrad wanted to see. He had heard of some of these from a musician who had been in Markneukirchen, buying instruments. In order to see all these places, Conrad would have to travel through Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark on his magic record. After seeing these places, he would go to Amsterdam, in Holland, in time for the concert the following Tuesday. He made up his mind to start that very day.

So he jumped out of bed and dressed quickly. Running down the stairs quietly, he hurried to the big shop and studied again the colored drawing of the orchestra on the wall. Hans and the clockmaker soon joined him and a lively game followed. While the boys guessed instruments, the clockmaker acted as judge.

First one would ask some question such as, "What instrument plays the alto part in the

Brass Choir? He would then count one, two, three, while the other boy had to give the correct answer "French Horn," before the word "three" was spoken, or lose his turn to put a question. They had great fun and each became very excited trying to see who could answer the greatest number of questions correctly.

"If you are going to leave us," said the clockmaker at breakfast, "there are two places you should visit on the way north. One of these is Strassburg, which is not far from here, and the other is Wannsee, the home of Engelbert Humperdinck.

"I am glad you like our clocks, Conrad, but just wait until you see the wonderful clock at Strassburg. The spire of the church in which this clock is built is the highest spire in Europe. You will see it from a great distance, towering hundreds of feet above the tops of the tallest trees in the Black Forest."

Soon after breakfast Conrad got ready to leave. He planned to be at Strassburg at noon for it was at that time the most wonderful thing about the clock could be seen. His pockets were full with the big lunch which Hans' mother had put up for him.

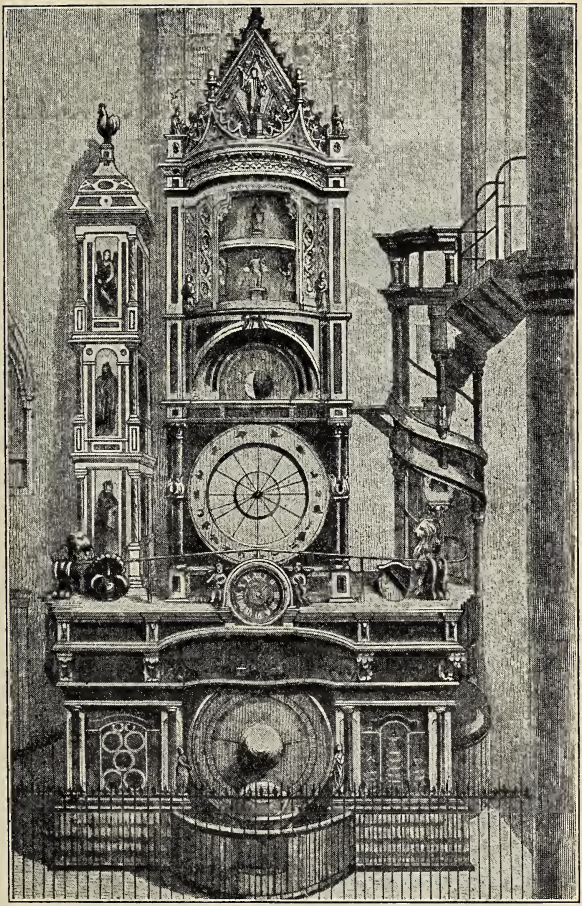
The leave taking was almost tearful, but it was presently over, and in a moment Conrad and "the dog" were sailing along over the tops of the trees in the direction of Strassburg. Conrad's eyes were ever on the lookout for the tall church spire.

In a very short time, the spire was seen, and Conrad and his companion came to earth near the entrance to the church. There was the famous Strassburg Clock! It was certainly much larger than the Black Forest clocks. The clock itself was over thirty feet high. It seemed, to Conrad, almost like a small theater, because there were so many figures of people and animals that played their parts as the hours of the day went by.

There were winding stairs on one side of the clock, so Conrad climbed to its top. At the bottom of the clock was a globe, and right back of this was a strange calendar. Here a life-size figure of a man pointed out the day of the month, and, as the clockmaker had said, different figures drawn in chariots, appeared each morning above the calendar to tell the day of the week.

Right above these was the great face of the clock. The hours are struck by figures of angels. These angel figures also take turns in striking the quarter-hours, and just after the hour has been struck, one of them turns over an hourglass.

Above all is a figure of Christ, and twice each day, at noon and at midnight, just when the clock strikes twelve, a procession of the twelve Apostles passes Christ. When the figure of Peter passes the Saviour, a cock flaps its wings and



THE FAMOUS STRASSBURG CLOCK

crows, three times. When the figure of Judas Iscariot passes, he turns his face away from Christ.

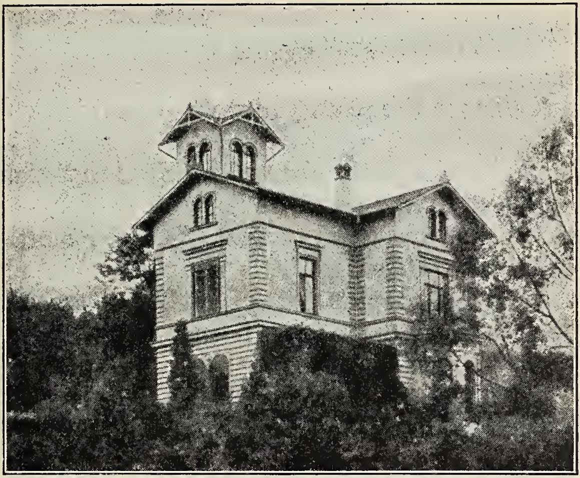
It was about eleven o'clock when Conrad reached the clock. After climbing the stairs once or twice, he walked up and down the street, seeing the strange buildings and looking for a good place to eat his lunch. He found a doorstep nearby where he sat down, took out his lunch, and shared it with "the dog."

Conrad would have liked to stay at the clock much longer to watch its wonderful works, but he had no time. So, right after the clock had struck the noon hour, and the interesting procession of the Apostles had passed, he and "the dog" got on to their record again.

HUMPERDINCK'S HOME

This time they started for the home of the great composer Humperdinck, who had written the fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel." The home was at Wannsee, in Germany, about three hundred miles to the northeast.

In the "wink of an eye" Conrad and "the dog" were at the gate. This gate was very unusual. It had, as Conrad saw, little statues on it of Hansel and of Gretel, one on each side of the entrance. They stood just as they might have looked when the old witch found them eating her gingerbread house. Humperdinck is not living



From an Old Collection

HUMPERDINCK'S BEAUTIFUL HOME, NEAR BERLIN

now, but, the gatekeeper told Conrad, crowds of children still come out from the city each Sunday to see the little statues of their favorite fairy-tale children.

Humperdinck, when living, had many queer fancies, and one of the things he loved best was the starry sky. So, when he built his home, he had a dark-blue ceiling hung in his living room, and dotted it all over with small electric lights. Then on cool evenings when he could not sit outdoors, he would light a fire in the fireplace and turn on the "stars," which had the appearance of a starry sky.

"There is another place I would like to see," he said to "the dog," as they were again outside the gateway.

"What is the place you want to see?" asked "the dog."

"I want to see the place where Hans Christian Andersen lived, and where he wrote so many of his stories," answered Conrad. "I love his little one-legged soldier, his little match-girl, and all the rest of his boys and girls so well, that I would like to see the place they all come from."

"Wish over the magic record," said 'the dog,' "and you'll soon be there."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

Songs from "Hansel and Gretel"—*Engelbert Humperdinck.* (Page 30.)

QUESTIONS

1. What popular composer's home does Conrad now visit?
2. What famous opera did this man compose?
3. Name seven characters from this opera.
4. Sing one of the songs that is a part of the opera.
5. How did Humperdinck decorate the gateway of his garden?
6. Tell what you know about his home.

FAIRY TALES AND WOODEN DOLLS

THE magic record did know the way to the home of Hans Christian Andersen, the "Fairy Tale Prince." Like that story teller's "Flying Trunk" Conrad had no sooner wished, and hopped on to the record beside "the dog" than whirr! away it flew with them over the tree tops and over the clouds, farther and farther away towards Denmark.

Odense, the island city of Denmark, is famous just because it was the birthplace and home of Hans Christian Andersen.

The first sight that met their eyes was the City Square. There on a high block of solid stone was the figure of a man, holding in his hand a pen and an open book. Conrad knew at once that here was a statue of Hans Christian Andersen. Even in the statue he was shown to be thinking of boys and girls, ready to set down for them all the quaint tales and fancies that he knew so well how to write.

But a moment's walk farther stood the simple, humble dwelling that was Andersen's first home. A small piece of marble on the wall had Andersen's name carved on it. The house had now been made into a museum.

"Good day!" said the polite Dane in charge of the house, as he greeted Conrad, and asked him what he could do for him.

Conrad answered him politely, and told him that he had just come from the clockmaker's house in the Black Forest. He also told of his visits in Germany and Italy, and went on to tell about the clocks and the instruments, and even about the "Punch and Judy" show he had seen and enjoyed so much.

"Then you will like to hear that Andersen liked "Punch and Judy" shows too, and even wrote stories about them,"* said the kind man. "Sit down, and I will tell you about him and about his puppet shows.

"Hans Christian Andersen was the son of a poor shoemaker who lived in Odense, more than a hundred years ago. Hans was born right in this house. His mother thought that she would like to have him learn to be a shoemaker, like his father.

"But little Hans wanted to go to school and read books. 'Some time when I grow up, I shall do or write something fine, and be very famous. Then even my own town will know me,' said Hans.

"Little did his mother and father dream that these words would come true! Hans did grow up to write fine stories. They made not

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* Read the fairy tale "The Puppet Showman" by Hans Christian Andersen.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

only the writer famous, but his home town, as well. Odense was proud to have a big celebration for him when he came back to visit them after many years.

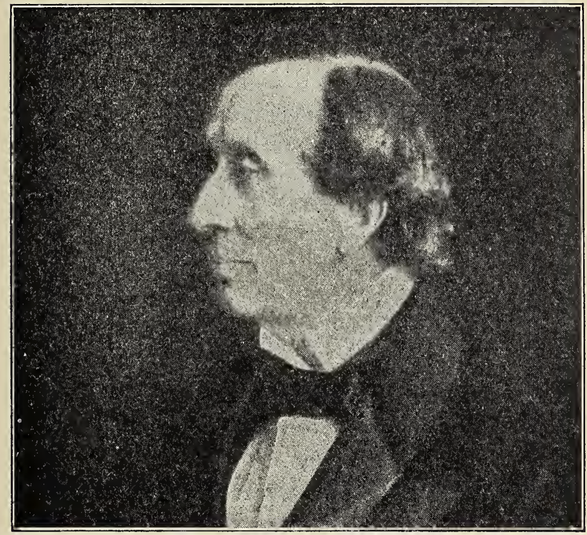
"Little Hans went to school. There he did so well in his studies, and wrote such charming stories, that the King of Denmark heard of him. The King gave him a large sum of money, so that he could have time to write, and to travel through Germany, France, and Italy.

"All this time that Hans had been in school, he had read many stories at home, too. Among his father's few books was a set of Shakespeare's plays. After he had read one of the plays, Hans would often act it out by himself. He would make a little theater stage out of cardboard, and would cut out cardboard figures of the characters in the play. Then he would move these about on the stage while he spoke each character's 'part,' or did the things that each character was supposed to do. Hans had a good voice, too, and sometimes he would sing old Danish folk songs for the make-believe audience between the acts of the plays.

PUNCH AND JUDY SHOWS

"So, when Andersen reached Italy, on his travels, he was very pleased that the Italian people had 'puppet' or 'Punch and Judy' shows on the streets in many of their cities and villages. Here, for a few cents, he could see little plays, bits of opera, or sometimes some of his own fairy tales, acted out by the wooden dolls.

"In some of the Italian cities, the shows were given with marionettes. A marionette is also a wooden doll. But instead of being moved about the little stage by means of some one's hand, it is moved by means of silken strings, often so fine that they cannot be seen by even the audience in the front row. These strings are tied to the dolls, and are held in the hands of the 'operator,' as the man who works the dolls is called. He stands out of sight, and above the tiny stage. This operator pulls first one string and then the other. In this way, he makes the marionettes sit,



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

or walk, or move around in a very life-like manner. While this is going on, the operators are speaking for the dolls, and often sing quaint folk songs, or tell folk or fairy tales while the marionettes act them out.

"Marionette shows have been one of the favorite amusements of people in Europe for many hundreds of years. There are many things, such as flying through the air, which real people cannot do, but which puppets or marionettes can do very well.

AN AMUSING MARCH

"In Italy, Andersen found that other great men liked the marionettes, too. One of these was the famous composer, Charles François Gounod. This composer, while quite young, went to Italy. Often, as he walked through the streets in the evening, he would see crowds of Italians gathered around a street puppet show, watching the marionettes on the little stage, while a fiddler or a hand-organ man played jolly music for the laughing crowds.

"Since Gounod could not play with the marionettes themselves, he decided, one day, to write some music about them. This piece of music he called "The Funeral March of the Marionettes." In spite of its sad name, this is rather an amusing piece.

"The little march tells the story of a band of marionettes who are following to its grave, the wooden body of one of their companions who has been killed in a stage battle. As they walk along they talk in hushed tones.

"As they follow their dead friend, marching in the rather jerky way in which marionettes must always march, they talk with one another about their old comrade. When you hear this music, listen, and you can almost guess the exact thing they are saying.

"But being made of wood, the marionettes are really quite heartless. So, as it chances to be a warm day, they all stop at a little inn and ask for something to drink, leaving the poor marionette and his funeral procession, to go along without them.

"As they sit about the table drinking, they forget how fast the time is passing. Suddenly, one of them remembers what they had started out to do.

" 'We will be late,' he says. 'Let us hurry and catch up with our friend.'

"So they all hurry down the road, jerkity-jerk, and finally catch up with the procession just as it gets to the gate of the cemetery. As the music closes, they all seem to have become very serious and solemn.

"Hans Christian Andersen loved these little plays, and this musical 'picture' of the marionettes, and often said to his friends that seeing them helped him to write more and better stories."

— *A Tale of Denmark.*

Music to Hear:

"King Christian"—*Danish National Hymn.*

"Of a Tailor and a Bear"—*MacDowell* (This music is written to tell, in music, one of Andersen's fairy tales).

"Funeral March of a Marionette"—*Gounod.*

QUESTIONS

1. Where was Hans Christian Andersen born?
2. What songs did he often sing as a boy?

3. What fairy play did Andersen write that told of a puppet show?
4. What French composer has written music about marionettes?
5. Give the name of this music.
6. How has the composer succeeded in making this music tell the story?
7. Why is this an amusing piece?
8. What American composer has written music for one of Andersen's fairy tales?

SOMETIMES*

Some days are fairy days.
  The minute that you wake
You have a magic feeling
  That you never could mistake;
You may not see the fairies,
  But you know that they're about,
And any single minute
  They might all come popping out;
The sky is full of fairy clouds,
  The streets are fairy ways—
Anything might happen
  On truly fairy days.

—*Rose Fyleman.*

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* From *The Rose Fyleman Fairy Book*, by Rose Fyleman, Copyright 1923, George H. Doran, Publishers.

OF VIKINGS BOLD

JUST as the story of Hans Christian Andersen was finished, another man came into the room.

"Good day, Eric!" said Conrad's new friend.

"Good day!" the one called Eric replied. "You already have company."

"Yes, this is Conrad, an American boy. He has come a long way to see our city, and especially this house. You should tell him a tale about the Vikings," said Conrad's friend.

"Yes, I will do that," replied the newcomer, and settled himself in an easy chair.

"I myself have never been in your land, America, but there are those of our people who have, and it is of that first one who landed there that I will tell you.

"Long, long ago, now nearly a thousand years, there dwelt in these islands and in Norway a race of bold and daring Norsemen. They were called Norsemen or Northmen, because they came from the northern part of Europe. They were tall and strong, and so brave and fearless that even the sea could not frighten them.

"Later, these bold men came to be called Vikings because they made their homes or strongholds in the deep *viks*, or bays.

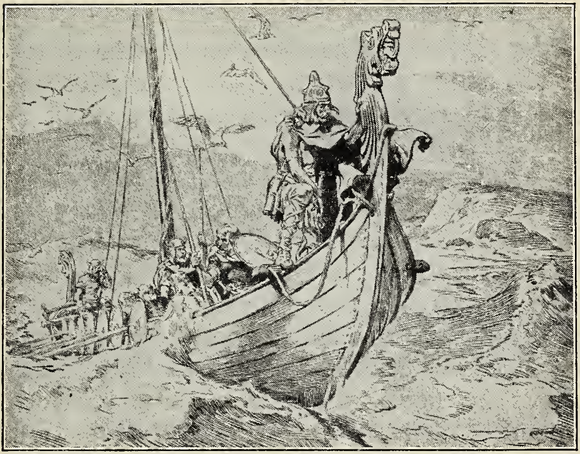
"These Vikings lived most of the time out on the open sea. Sometimes they landed in strange lands just to see them, but more often they went as pirates and took everything they wanted. The strangest part of their voyages was that they always thought that each land they touched or visited was a part of Europe. That is, it seems strange to us.

"The most famous of all the Vikings, so our legends tell us, was Eric, the Red. Eric had three sons, and it is his son Leif who is said to have been the first white man to visit America.

"Fully four hundred years before Columbus sailed out to sea, Leif Ericson landed on the coast of New England, not far from where the city of Boston now stands.

"Leif and his friends had made many long and short voyages, to many parts of Europe. They had seen many strange sights. So they decided to go on a still longer voyage and to make strong ships for the trip.

"First they felled large trees. The logs were then split and made into rude planks, which were tied together with pieces of leather, and covered with pitch. A viking ship was not very large. Only thirty-five men could crowd into it, and built as it was, they had almost no shelter. Along the sides of each boat were oarlocks, with oars, which had to be used when there were no breezes to fill the square sails and carry the boat



An Old Print

DARING VIKINGS IN THEIR DRAGON-HEADED SHIP

along. The huge prow was always carved by hand, usually into the form of a dragon's head. How fierce it must have looked as it cut its way through the water!

"When they were ready to sail, the Vikings brought on board a box of ravens, for at that time there were no charts and no compasses by which sailors could tell the course their ship was taking. Neither was there any radio to give directions through the air. So they sailed by the light of the sun, or by the position of the stars.

"Sometimes, as it seemed that they were drawing near land, it might be stormy. Then there were no stars, and no sun to watch. So, in order not to dash headlong on to some strange coast, and be shipwrecked, they would let loose a raven. After the raven had circled about the ship in the air, it would always start to fly away. A bird can always find land if it is anywhere to be found, so the sailors would watch the raven closely, and follow it as it flew. If there was no land at hand, the raven would return to the boat, and be shut up again in the box.

"Leif Ericson and his band of pirates first touched Iceland and Greenland. Then, blown along by fierce winds, they came to North America, first at Newfoundland, then Nova Scotia, and later at a harbor on the New England Coast.

"Here Leif ran his ship ashore, cut down some trees, and covered it over with a roof, so that he and his men could use it for a house during the long, cold winter. Here they fished, hunted, sang, and told stories, the whole winter.

"When they came home again, there was much to tell. Their songs are still sung, and have brought down to us the history of those times. There were many great feasts and parties for the returned sailors and heroes.

"Many of the folk dances that we still like so well, in Denmark, began to be danced at that time. As all the cloth that was to be had, was woven from linen thread made from home-grown

Courtesy American-Scandinavian Foundation

FOLK DANCING IN NORWAY

flax, there later came to be a 'Weavers' Dance.' In this the dancers furnished their own music by singing, although a fiddler sometimes helped. Some of the dancers are the bobbins, and some the threads, through which they weave in and out. Back and forth they weave until they have woven an imaginary piece of cloth. Then they roll the cloth up, stand, then unwind it, the song describing each movement of the dance.

"The 'Tinkers' Dance' was one of the favorite dances of the men. This was always danced whenever the Vikings had made a good catch of fish.

"In Denmark, we still love to sing, and to do our old folk dances. Every boy and girl is taught

Courtesy Grace V. Wilson

THE PROW OF A VIKING SHIP

to read music, and would be ashamed if he did not know his own folk music. Not only have the songs of the earliest Vikings been kept, but one can even see parts of some of their dragon-headed ships. These have been dug out of the rocks and sands, where they have lain so many long years.

"Next time you think of Columbus, think also of the brave and gallant Viking, Leif Ericson, who also sailed to the New World."

—*A Tale of Scandinavia.*

Music to Hear:

"Dance of Greeting"—*Danish Folk Dance.*
"Weavers' Dance"—*Old Folk Dance of Scandinavia.*
"Tinkers' Dance"—*Danish Folk Song and Dance.*

QUESTIONS

1. What songs still tell us of the deeds of the Vikings?
2. Describe the Weavers' Dance.
3. When did the Vikings dance the Tinkers' Dance?
4. Tell of the voyages which the Vikings made.

THROUGH NORWAY AND SWEDEN

CONRAD had been told that Bergen was the birthplace of the great Norwegian composer, Edward Grieg. This, in itself, might not have caused him to go north to Norway on his journey, but something which the man whom he had seen buying fiddles in Markneukirchen had said, had made him want to come.

The stranger had, of course, been talking about violins and many other things regarding music, some of which Conrad could not understand at all. He might not have remembered any of the conversation if it had not been for what was said about Ole Bull and an *Amati* violin.

Conrad knew all about Ole Bull. Many years before, Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, had played his violin in many cities and towns in America. On one of his American concert tours, he had stopped for the night at the hotel in Conrad's home town. This had happened many years ago, but Conrad had often heard his mother and the neighbors talk of the visit of the great artist. So simple and gentle had he appeared, that no one had known until after he was gone, just who he was, and how great and famous a person they had entertained.

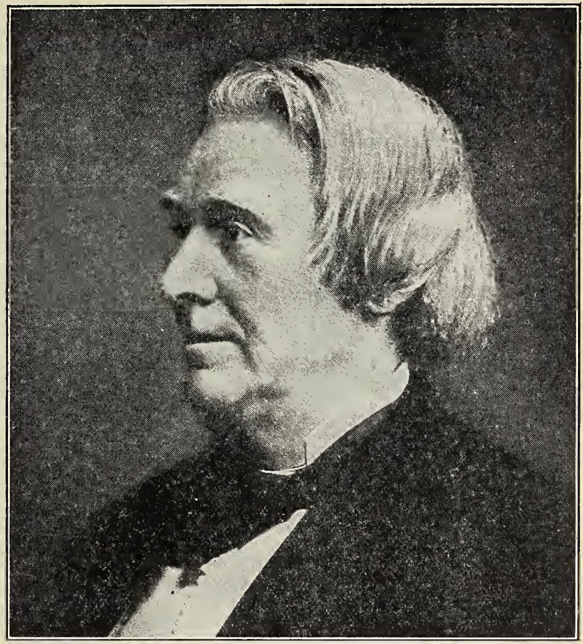
During the evening, he had played to everyone at the hotel, on his violin, and had told many quaint stories of his boyhood in far-off Norway. Later in the same evening, a group of the older men and women who had heard him talk, and who themselves had come from Norway many years before, were sitting around in the spotless hotel kitchen, visiting with the cook. They got to talking of the old-time games and folk dances. Suddenly, one of the men stepped out into the middle of the kitchen floor and began to dance one of the old Norwegian dances. The others at once began to keep time for him by beating their hands together and singing softly. Then another joined the dancer on the floor, and another. Soon two couples of dancers were doing the old-time *Springer*, or *Springdans*. All of the time, those still in their chairs sang the old home melody over and over.

In the midst of the fun, someone happened to look up. There in the kitchen doorway stood Ole Bull! All music and dancing stopped at once.

"Go on!" said Ole Bull. "Please!"

But they did not like to dance and sing before the stranger, even though he was so very friendly and smiling.

"Just wait a minute, then," said he. He went out, then came back in a short time with his precious violin under his arm. "Now!" he said, and, lifting his violin to his chin, began to play for them. The dance began again, and everyone



Courtesy Petra Skaar

OLE BULL, THE GREAT VIOLINIST OF NORWAY

had a very jolly time before the party was over, and the guest went away to his room.

All this Conrad had heard his mother tell many times.

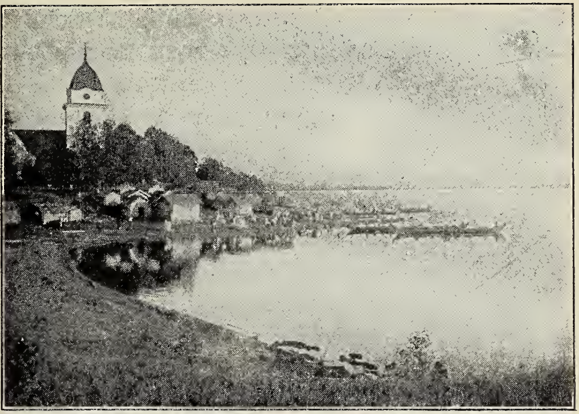
Now, the Markneukirchen stranger had said, the *Amati* violin which had belonged to Ole Bull had been given by his family, since his death, as a present to the city of Bergen. Conrad remembered this remark, and after he had been in Cremona and had seen the two great violins there—the one made by Stradivarius, and the other made by his pupil Guarnerius—he decided that he would see this other wonderful violin made by Amati, who was the teacher of Antonio Stradivarius.

It was nearly the middle of the afternoon when Conrad left the city of Odense, in Denmark. He and "the dog" passed, in a moment, over the Baltic Sea, and were soon flying over Sweden. Here in Sweden Conrad saw the same beautiful mountains, lakes, and pasture lands that he was to see in Norway.

Just as they reached Lake Siljan and started to turn west toward the city of Bergen, in Norway, Conrad saw a strange procession.

This procession was made up of boats. He wondered what it might be. All at once he remembered that some Swedish people who lived near his home town in America had once told him a story about the strange custom of "church boats" in Sweden. Now he knew that the procession he was watching was nothing else than the "church boats" returning the people to their homes from a Sunday afternoon church service.

The "church boats," his neighbors had said, often took whole families to church in Leksand, or in Rattvik, on the other side of the lake, gathering them from the farms around Lake



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CHURCH BOATS IN SWEDEN

Siljan. It is much easier to go to church across the lake than to drive around it. So the big open boats go from farm to farm, along the shore, picking up church-goers, who are taken home in the same manner after the church service.

Siljan is not the only Swedish lake over which "church boats" travel, for they are used in many parts of this great northern land, each Sunday of the year.

Here along the lake, with its deep forests of pine, were many open places, or pasture lands, and all along were the comfortable farm houses. Conrad noticed the odd way in which the farmers dried their hay. All along, in Sweden and in Norway, were queer looking lines of hay. The farmers had stuck posts or stakes into the ground, each one about as high as a man, and about twelve feet apart, then stretched wires between them. On these wires they hung the hay to dry, in much the same way as a washing is hung out. Later, Conrad learned that the people who lived very near the foot of a mountain, would often climb the mountain to the higher pastures, cut the hay that grew there, then slide it down the mountain side to their own farmyards on a stout wire that they had strung from the top. These he did not see, but he saw many of the hayfences.

The sight of the Swedish farmers and their homes, their boats, and the church, made Conrad think, as he rode along above Sweden, of the Swedish friends at home. On long winter evenings they had often entertained their own children and others by singing old Swedish folk songs —especially the beautiful "O Vermeland"—and by playing, on their violins, the folk music of their native land.

Then the two travelers passed over into Vermeland. Vermeland, or Värmland, as it is also called, is the little country or province which lies near the boundary between Norway and Sweden. Here there are longer stretches of forests, long narrow lakes, and many rivers. Fewer people live here than in some other parts of Sweden. Many of those who do, still wear beautiful old

Courtesy Swedish State Railways

A SCHOOLROOM IN SWEDEN

costumes like those that their fathers and grandfathers wore. Vermeland was very beautiful in the afternoon sunshine, with the shadows of the clouds playing on the mountains.

It was late in the afternoon when Conrad arrived in Bergen, the seaport city of western Norway, famous for its great fisheries. He and "the dog" made their landing on one of the piers, and went at once to the City Hall to ask permission to see the violin. But they found the City Hall closed, as the day was Sunday.

In Bergen, as in every other city which they had visited, Conrad and "the dog" were objects of great interest. Everybody looked after the interesting little American boy with the small white dog.

Since he was not able to see the Amati violin, Conrad thought he would try to find the home of Grieg, and see it. After he had asked a number of questions, he learned that Grieg had had two homes. The one which he had loved best was not in Bergen, but a few miles away in the mountains near the Norwegian village of Troldhaugen.

Without any further questions, except to learn directions, Conrad and "the dog" started for Troldhaugen.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear—National Airs of Sweden:

"O Vermeland"—*Old Swedish Folk Air.*

"Solvejg's Song" from "Peer Gynt"—*Edward Grieg* (the theme of this song is taken from the old air "O Vermeland").

"Klappdans"—*Swedish Air.*

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Conrad now go to Norway?
2. Tell of a great Norwegian violinist.
3. What kind of violin did he have?
4. Name a favorite folk song of Sweden.
5. Where did Conrad see the church boats?
6. What great composer's home did Conrad now set out to see?

A FAMOUS COMPOSER OF NORWAY

ON reaching Troldhaugen, Conrad easily found the historic home of the great composer, Grieg. It was just a modest house built on a rough hillside, overlooking a very beautiful fjord.

Since Grieg died in 1908, his house had stood empty much of the time, and it was thought that the government might wish to buy it for a museum. But in 1926, a rich gentleman living in Bergen, who loved Grieg's music in particular, bought it, and presented it to the district of Fana as a memorial to Grieg, the greatest composer of the nation. The lower rooms, he had planned, would be best used for music and song for the young people of the district, and the caretaker would live upstairs to keep it in order.

Not far from the house stood a quaint little one-room, one-story hut. Conrad asked the caretaker what it was.

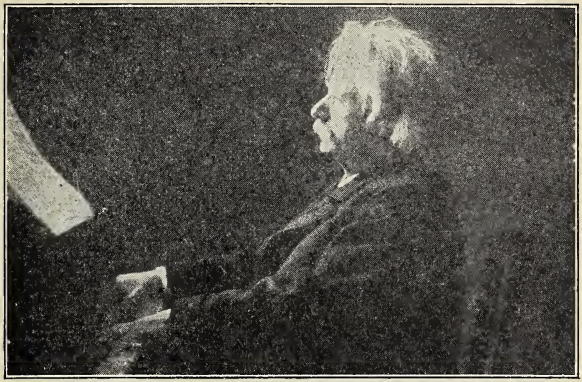
"The little house which you see there," answered the caretaker, "was Grieg's 'Music House.' Grieg never did his writing in this house, where he might, at any time, be disturbed by visitors. He wrote in his little 'Music House' which stood, for many years, down the hill at the water's edge. The 'Music House' had but one room, with many windows, so that the composer could look at his beloved hills and fjord while he worked.

"Some time ago, people thought that the 'Music House' should be where more people could see it. So they moved it over the mountains to the town of Oslo, and set it up there in a Folks-museum, which many visitors came to see each day. But we wanted it back here, where it belongs, and now that the house has been bought, the same kind gentleman has brought it back, always to stay where Grieg used it."

Conrad noticed that the man was very fond of Grieg and that he seemed to love to talk about him. So he felt free to ask him to tell all he knew about Grieg. The caretaker readily consented.

"Edward Grieg," began the caretaker, "is Norway's greatest composer, but he had to work in music just as any boy or girl does, with many hours of hard practice. His mother was a good pianist, and when the boy was still so little that he could scarcely reach the keys of the piano, he would stand beside her while she played or sang. When he was old enough, his mother gave him music lessons and watched by him each day as he learned his scales and little pieces.

"Young Edward grew to love his music and often tried to 'make up' pieces. Once when his



Courtesy Petra Skaar

GRIEG PLAYING THE PIANO

school teacher asked him to write a composition for his English lesson, he wrote a piece of music instead. When he was scolded for doing this, he said it *was* a composition, that was what his mother always called pieces of music.

"Edward was partly Scotch, for his great-grandfather had come to Norway from Scotland. Once, when he was not well and had to be kept at home from school, his father got him a story-book which told all about the history of Louis XIV, the King of France. This delighted Edward, who read the book through so many times that he knew it almost by heart.

"When he went back to school, the schoolmaster, who had no idea what the boy had been reading, and wished to show the scholars how much Edward had missed by being out of school, said that he would examine him in history.

"Edward Grieg once wrote an account of this examination, in which he said:

"The teacher sat as usual, and balanced himself on one leg of his chair, while he turned over the leaves backwards and forwards, considering where he could catch me best. At last he came out with: 'Tell something about Louis XIV.' It poured out as from a barrel with the bung out. Unceasingly flowed the stream of my speech. Not a word was left out. It was all as if nailed to my memory. The teacher was struck dumb with astonishment. He tried not to believe his ears, but the facts had spoken. There was nothing more to bring against me.

"Once more a turning over of the leaves, once more a wriggle on the leg of the chair. The sweat of anxiety burst from my forehead. It was impossible that for the second time I should be more lucky than wise. But my good star did not forsake me that day. 'Can you tell me,' the teacher asked, 'what Admirals were on the Black Sea under Catherine II?'

"With a loud voice I answered him, 'Admirals Griegh and Elphinstone.'

"These names had been welded into my mind ever since my father had told me that our family coat-of-arms, which bore a ship, proved that our original ancestor was the Scotch

Admiral Griegh.* The teacher clapped the book shut. 'Quite right; for that you will get a 'one' and a star.'

"'I was as proud as a Field Marshal after a great victory. I almost think that that was the greatest success of my life. All the greater shame it was to me that its real meaning was so small!'

Courtesy Petra Skaar

GRIEG AND THE POET BJÖRNSON

"When Edward was about fifteen years old, it happened that Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, rode by the house one day as Edward was playing the piano. He heard the music through the open window and liked it so much that he stopped his horse to listen. Then he went in and told Grieg's father and mother that the boy should go away to study.

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* *Griegh* and *Grieg* are supposed to have come from the same name.

"When so great an artist as Ole Bull had said this, his father and mother were sure that Edward must have talent. So, he was sent to Germany to study. He spent many happy days there, but was always happiest when he got back to Norway.

"As Grieg grew older, he and Ole Bull often made long summer trips far into the mountains. There, they would listen to the old Norwegian songs and watch the folk dances of the peasants. When they came back home, Grieg's mind would be so full of the quaint and pretty tunes, that he would often make one of the folk songs or dances a part of some piece of music.

"Those were the days when Grieg used the 'Music House' down by the shore. Later, when he was not so strong, it was very hard for him to go down the hill, and climb up again, each day. When the neighbors heard this, they came over, uninvited, and held a 'house-moving bee.' The strong men all lifted together and carried the little building right up the hill and set it here.

"Grieg was so pleased by the kindness of his neighbors, that he went inside the 'Music House,' opened the windows, and sat down at the piano and played some Norwegian music and folk dances. At the close of the little concert, the people from the village held a folk dance right

Courtesy Norwegian Government Railways

A BEAUTY SPOT IN NORWAY VISITED BY GRIEG AND OLE BULL

here on the lawn. I know, for I helped carry the house," the caretaker added proudly.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Norwegian Bridal Procession"—*Edward Grieg.*

QUESTIONS

1. Where was Grieg's favorite home?
2. What was Grieg's "Music House"?
3. For what is the Grieg home now to be used?
4. Tell what stories you know of Grieg's boyhood.
5. Who was one of Grieg's best friends?
6. Where did Grieg learn some of the Norwegian folk tunes that he later used in his own compositions?

THE BOY WHO FOOLED THE TROLL

"THERE are two musical instruments that all Norwegians like to hear played," said the caretaker that evening, after he had shown Conrad Grieg's house.

"One of these is the violin. The other is the harp, an instrument that minstrels of Viking days often played, as they wandered about the land. You might like to hear an old Norwegian legend that tells how we came to have the harp in this country," he continued, "for it is about a boy who was just about as big as you are.

"Long, long ago, there were, in Norway, many trolls and dwarfs, who lived in great caves in the hills. They hardly ever came out of the ground except to do mischief.

"There lived, about that time, a poor man who had three sons. Two of the sons were quite grown, but the other was just a young boy, like you. When the poor old father died, the brothers decided to go out into the world to seek adventures.

"One day, towards evening, just as the sun was dropping behind the western hills, the three brothers came to a great palace. They stopped and looked at it.

"'Here is a great and wonderful palace,' said the oldest of the three brothers. 'Let us stop and rap at the door! Maybe we shall find adventure here.'

"So they rapped on the door. When they had been brought into the great room of the palace, they found that it was a King who lived there. When the two older brothers saw the King, as he sat looking at them, they forgot their small brother entirely. But he followed closely after them.

"After the King had talked to the older brothers, each was told that he might stay at the palace, and was given something special to do. The oldest brother was told to help the Master of the King's stables. The other one was told to help the gardener. Then both went with the servant who had brought them into the room to see the King.

This left the tired young brother there alone.

"'Please, Sir," he said softly, 'I want to stay, too!'

"'What can you do?' asked the King, very kindly, as he saw the boy for the first time.

"'Nothing, I am sure,' replied the boy. 'My brothers say that I am very stupid, weak, and easily frightened, but I should like to stay.'

"'What is it that you carry?' asked the King.

"'That was my mother's dough pan, the wooden trough in which she mixed the bread each day as she made it,' he answered. 'I did not like to leave it at home, even if it was large and heavy. It is all I have to remember her by now.'

"'Well,' said the King, 'I think I shall let you stay. Take your trough to the royal kitchen. Maybe you can help the cook by carrying wood and water.'

"'Who are you?' asked the cook, as soon as he got there.

"'My name is Aslak,' answered the boy. 'I have walked a long way over the mountains, so that I might be near my two brothers.' Then he told the cook the whole story.

"'You may stay with me,' said the cook, when he had heard the story, 'but I cannot call you by such a hard name. I shall call you Boots.'

"So Boots stayed. He put his precious wooden trough in one corner of the kitchen and went to work. So good-natured a boy was he, and such a good worker, that everyone in the palace soon knew and liked him.

The other brothers, however, were very cross and lazy, and did as little work as they possibly could.

"'Look at Boots!' they said. 'There he is in the palace where it is nice and warm, and where he has plenty of fine food. Why should he have such a good time?'

"Not far from the King's palace was a large lake, so deep that the water in it looked almost

Courtesy Norwegian Government Railways

A BEAUTIFUL LAKE IN NORWAY

black. No one liked to row on it, even to fish, because there was said to live, at the foot of the mountain on the other side, a huge and greedy troll. This troll was so cross and so wicked that he was sure to try to capture anyone who came near. The troll was also very rich, and even his ducks, which swam for hours each day on the big black-watered lake, were said to be made of solid silver.

"Each day, as he looked from the windows in the tower of his palace, or as he rode about the mountains on his shining black horse, the King watched these silver ducks.

"'I wish I had those silver ducks,' said the

King one sunny day when he started for a ride.

"This gave the bad brother who worked in the stables a thought.

"'Here is a way to get rid of Boots,' he thought. So he said, 'Sir, my younger brother who helps in the kitchen is a fine hand at catching birds. He might be able to get them for you.'

"So, when the King came in from his ride that day, Boots was at once called in from the kitchen to see him.

BOOTS AND THE SILVER DUCKS

"'I want you to go across the lake and get Old Troll's silver ducks for me,' said the King. 'Your brother says that you are a fine hand at catching birds.'

"'That cannot be,' answered Boots. 'I have never caught a bird in all my life.'

"'I have made up my mind now,' replied the King, 'so you will have to try to do it.'

"As he had to go, Boots decided, he would try to bring back those silver ducks for the King, who had been so kind and good to him.

"First, he hunted up some strings or thongs made of skin, some rye, and some wheat. These he put into his big wooden trough, after he had carried it down to the edge of the lake. Then he pushed the trough out into the water, got in himself, and rowed across the lake.

"He walked along the shore for quite a while, until he came in sight of Old Troll's ducks as they lay in the sun. He went as close to the ducks as he dared, then threw them a handful of wheat. The ducks scrambled to get it, and liked it so well that they all waddled along after Boots, eating up the bits of rye and wheat which he scattered in the path back to the boat. When they reached the boat, the ducks even waddled on to it to get some more of this good new food which they liked.

Then Boots caught them, one by one, and tied them carefully with the thongs of string that he had brought. That done, he rowed for the other side of the lake as fast as he could. But before he was there, Old Troll, who had heard his silver ducks quacking loudly, came out of his cave in the side of the mountain and ran after him to the water's edge.

"'Bring back my silver ducks!' he screamed to Boots.

"'No, I will not!' answered Boots.

"'Are you coming back here again?' called Old Troll.

"'Maybe I will, maybe I will,' answered Boots, as he rowed faster and faster.

"'If you do, I'll catch you!' said Old Troll, and shook his fist after Boots in a most awful way.

"The King was very pleased when Boots brought in the wonderful silver ducks, of which there were seven. He praised him until the two ugly brothers were still more angry.

"When night came the two brothers plotted together.

"'Let us be sure to get rid of him next time,' said the older of the two, who was also the uglier of the two.

THE GOLD AND SILVER QUILT

"So the very next day, when the King called for his horse and started for a ride, this older brother said:

"'Sir, do you see that bright and shining light over on the mountain?' He pointed to a spot, across the lake, where all the rays of the sun seemed to be gathered together, so brightly did it shine and glisten.

"'That is Old Troll's gold and silver quilt,' he added. 'It is made of blocks of solid silver and pure gold, one after the other, they say. The seams are said to be sewn with diamonds. That is why it is shining so brightly. I should think, Sir,' he went on, 'that you should have it and not an ugly old mountain troll.'

"'How could I get it, though?' asked the King, to whom the idea of taking anything from a troll did not seem at all wrong.

"'Have you forgotten our younger brother who brought you the troll's silver ducks?' answered the ugly brother.

"'I did not think of him,' said the King. 'But tonight I shall call him in from the kitchen and tell him about this wonderful quilt. I really *must* have it.'

So Boots was sent over the lake again, the first sunny day. He was told that he must bring back the gold and silver quilt or that he would surely lose his life.

Back he came with the wonderful treasure, barely escaping with it when Old Troll ran after him. This time the troll was so angry that Boots thought he would surely burst. His face grew so red and he was so angry that he could hardly talk.

"'Don't you ever come back here again!' he screamed. 'If you do, I will surely eat you!'

"Of course, the King was more pleased than ever when Boots came in bringing the shining quilt. But the ugly brothers were more angry than ever.

"'What can we do?' they asked each other. 'This brother of ours seems to have a charm about him. How else could he escape the clever Old Troll?'

"Then they thought and thought. As a result, Boots was again called from the kitchen by the King.

THE TROLL'S GOLDEN HARP

"'One thing more I must and will have,' said the King. 'That is the famous golden harp which Old Troll has hidden away somewhere in his cave. Get it and bring it safely to me, and half of my kingdom shall be yours. If you do not get it'—here the King looked very dark and fierce, and left the sentence unfinished.

"Boots knew that he would have to bring back that harp!

"This was the hardest thing the King had asked him to do. Never before had he needed to go inside the troll's cave. 'And Old Troll said he would eat me, if he ever caught me,' he thought.

"Before starting out in the trough, Boots filled his pockets with many things. There was a bit of old iron, some pieces of wood, and a partly burned tallow candle.

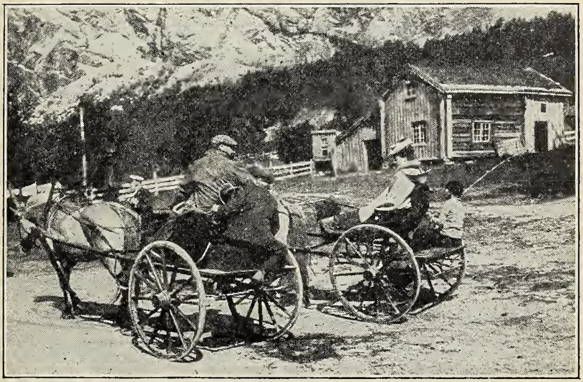
"'Who knows? I might need them,' he thought.

"Boots was no sooner ashore on the other side of the lake, and come to the mouth of the cave, than he was caught by Old Troll, who had happened to see him coming.

"'Now I have you!' he laughed. 'Soon I shall eat you! Then you will come no more to steal my treasures for the King. Here, take this boy,' he said to his ugly daughter, who was standing by. 'Shut him up in your cage and feed him well. This is the one who took away my seven silver ducks and my gold and silver quilt. For that we will fatten and eat him.'

"Then Old Troll and his daughter, who was a kind of witch, shut Boots into a small cage. The door was tightly fastened with pieces of skin, tied in hard knots.

"There he was! He could not get out at all, not even when all the trolls who lived in near by caves came rushing in to see him. They yelled and danced about him, while Old Troll's daughter played, gay, wild music on the golden harp he had come to get for the King. Old Troll had never been so happy in his life.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NORWEGIAN CARIOLES SHOWING THE DRIVERS RIDING BEHIND

"Each day the daughter brought Boots fine food and plenty of it. One morning, after he had been there a week, Old Troll said: 'Isn't the boy nearly fat enough to eat?'

"'I will find out,' answered the daughter. Then, after Old Troll had gone away, she came close to Boots' cage.

"'Hold out your finger!' she said to Boots.

"But Boots, who had heard what Old Troll had said, stuck the piece of iron through the bars instead of his finger. The witch-daughter was nearsighted and could not see very well. So she tried her knife on the piece of iron.

"'He is tough and hard as iron,' she told her father that night.

"So another week went by.

"'Try the boy again!' said Old Troll.

"This time Boots stuck the piece of soft wood that he had in his pocket, out through the bars. This time the daughter was able, she thought, to make a little cut in the boy's finger.

"'He is growing fatter,' she told Old Troll that night, 'but he is not quite ready to eat yet.'

"Still another week passed.

"Then the witch-daughter came again to Boots' cage with her knife.

"This time he pushed the bit of candle out through the bars. When she saw how easily the knife cut into it, she was sure that Boots was ready for the oven. So she went for her big knife and began to sharpen it.

"'Is that the knife with which you are going to kill me?' asked Boots.

"'Yes,' answered the witch-daughter.

"'Then let me help you sharpen it! I am tired of staying here, anyway,' said Boots, who had a fine plan in his mind.

"So the foolish witch-daughter handed the knife into the cage to Boots, then went to start the fire.

"Boots quickly cut the thongs that held shut the door of his cage. He crept out and came up behind the witch-daughter so softly that he surprised her. Having caught her so, he pushed her into the cage and tied the door again.

"'Goodbye, Witch-daughter!' he called back to her, as he ran away.

"Just as he passed the door on his way out of the cave, he saw the wonderful golden harp.

"'There is the wonderful harp!' he said to himself. 'I shall not leave it here for trolls to use, but will take it back for the King and his people. Its sweet music will make them all happier. Maybe, when they hear its voice, even my two brothers will forget to be ugly and mean, and we shall all be happy together.'

"So he took up the harp and carried it with him down to the edge of the water. How lucky! There was his wooden trough in the sand just where he had left it.

"Off he pushed on to the lake. Soon he was near the other side.

"'Now I shall try the golden harp,' he said and stopped rowing. 'Many wonderful and beautiful songs can it sing, I am sure.'

"He had just touched the strings, when it seemed, the golden harp began to play itself!

"Out over the black water floated the sweet music.

"The trolls, hearing it, rushed out of their caves. Old Troll, when he came, was so furious that he really burst. The pieces of him, turning to gold and silver as they fell, became a part of the mountain itself.

"Even to this day, gold and silver are to be found in these mountains. The song that the golden harp played that day, so long ago, after its rescue from Old Troll, became one of the folk airs of Norway, and the harp itself, one of Norway's most beloved possessions."

—*Legend of Norway.*

Music to Hear:

"Olaf Trigvason"—*Old Folk Song.*
"Norway, My Norway"—*Norwegian Folk Song.*
"Gnomes" and "Dwarfs"—*Reinhold.*

QUESTIONS

1. How is this old folk tale like the story of "Hansel and Gretel"?
2. What is a troll? Where were trolls said to live?
3. What musical instrument did Boots rescue from Old Troll's cave?
4. How did the old-time minstrels use the harp?
5. Tell what you know of harps in other lands.
6. Draw a rough sketch of a harp.

IN SEARCH OF FAIRYLAND*

"Oh, will you tell me, sir?" she asked;
"I've hunted all the day,
And have not found a single one,
And now I've lost my way.

"I want to find a little elf;
I've looked both high and low,
But I can't see a sign of one;
So pray, sir, do you know

"Where I can find one fast asleep,
And would you kindly tell?
They are not in the primrose buds
Or in the lily's bell.

"I've hunted in the buttercups,
And in the daisies white;
For they must be somewhere to-day—
I'm sure they danced last night.

"I've looked beneath the spiders' webs
That dot the meadow green;
For I have heard they are the tents
Made for the fairy queen.

---

*From *St. Nicholas Magazine.* Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, the author and The Century Company.

"So will you please to tell me where
I'll find the elfin band?
For I have grown so very tired
In search of fairyland."

—*Alleaine Langford.*

THE LITTLE LAND*

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—

To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy-land afar
Where the Little People are.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

A FAIRY'S SONG

I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.

—*Shakespeare.*

---

*Used by the courteous permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

A LITTLE RED FIDDLE

"DID you know that Ole Bull once lived but a few miles from here, just over the mountain?" said the caretaker of Grieg's house, pointing over the mountain with his hand.

"It is about seven Norwegian miles to Ole Bull's old home. That is about twenty-one miles as you think of miles in America, for one of our Norwegian miles is about as long as three of your miles.

Courtesy Norwegian Government Railways

BERGEN, THE SEAPORT TOWN OF NORWAY

"Ole Bull was born in Bergen, where his

father was a doctor, in 1810. Although there were many years' difference in their ages,* Grieg and Ole Bull were friends from the day on which Ole Bull first heard the boy Grieg playing the piano. We in Norway are nearly as proud of Ole Bull as we are of Grieg, although he may not have been so great a musician.

"When Ole Bull was a very little boy, he learned to love good music by hearing it. He had an uncle who played very well on the 'cello. The small boy used to listen for hours as his uncle and three other friends of the family would play string quartets by Haydn, Mozart, and other great composers, in the little parlor of Ole Bull's home.

"One time, when the music was especially beautiful, and the boy was afraid of being sent to bed and thus miss it all, he crawled into the big wooden 'cello case from which his uncle had taken his instrument. There he lay, cramped and still, until the evening's music was over. How everyone laughed when he crawled out of the wooden case!

"Then, one day, his uncle brought Ole a small red fiddle. How happy the boy was! After playing with the fiddle all day and all evening, he could not sleep for thinking about it.

"When everyone in the house was fast asleep, Ole slipped from his bed and tiptoed over to the window. Near by, the fiddle lay on a table in the moonlight.

---

* Grieg was born in 1843.

"It looked so pretty lying there! So he touched it gently with his finger.

"'How would it feel if I held it under my chin, as great violinists do?' he thought. He picked it up and tucked it under his chin, and with the fingers of his left hand, touched the four shining strings.

"Then, as he himself afterwards told it, he rested the bow on the strings. How easy it was!

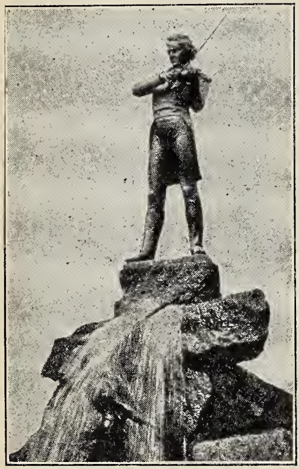
"After that, he forgot his sleeping father, who thought him foolish for caring so much for the cheap little instrument. He forgot everything but the pretty red fiddle and the sweet tones he was drawing from it with his magic bow. He felt nothing and heard nothing until—Crack!—his father's whip came down over his head.

"Smash! went the fiddle to the floor, too badly broken ever to be played upon again.

"But it was not long before Ole Bull had another and better violin, and from that time on he was never without it. When he was still a boy he would play old Norse folk songs and dances, until the people of the neighborhood thought that hobgoblins and trolls had come to life again.

"In no other country," continued the caretaker, with a smile, "are the trolls said to be so musical as in Norway. If someone is an especially good fiddler, we say to him in a sort of joke, 'You must have been to the mountain and learned from the trolls!'

"Ole Bull loved to be out-of-doors, so he would take his violin with him even when he herded his father's cattle.



Courtesy Petra Skaar

STATUE OF OLE BULL AND THE WATER ELF

"When not at work, he would sometimes take it, and walk along beside the mountain brooks, listening to the ripple of the water as it ran over the stones. We have not many birds in Norway, even in the mountains or in the woods, where birds are usually to be found. So, instead of hearing the songs of many birds, the nature music which Ole Bull heard and imitated was that of the brooks. Many times has my father come in from the mountains and said, 'Ole Bull is out by the brook listening to the murmur of the waters.'

"Should you ever go to Bergen again, look, while you are there, for a statue of Ole Bull standing on top of a large stone which is set upon a flowing fountain. The water that comes out from under the rock on which he stands, flows over a stone figure of an 'elf,' which holds a harp in its hands. This is the 'water elf,' making, with its harp, the music that Ole Bull thought he heard, as he wandered along the mountain brooks of his native land."

—*A Tale of Ole Bull.*

Music to Hear:
"Norwegian Mountain March"—*Folk Dance.*

QUESTIONS

1. Tell what you know of Ole Bull and his music.
2. How was he a help to Edward Grieg?
3. Where was Ole Bull born, and where did he live later in his life?
4. What music of nature did he often imitate?
5. How has this habit of Ole Bull's been described in a statue?
6. What other musician besides Ole Bull loved music so well that he got up in the night to practice?
7. Upon what instrument did he play?

WE LOVE THIS LAND OF OURS

Ay, we love this land of ours,
  Crowned with mountain domes;
Storm-scarred o'er the sea it towers
  With a thousand homes.

—*Björnson.*

WATER NOISES*

When I am playing by myself,
  And all the boys are lost around,
Then I can hear the water go;
  It makes a little talking sound.

Along the rocks below the tree,
  I see it ripple up and wink;
And I can hear it saying on,
  "And do you think? And do you think?"

A bug shoots by that snaps and ticks,
  And a bird flies up beside the tree
To go into the sky to sing.
  I hear it sing, "Kildee, kildee!"

Or else a yellow cow comes down
  To splash a while and have a drink.
But when she goes I still can hear
  The water say, "And do you think?"
—*Elizabeth Madox Roberts.*

Music to Hear:
"At the Brook"—*Boisdeffre.*

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* From *Under the Tree*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Copyright, 1922, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

A FAMOUS SONG OF NORWAY

"OLE BULL played before kings and queens, in all countries of Europe, and in America, before he died," said the caretaker, as he took down his fiddle from the shelf and tuned it.

"When Ole Bull visited America and gave concerts there, he would often visit with other great musicians and famous American writers, in their homes. There, I am told, he and his American friends would sit, sometimes for hours, and talk. Ole Bull would tell his new friends folk tales of Norway, and would play to them, on his precious violin, folk tunes and other songs.

"One of these songs, often played, was the one that we call 'The Chalet Girl's Sunday.'

"In Norway, where there are so many mountains, there is not so much room for large farms as in America. One of the great industries is the making of cheese. In the spring, when the first snows have gone from the mountain sides, and the slopes begin to turn green, the cattle are taken from the valleys up the mountain to the green pastures. Here the farmer's daughters stay all summer, living in the little mountain dairy, which we call a chalet, or *saeter*. They watch the cows and the goats as they feed along the mountain side. There are no fences up there but the girls can always tell just where the cows are eating by the tinkling of the tiny bells that each herd leader wears about its neck.

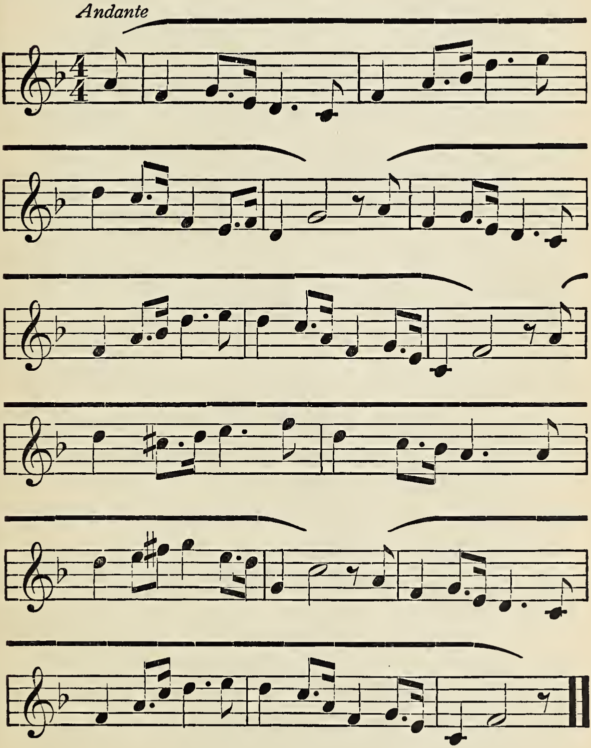
"At night and at morning, the girls do the milking, and during the day they work making the cheese for which the Norwegians are so famous. Each Saturday night, the farmer, or some of his boys, come up the side of the mountain to bring the girls news of home, and to take down the cheeses.

"Sometimes the girl up at the saeter wishes to call down to her family. Then she uses an old-time Norwegian *lur*, which is a long horn much like the Alpine horn used in the mountains of Switzerland. The girls also make pretty music on the *lur* in the long summer evenings, when the midnight sun is still shining, and often make the neighboring mountain peaks echo and re-echo with the old folk airs sung through the *lur*.

"Now and again the girls up in the chalet are lonely and wish they were at home. Especially is this true on Sunday, when they hear the music of the church bells as they ring.

"Ole Bull wrote some beautiful music for a poem that tells about the chalet girl's Sunday. Every boy and girl in Norway knows that song. It is sung in every school in Norway and is the best loved song in the land. I will play it for you."

Then the caretaker took up his violin and bow and began to play. Soon, very softly, his wife joined in the song by singing the words. Here is the song, as Conrad heard it:



—*Ole Bull.*

THE CHALET GIRL'S SUNDAY

I look at the sun as't colors the skies,—
The time now for church-bells is nearing.
Oh! that I were home, with the loved ones I prize,
And friends on the way now appearing.

As soon as the sun has touched, on its way,
The notch in that mountain-top, yonder,
The bells down below ring for worship today,
Recalling to prayer, all who wander.

— *Jörgen Moe.*

Music to Hear:
"The Chalet Girl's Sunday"—*Ole Bull* (page 267).

QUESTIONS

1. Which was Ole Bull's favorite song?
2. Of whom did this song tell?
3. With what musical instrument do the girls sing folk songs at night?
4. To what instrument family does this instrument belong?
5. Of what other instrument can you tell that is used in much the same way in another country?
6. What instrument now used in the orchestra has come from this folk instrument?
7. Why do you think this "Chalet Girl's Sunday" is so well loved by all Norwegians?

THE "PEER GYNT" MUSIC

"THERE is one piece of Grieg's music which you have probably heard in America," said the caretaker of the Grieg house next morning. "That is the 'Peer Gynt' Suite, which is really a collection of pieces taken from Grieg's opera, 'Peer Gynt.'*

"Peer Gynt, the hero of this Norwegian folk tale, was a Norwegian boy, who was not very obedient and who caused his mother a great deal of worry. When he grew to be a big boy, he ran away from home and stayed away so long that his mother, whose name was Ase, grew so lonely that she died.

"The runaway boy had many adventures. After he had traveled, in this country and that, for many hundreds of miles, he found himself in a strange country in the south, wandering about in a desert. There he stole some fine clothes and a horse, and rode into a desert camp of the natives of that land. He pretended to them that he was an important and wealthy man. For a while the chief believed him, and to show him great honor, called in his own daughter, Anitra, and asked her to dance before the visitor.

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* Henrik Ibsen wrote to Grieg on Jan. 23, 1874, inviting him to write the music for his play "Peer Gynt," suggesting the places in it where he wished to use bits of music. Grieg wrote twenty-two pieces for the play, only four of which are to be heard in the "Peer Gynt" Suite of which this story tells. The first performance of the "Peer Gynt" music was at the Christiania (now Oslo) Theater in Norway, Jan. 24, 1876.

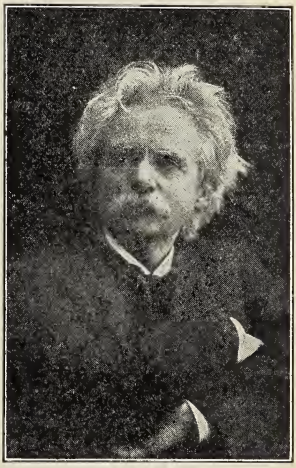
"Another adventure which he had, took place right here in Norway, when Peer was caught in a terrible storm. He ran to take refuge in a cave which opened in the side of the mountain. This cave was a very mysterious place, and was called 'The Hall of the Mountain King.' Here the wild trolls, or imps who live underground, began to torment him. He could not get away from them. They leaped on his back, screamed and shrieked at him, and before long had frightened him nearly to death. All the time they kept circling about him, coming nearer and nearer with each step. Just as they were about to kill him, the magic sound of bells was heard. This frightened the trolls away, the Hall of the Mountain King was destroyed, and Peer Gynt's life was saved."

Conrad had really held his breath while the caretaker told him of this last adventure, and was glad when the story was ended and Peer was safe.

"In the 'Peer Gynt Suite,' which is all that is usually heard of the opera, these days, there are four pieces," said the caretaker. "The first one is called 'Morning Mood,' which describes the coming of morning, as the sun comes up. The melody is gentle and flowing, and toward the end of the piece, the trilling and twittering of the birds is cleverly suggested.

"'Anitra's Dance' has an odd little tune. In it, you will hear the steady beating of the drums by the native musicians of the desert, as they keep time to Anitra's dance.

"'The Death of Ase' is very solemn and sad music. It tells, in music, the story of the lonely mother whom Peer has left back in the mountains. The same melody is repeated time and time again, as though Ase were saying the same thing over and over as she awaits the return home of her wandering son.



GRIEG, THE FAMOUS COMPOSER OF THE "PEER GYNT" MUSIC

"'The Hall of the Mountain King' which is the fourth piece in the Suite, is very exciting. When it is played by a fine orchestra, you can surely imagine that the trolls are really coming out of their hiding places, on tiptoe. They come nearer and nearer, as the music grows louder and louder, and then begin their wild dance about Peer.

"The whole story is very well told by Grieg's music," the caretaker said, as he finished the story. "Each child in Norway learns the old ballads. Every child can whistle, sing, or play, the principal parts of Grieg's 'Peer Gynt.'"

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"Peer Gynt Suite"—*Edward Grieg.*
  "Morning Mood."
  "Anitra's Dance."
  "Ase's Death."
  "In the Hall of the Mountain King."

QUESTIONS

1. What famous "suite" did Grieg write?
2. What is a "suite"?
3. Name the parts in this "suite."
4. Of what does each composition tell?

NORWAY

There's a land where the snow is eternally King,
  To whose valleys alone come the joys of the spring,
Where the sea beats a shore rich with love of the past,
  But this land to its children is dear to the last.

—*Björnson.*

THE LAND OF THE WOODEN SHOE

LEAVING Troldhaugen on Monday morning, after a night spent in Grieg's home with the kind caretaker, Conrad and "the dog" went to Bergen to see the famous Amati violin that had been Ole Bull's.

Leaving there, they passed slowly over miles and miles of stony mountains, many waterfalls, many lakes, and the greenest of green forests. The fjords, long narrow inlets of water from the sea gleamed in the sunshine. The stony mountains, rising almost straight from the water's edge, often reached upward thousands of feet.

In Holland, everything was different. Conrad and "the dog" flew along for miles, over tulip gardens. The ground was as flat as it could be, and was protected from the sea by great strong dykes. There were fields of flowers everywhere. In some places they had been planted in long narrow strips, and as they were all blooming, the fields looked like huge pans of blossoms. These, with the houses of orange, and other bright colors, roofed in red, made a gay sight.

The grass was green and well-trimmed everywhere. Straight canals ran like ribbons across the country, and everywhere, quaint windmills flapped their huge sails in the air.

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A BEAUTIFUL TULIP FIELD IN HOLLAND

The windmills of Holland are most interesting. They are often painted bright red, blue, or green and their great sails are a gray-white. The windmills are used to grind corn, saw wood, and to pump the water from the canals.

Then there were the fields of lovely tulips. In some places whole fields were in blossom. How Conrad wished that his father and mother could see them!

Conrad had once heard some people say that Holland looked like a great flowery-figured blanket laid flat upon the earth and pinned at the corners with windmills, to keep it from blowing away into the sea. He now understood what they had meant by this.

When Conrad reached Amsterdam, he noticed the large number of bells which rang constantly. All the bells in the city, and there were many of them, were tuned with one another. They all rang each quarter-hour. The chimes on the big cathedral played a different tune every fifteen minutes, making a total of ninety-six tunes a day.

Next to chimes and bells, the most frequent sound that Conrad heard in Amsterdam was that of the wooden shoes. These were usually too large and too loose for the feet that wore them. Because of this, there seemed always to be two clicks as each foot was set down in walking—one click for the toe and another for the heel. It was really funny, he thought, what a lot of noise just a few people made in walking along!

Just as Conrad and "the dog" had whirled down to the side of one of the big canals which passed through Amsterdam, they had heard the sounds of lively music. When Conrad hurried to the spot, he found a band playing and a group of lively boys and girls doing a Wooden Shoe Dance in the middle of the square. How they did clatter about as the jolly music went on!

Conrad stood and watched them and wished that he might dance with them. Just then the players and dancers stopped for a moment to rest, and at that minute, the silvery bells in the church steeple near by chimed the quarter-hour. As soon as the bell had stopped ringing, they took up their gay dancing again, keeping at it until the band stopped playing and moved on up the street.

All the girls wore bright-colored jackets trimmed with silver buttons, short dark skirts, and huge wooden shoes. The boys wore long corduroy trousers, dark blouses and gay ties, over which were tightly buttoned double-breasted vests. Almost every boy had on a broad belt, fastened with one or more large fancy buttons. Their dress was completed, as was that of the girls, by the clumsy wooden shoes.

When the band had marched away, some of the Dutch boys looked about, and one of them happened to see Conrad. He at once called to his playmates, who all ran over to Conrad and looked at his shoes. These seemed to be a very unusual sight, and were carefully examined.

Finally a small group of children, two boys and a girl, led him toward a great boat which was drawn up to the pavement beside the canal.

This boat was an odd-looking affair, half boat, and half house with a pleasant parlor at one end.

The children, however, took Conrad and "the dog," down into the boat where their father was at work. When Conrad told him that he had come to Amsterdam to hear the great orchestra

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DUTCH WINDMILLS AND CANAL

play and that he and "the dog" were alone, the father invited him in broken English to stay on the boat and play with his children. They would soon start, he said, on a little trip up the canal and out into the country, but they would be back in Amsterdam very early in the morning, in plenty of time for the concert.

In a little while the signal to leave was given, when one of the crew went ashore and mounted the towing horse, and the boat began to glide up the canal out of the city.

The boat glided from village to village, taking on passengers and garden produce, or fuel. Once or twice large storks flew over their heads and Conrad learned that the Dutch people believe that the stork brings good luck.

Presently, the boat stopped at a great green and blue windmill which was flapping its huge wings and grinding away. The boatman went on shore to see the miller, and while they waited, Conrad happened to think of a song which he had learned in school about the "Hungry Windmill."

So, he pointed to the windmill and said "windmill" until they understood the word, then sang them this little song:

THE HUNGRY WINDMILL*

"Wheat! Give me wheat!
  Give me corn and oats to eat!
Let me grind them nice and fine
  With these teeth of mine.

Now I can spy
  Bags and bags and bags of rye;
Straight into my mouth they'll fly,
  I'll eat them bye and bye.

Yum! Yum! Yum!
  Here they come!
Yum! Yum! Yum!
  Give me some!"

The Dutch children listened carefully while he sang it through once, then another time. Then he sang the first line slowly and they imitated him. On they went, over and over some of the lines, until they knew them all by heart. Conrad tried to show them, by acting it all out, just what the words meant, but even so they did not really understand until their father came on board again and explained it to them.

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* The words of this song "The Hungry Windmill" by Anice Terhune, are used by gracious permission of the publishers, G. Schirmer, Inc.

What fun they had, three little Dutch children and an American boy on a canal houseboat in the "Land of the Wooden Shoe," singing away merrily the Song of the Hungry Windmill!

At night, the houseboat was tied up at the dock of one of the smaller towns, the last one to which merchandise was being carried.

They ate supper in the cabin, or deck-house home of the boat-owner. This cabin was spotlessly clean. Outside, it was painted bright green, trimmed with black, green, and bright red. Brass railings were polished brightly, and boxes of geraniums were in blossom at each window.

After supper, the lanterns were lit and hung on the masts of the boat, and, as it grew dark, these lights were reflected in the water of the canal.

Ten minutes later, all was quiet. Everyone on the houseboat was fast asleep.

— *A Tale of Holland.*

Music to Hear:

"Dutch Kiddies" (A Wooden Shoe Dance)—*Trinkhaus.*
"Little Dutch Dance"—*Kinscella.*
"The Hungry Windmill"—*Anice Terhune.*

QUESTIONS

1. Tell something about the bells and the clocks of Holland.
2. Why should the "Wooden Shoe Dance" be popular in Holland?
3. What song did Conrad sing to the Dutch children?
4. What other songs do you know about windmills?

IN HOLLAND*

Our course lay up a smooth canal,
  Through tracts of velvet green,
And through the shade the windmills made
  And pasture lands between.

—*Eugene Field.*

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ENCHANTED MUSIC

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds,
  and bowers.
Of April, May, of June, and
  July flowers.

—*Robert Herrick.*

THE WINDMILL*

Behold! a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of the flails†
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

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† In very early days, all grain was threshed by means of flails. A flail was a short piece of wood, to which a still larger piece of wood was fastened with a bit of leather, so as to swing easily. The grain was laid on the floor, when threshing began, and the heads were separated from the straw by being beaten off. Grain is still threshed in this way in some parts of Europe and Asia.

I stand here in my place,
  With my feet on the rock below,
  And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face
  As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
  My master, the miller, stands
  And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
  Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
  Church-going bells begin
  Their low melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
  And all is peace within.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Music to Hear or Sing.
"The Windmill"—*Old Folk Song of Holland.*

QUESTIONS

1. How was grain threshed long ago?
2. How is it threshed now?
3. In what country do we find a large number of windmills?
4. For what are they used?

THE GREAT ORCHESTRA CONCERT

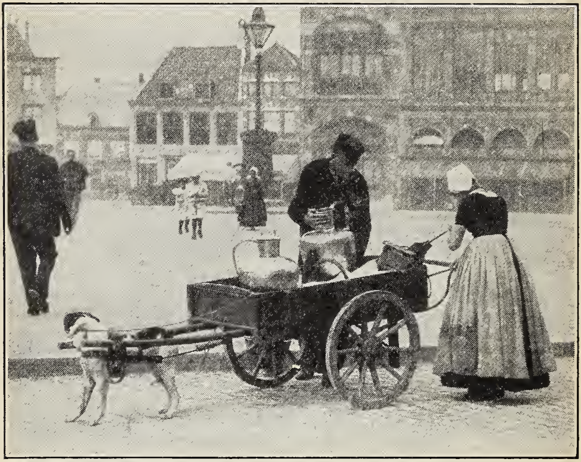
CONRAD slept soundly in his little "bunk" and did not wake up until the boat had started on its return journey to the city. This start was made before the sun was up, as the boatman wanted to be back in Amsterdam with his load of fresh vegetables for the market, at dawn.

As the boat glided along, on its hurried way back to the city, past the wonderful fields of blossoming flowers, Conrad saw many strange and interesting sights.

At every point were windmills. At one place in the canal they passed a tiny village which was many feet below the level of the canal itself. Here the strong dykes held the canal water in place, and only the roofs of the houses showed above its walls. They looked to Conrad like children hiding, and peeking cautiously over a fence.

He saw several groups of Dutch fishermen near the boats. He could always tell these men from others as they all wore a certain kind of fur cap. He was told that they wore these fur caps the year round, whether it was winter or summer.

At other places along the canal, men were busy at work unloading fine cheeses for which Holland is so famous. Some of these were flat and round. Others were round as an apple only larger, and were colored a bright red.



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THE QUAINT DUTCH MILKSELLER

Finally the boat was back at its starting place, and before breakfast, Conrad went for a walk through the streets. Just around the corner from the boat, where the children had been dancing the morning before, he saw a quaint Dutch milkseller. This Dutch woman was dressed in a dark gown and a plaid shawl. She wore a white cap and large gold earrings, and walked beside a cart drawn by a dog. In this cart, on beds of straw, were set many large brass pitchers containing the milk. This, she sold to passersby, or to people who came out of the houses for it.

At almost every doorway, were groups of wooden shoes, for in Holland no one wears his wooden shoes into the house.

Everywhere he looked, Conrad saw women scrubbing and cleaning. He thought he had never seen so clean a city. Some girls and women were washing and polishing the windows. Some were washing the tile doorways and the walls of the houses, and others were scrubbing the pavement. In one place, a woman was even weeding some bits of grass from among the cobble stones of the pavement. There was water and a pile of brushes, pans, buckets, and brooms in front of every house.

THE CONCERTGEBOUW

Afternoon came at last, and Conrad and "the dog" set out for the Concertgebouw (Concert Hall) where the "popular" orchestra concert was to be held. These "popular" concerts were given each week, for the young folks and children of the city, but were also attended by many older people.

Conrad carried his precious record under one arm and the little card which the violinist had given him in Cremona, in his hand.

Ever since it had been given him, he had carried the card in his coat pocket during the day, and had slept with it under his pillow at night.

He did not have much trouble finding the stage entrance. When he showed his card, with its bit of music, he was surprised at the warm welcome he received.

The doorkeeper called to a group of orchestra men who were standing about, showed the card to them and they all gathered around Conrad to pat him on the shoulder in a friendly fashion. Some of them even tried to talk with him but he could not understand them. After petting "the dog," one of them led the boy and his pet through a narrow hall to a little box seat overlooking the stage.

After Conrad had looked about at the great hall, into which crowds of people were coming, he began to watch the stage.

How happy he was when the orchestra men began to come in! He could call almost every instrument by name, and knew, too, just where to look for the different instruments. Here were the violins, there the 'cellos, flutes, horns, and other instruments of which the clockmaker had told him. At the back of the stage were the kettle-drums, with the kettle-drum player busy at work tightening the skins.

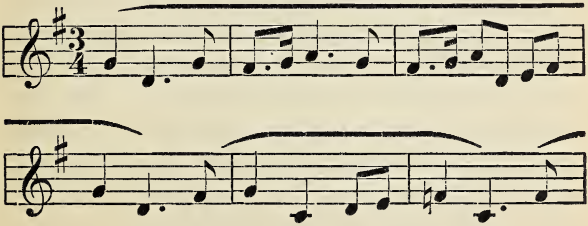
After much tuning of the instruments, and turning of music, a quiet came upon the orchestra and the great audience. Conrad wondered what it was all about.

Then the people began to clap their hands, and he saw that they were applauding a man who was walking on to the stage through an aisle between the players' chairs. This man, he guessed at once, was the conductor of the orchestra.

Then came the music!

Conrad felt that he would never forget the moment when the great conductor lifted his hand and started all those players. On and on went the flow of sound, first the French horns, and other instruments of the Wood-Wind Choir, then the 'cellos.

"What was that melody they were playing? And where had he heard it before?" thought Conrad. All at once he knew that it was the "Unfinished Symphony" about which the clockmaker had told him.



In a minute his thoughts went back to the little Black Forest village and to the cottage fireplace, with the colored drawing of the orchestra beside it on the brown wooden wall. He lived over again the telling of the story of Franz Schubert and the writing of the Unfinished Symphony, and of the finding of it, many years later, in the old cupboard.

All too soon were the two movements of the Symphony ended. Conrad remembered that the clockmaker had told him that there were nine bars of a third movement too, and he wished that he might hear that, even if it was "unfinished."

Then came more music, and before the musicians had played eight notes, Conrad knew that he was hearing Haydn's musical joke on the Prince—the "Andante" from the "Surprise Symphony." Conrad became very excited and sat forward on the edge of his chair as he counted out the sixteen measures which must be played before the "*bang*," which had awakened the Prince. And although he had known that it was coming, he jumped, just as the Prince had, when it did come. All the drums and cymbals helped to make it a real "surprise." After the *Bang!* the music returned to its former gentleness, and the melody, or theme, was repeated, many times, but each time in a slightly different way. This, Conrad knew, was what was meant by "variations."

Just then a printed program fluttered down at

Conrad's feet, dropped, by some one seated in the box above him. He picked this up, but much of it was of no use to him as it was printed in a strange language. He could, however, make out some words, and to his joy, found that the next number on the program was the "Peer Gynt Suite"—"Morning," "Anitra's Dance," "Ase's Death," and "In the Hall of the Mountain King."

As an encore, the orchestra played a charming little piece—"Second Gavotte" by Sapellnikoff. Conrad thought he had never heard anything so pretty as the manner in which the violins and other instruments seemed to skip about. It was really the little melody which skipped about among the instruments.

At this point there was a short interval, after which the conductor stood at the side of his conductor's stand as though waiting for something. Everyone watched the door at one side of the stage, through which stepped, in a moment, a man who carried a violin and violin bow. When he reached the center of the stage he bowed to the conductor, who also bowed to him, then turned to the audience, which was applauding wildly.

THE VIOLINIST OF CREMONA

Conrad sat up straight in his chair, his eyes fastened upon the soloist—for so he was. "The dog" gave a short bark, which was quickly choked by Conrad's hands. *The soloist of the Amsterdam orchestra concert and the violinist of Cremona were one and the same man!*

He lifted the bow, and the conductor watching, followed his leadership and conducted the great orchestra in the music of the accompaniment. The program read (as translated),

Dance Music

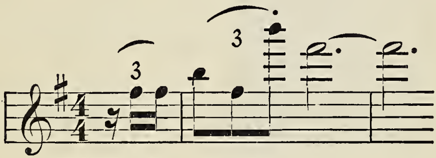
"Gavotte in E Major"	Johann Sebastian Bach
"Ballet Music" from "Rosamunde"	Franz Schubert
"Hungarian Dance" (G Minor)	Johannes Brahms
"Minuet"	Ignace Paderewski

The boy in the box over the stage listened to every note of the beautiful music. He had never heard such fine music before.

The "Hungarian Dance," first slow, then fast, charmed him with its sudden changes and its wild exciting melodies. But best of all, he thought, he liked the Paderewski "Minuet." As the violinist played the wonderful trills and delicate passages of the solo, Conrad thought of the little "whittler of Cremona" who became the great violinmaker. How much of the beauty of this music was possible because Antonio Stradivarius had made this violin!

At the close of the group of solos, the violinist, as he walked from the stage, seemed to be looking for someone in the audience. At last he met the eager eyes of Conrad, who was leaning far out over the box railing.

With just a pause, the violinist turned, spoke a word to the conductor of the orchestra, then began an extra number. The notes were the same as had been written on the little card which had been given to the doorkeeper as Conrad and "the dog" had entered the concert hall. They were the same notes which the clockmaker had whistled* when he had seen the card, and this was the same music the great violinist had played in the little open-air room on the roof of the Stradivarius house in Italy. It was now made still more beautiful by the orchestral accompaniment.



When the artist left the stage there was more clapping of hands, but the great man bowed only to a small boy who sat, with a little white dog beside him, in the theater box overlooking the stage.

Conrad scarcely heard the last number of the concert, although it was very wonderful music—

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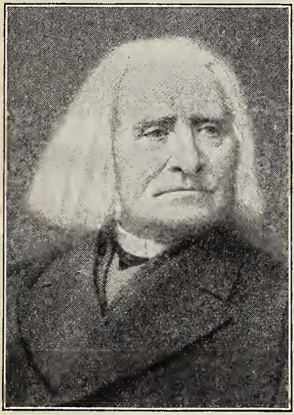
* Caprice Viennois by Fritz Kreisler. This bit of the music is reproduced by the courteous permission of the publisher, Carl Fischer.

"Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 2, by Franz Liszt. His mother had often played this piece at home, as a piano solo, and Conrad knew that it was an arrangement of folk songs and dances of the gypsies of Hungary. At first the music was very slow and solemn. There were really several divisions of it, some of which were almost gloomy. As the final dance started, it grew faster and faster, more and more exciting, until it seemed that every instrument in the whole orchestra was alive, and trying to outdo all the others. The piece ended with heavy chords.

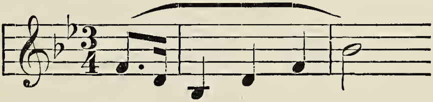


F. Liszt

As soon as the last notes were played, Conrad, followed by "the dog," hurried back of the stage to try to find his violinist friend, but he was nowhere to be found.

A little downcast, Conrad wandered out of the stage door to the street. Even with the stirring melody of the gay "Rhapsody" still in his ears, and running through his mind, he was, all at once, very lonesome.

At this moment a band came marching around the corner. It was the same band which had played the "Wooden Shoe Dance" for the little Dutch children the day before. Now, however, there seemed to be some sort of a procession going on, and the band was playing national airs. They stopped near him, and, as they played, the crowd which quickly gathered would sometimes join with the band by singing the words. Then suddenly—



Hats off! It was the "Star Spangled Banner!" One man started singing and others joined in joyously!

All at once Conrad wished he were at home! and said so to "the dog."

"Let's go, then!" answered "the dog." No sooner said than done, and in less than a minute, the two were flying away . . . sailing . . . When Conrad opened his eyes, the gentle evening breeze

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A DUTCH BAND

was softly stirring the lace curtains at the window. His father was sitting by the table lamp reading, and he could hear his mother as she moved about the kitchen.

Conrad was not yet quite awake. Where had he been? He felt very strange, for, just a moment ago, he had been listening to a band in the center of a street, with crowds of people in Dutch wooden shoes about him, or was it *all* a dream?

He looked about him. There was the talking machine open right by his chair, and there was the little plaster dog sitting on the table. Conrad looked straight at it. Though he was never able to prove it, afterward, Conrad was always sure, himself, that "the dog" was still listening to the music in the "Land of the Wooden Shoe."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear (Several of these selections have been listed in previous lessons):

"Unfinished Symphony"—*Franz Schubert.*
"Andante" from "Surprise Symphony"—*Joseph Haydn.*
"Peer Gynt Suite"—*Edward Grieg.*
"Second Gavotte"—*Sapellnikoff.*
"Gavotte in E Major"—*Johann Sebastian Bach.*
"Ballet Music" from "Rosamunde"—*Franz Schubert.*
"Hungarian Dance," G Minor—*Johannes Brahms.*
"Minuet in G"—*Ignace Paderewski.*
"Caprice Viennois"—*Fritz Kreisler.*
"Hungarian Rhapsody"—*Franz Liszt.*
"Star Spangled Banner" (National Air)—*Francis Scott Key-Samuel Arnold.*

QUESTIONS

1. What treasure had Conrad kept with him on all his travels?
2. Why, do you think, were the orchestra players so interested in Conrad and his dog?
3. Who directed the playing of the orchestra?
4. Who wrote the "Unfinished Symphony"?
5. Why does it have this name?
6. What is the surprise in the "Surprise Symphony"?
7. Who wrote this music?
8. Why was it written?
9. Sing the main melody of the "Andante" from the "Surprise Symphony."
10. What music composed by Grieg was played?
11. Mention other composers whose music is now played.
12. From what composition were the music notes on Conrad's card taken?
13. Sing the best-known melody of the "Unfinished Symphony."
14. What part of Conrad's journey would you enjoy taking the most? Why?

I'M GLAD

I'm glad the sky is painted blue,
  And the earth is painted green,
With such a lot of nice fresh air
  All sandwiched in between.

—*Unknown.*

THE MASTER'S VIOLIN*

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolean forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast:
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art;
And in the hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivalled name,—
"Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound, . . .
The pleased musician smiled and bowed;
The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,
. . . Then silence followed.
—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

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GEOGRAPHY JOURNEYS*

We do not take a car at all, and yet we traveling go.
In every kind of foreign land, through desert and through snow;
The queerest kind of children we meet along the way,
But we are busy studying—we cannot stop for play.

We do not take a ship at all, and yet we sail the seas,
The North and South and East and West, in every sort of breeze.
Our journeying is very swift, we must be back today,
We came out here to study, so we cannot stop for play.

We do not take an air ship to go into the sky,
And yet we visit in the air and watch the moon go by.
The sky is very pretty but we haven't time to stay.
We're studying this all in a book—it isn't only play.

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Safe in our seats with book in hand,
We travel swiftly through the land,
We sail the sea and sky and all,
And never fear to sink or fall.
We make far journeys every day,
But never stay abroad to play.

—*Annette Wynne.*

BOOKS ARE SOLDIERS*

Books are soldiers gaily dressed, standing
grave and tall,
Like a halting regiment close against
the wall;
They have marched through many lands,
over meadows green,
Cities great and monuments and rivers
they have seen;
All year long they wait to tell you wondrous
things they know
If you'll only listen;—Soldiers in a row
Tell me what you have to tell,
Of the things you know so well.

—*Annette Wynne.*

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THE MINSTREL

THE lines given below are taken from Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." In this long poem, the writer has gathered together a group of friends at an inn, and each, in his turn, helps to provide entertainment for the other guests by relating some story.

The Wayside Inn, a historic structure thus given world-wide fame by the poet, still stands at Sudbury, Massachusetts. It is now used as a museum, and houses a rare collection of antiques. Each of the characters in the poem was real. The *Minstrel* was the name given by Longfellow to his friend, Ole Bull, the noted Norwegian violinist.

THE MINSTREL

Meanwhile from out its ebon case
His violin the minstrel drew,
And having tuned its strings anew,
Now held it close in his embrace,
And poising in his outstretched hand
The bow, like a magician's wand,
He paused, and said, with beaming face,
"Last night my story was too long;
Today I give you but a song,
An old tradition of the North;

But first, to put you in the mood,
I will a little while prelude,
And from this instrument draw forth
Something by way of overture."

He played, at first the tones were pure
And tender as a summer night,
The full moon climbing to her height,
The sob and ripple of the seas,
The flapping of an idle sail;
And then by sudden and sharp degrees
The multiplied, wild harmonies
Freshened and burst into a gale;
A tempest howling through the dark,
A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,
A loud and melancholy wail.
Such was the prelude to the tale
Told by the minstrel; and at times
He paused amid its varying rhymes,
And at each pause again broke in
The music of his violin,
With tones of sweetness or of fear.
Movements of trouble or of calm,
Creating their own atmosphere;
As sitting in a church we hear
Between the verses of the psalm
The organ playing soft and clear,
Or thundering on the startled ear.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Music to Hear:
"Serenade"—*Pierné.*

THE MINSTREL BOY

THE tune to which these words have always been sung in Ireland is one of the oldest folk airs of the world. The words of the verses tell us of an old Irish custom which forbids that a man's harp shall ever be taken from him by force, or played by any other than its owner without his permission. No slave, in early days in Ireland, was allowed to own a harp, but not to be able to play one was a disgrace to any gentleman.

THE MINSTREL BOY

The Minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girdled on,
And his wild harp slung behind him—

"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;

And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."
—*Thomas Moore.*

Music to Hear:
"The Minstrel Boy"—*Old Irish Air.*

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.
—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Music to Hear:
"Canzonetta"—*Mendelssohn.*

FUNICULI, FUNICULA

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
And so do I! And so do I!
Some think it well to be all melancholic,
To pine and sigh, to pine and sigh.
But I, I love to spend my time in singing
Some joyous song, some joyous song;
To set the air with music bravely ringing
Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!

Chorus:

Listen, listen! Echoes sound afar.
Listen, listen! Echoes sound afar.
Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula!
Echoes sound afar, funiculi, funicula.

Ah, me! 'tis strange that some should take to sighing
And like it well! And like it well!
For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,
So cannot tell! So cannot tell!
With laugh and dance and song the day soon passes,
Full soon is gone, full soon is gone;
For mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses
To call their own! To call their own!

—*Italian Song.*

Music to Hear:
"Funiculi, Funicula"—*Italian Song.*

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

—*Moore.*

Music to Hear:
"Boat Song"—*Ware.*

FOREIGN LANDS

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
Than I had ever seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.
—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Music to Hear: (Songs of Foreign Lands)
"Norwegian Cradle Song"—*Folk Air.*
"The Jasmine Flower"—*Chinese Folk.*
"Sweet Nightingale"—*English Folk Song.*
"Bosnian Shepherd's Song"—*Folk Air.*

OH! WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE THEIR HEADS?

Oh! where do fairies hide their heads,
When snow lies on the hills,
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,
And crystallized their rills?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain;
And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps, in small, blue diving-bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathèd shells
That lie in coral caves.
Perhaps, in red Vesuvius
Gay parties they maintain;
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

When they return, there will be mirth
And music in the air.
And fairy wings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere.
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be fairy-proof,
When green leaves come again.

—*Thomas Haynes Bayly.*

Music to Hear:
"Overture" from "Midsummer Night's Dream"—*Mendelssohn.*
"Dance of the Elves"—*Kjerulf.*

VOCABULARY

Adelheid Wette (ah-děl′-hīdt vět′-ta)
Ahab (ā′-hăb)
Aïda (ah-ēē′-dah)
Allegretto (al-lay-gret′-tōh)
Amati (ah-mah′-tee)
Andante (ahn-dahn′-te)
Anice (an′-ees)
Anitra (ah-nee′-tra)
Ase (oh′-seh)
Aslak (ahz′-lak)
Aubade (oh-bahd′)
Ave Maria (ah′-vay mah-ree′-ah)
Bach (bahch) (guttural)
Ballet (bahl-lay′)
Barbarossa (bahr-bah-rō′-sah)
Bassoon (ba-zōōn′)
Beckmesser (bek′-mes-er)
Beethoven (bay-′toh-ven
Bergen (bair′-gen)
Berne (bairn)
Björnson (byörn′-sohn)
Boisdeffre (bwa-dāfr)
Bouree (boor-ray′)
Brahms (brahmss)
Campanille (kam-pa-neel′-lay)
Cantabile (kahn-tah′-be-lay)
Canzonetta (kahn-zoh-net′-tah)
Caprice (ka-prees′)
Carillon (kah-rill′-yon)
’Cello (chel′-loh)
Challet (shal′-lay)
Cherith (kē′-rith)
Chopin (sho′-pang) (nasal)
Chorale (kō-rahl′)
Clarinet (klair-ĭ-nĕt′)
Clavichord (klăv′-e-kord)
Concertgebouw (kōn′-tzairt-gay-bow′)
Cornet (kor-nĕt′)
Cöthen (kay′-ton)
Couperin (koo-per-rang′)
Cremona (kre-mō′-nah)
Cymbal (sym′-bel)
Czechoslovakia (chĕck-o-slo-vahk′-eyah)

Danube (dăn′-ūb)
Daquin (dah-keen′)
Davos (da′-vos)
Del Jesu (dĕl yay′-su)
Dietrich (dee′-trik)
Dukas (do͞o′-ka)
Dvořák (dvŏr′-zhak)

Eisenach (ī′-sĕn-ach) (guttural)
Elijah (ē-lī′-jah)
Elfenspiel (ĕl′-fĭn-speel)
Elphinstone (ĕl′-fin-stohn)
Ensemble (ŏn-sŏm′-bl)
Ericson (ē′-rĭk-son)
Esterhazy (ĕs′-ter-hā-zy)

Fana (fah′-nah)
Faust (fowst)
Filipovsky (fĭl-ĭp-ŏff′-sky)
Fjord (fe-yord′)
François (frăn′-swah)
Freischutz (frȳ′-shūtz)
Fugue (fūg)

Gavotte (gah-vott′)
Gigue (gēēg or jig)
Goethe (gā′-ta)
Gounod (go͞o′-nō)
Griegh (grēēg)
Gretel (gray′-tel)
Grieg (grēēg)
Guarnerius (gwar-nair′i-us)
Guitar (gĭt-ahr′)

Handel (han-dle)
Hansel (hĕn′-sel)
Harpsichord (harp′-sĭ-kŏrd)
Haydn (high′-dn)
Helvetian (hĕl-vē′-shian)
Hillemacher (hĭl′-le-mah-cher) (guttural)
Hollaender (hol′-len-der)
Humperdinck (ho͞om′-per-dĭnk)

Il Gavotte Tendre (eel gah-vott′ tĕn′-dr)
Il Trovatore (eel trō-vah-tōh′-ray)
Ignace (ig′-naz)

Johann (yō′-hahn)

Kjerulf (kyer′-oolf)
Klappdans (klahp′-dahns)
Kohlsaat (kōl′-sŏt)
Kreisler (krȳ′-slur)
Kremlin (krĕm′-lin)
Kullak (ko͞o′-lăk)

Leif (līf)
Leipzig (līp′-zĭg)

Leksand (lĕk′-sahnd)
Liadow (lee′-ah-dŏff)
Liebesleid (lēē′-bess-līdt)
Liszt (lĭst)
Lohengrin (lōh′-ĕn-grĭn)
Lully (lo͞o′-ly)
Lur (lo͞or)
Maelsel (māl′-tzel)
Marionette (mar-i-o-nĕt′)
Markneukirchen (mark-noy-keerch′-ĕn) (guttural)
Marseillaise (mahr-say-ya′)
Marseilles (mar-say′-ee)
Mendelssohn (mĕn′-dĕl-sohn)
Messiah (mah-sī′-a)
Metronome (mĕt′-roh-nōhm)
Minnesinger (mĭn′-nĭ-sĭng-er)
Moscow (mŏs′-co)
Mozart (mōh′-tsart)
Nocturne (nŏk′-toorn)
Nova Scotia (nō′-va skō′-shia)
Nuremberg (no͞o′-rĕm-bairg)
Oboe (ōh′-bō)
Odense (ōh′-dĕn-sah)
Ogarew (ō′-gar-ĕff)
Ole (ō′-ly)
Opera (ŏp′-er-a)
Oratorio (or-a-tō′-ree-o)
O Sole Mio (oh soh-lay mee′-oh)
Ouida (ōh-wēē′-dah)
Overture (oh′-ver-tshur)
Paderewski (pah-der-eff′-skee)
Peer Gynt (pair gynt′)
Pierpont (pēēr′-pŏnt)
Pizzicato (pĭt-si-kah′-toh)
Poldini (pōhl-dee′-ne)
Prague (prahg)
Prelude (pray′-lud)
Provençale (proh-von-sahl′)
Ranz des Vaches (rahn de vahsh′)
Rattvik (raht′-veek)
Reinhold (rīn′-holdt)
Reinken (rīn′-ken)
Rhapsody (răp′-soh-dy)
Rouget de Lisle (roo-zhay′ duh leel′)
Rosamunde (rose′-ah-mund)

Sachs (sahks)
Saeter (sĕt′-ter)
Saint-Saëns, Camille (s̆an-sahng′, ka-meel′)
Sapellnikoff (sa-pĕl′-nee-koff)
Scherzando (skairt-zahn′-doh)
Schubert (sho͞o′-bairt)
Sebastian (sē-băs′-chun)
Siegfried (zeeg′-frēdt)
Siljan (sĭl′-zhan)
Solvejg (sōhl′-vay)
Springdans (spring′-dahns)
Stradivarius (strah-dee-vah′-ree-us)
Strassburg (strahs′-boorg)
Strauss (strouss)
Suite (swēēt)
Suppe (so͞op-pay′)
Symphony (sĭm′-fō-ny)

Terhune (tair-hun′)
Trigvason (trĭg′-va-sŏn)
Trinkhaus (trink′-hous)
Troldhaugen (trōld′-how-gen)
Troll (trōhl)
Trombone (trŏm′-bōn)
Troubadour (trū′-ba-dor)
Tschaikowsky (chī-kŏff′-skee)
Tuba (to͞o′-ba)
Tympani (tĭm′-păn-ee)
Tyrol (tĭr′-ōl)
Värmland (vairm′-lahnd)
Verdi (vair′-dee)
Vermeland (vairm′-e-lahnd)
Viennois (vee-on-wah′)
Viking (vī′-king)
Vogelweide (fō′-gel-vī-dah)
Volksgarten (folks′-gar-ten)
Von Reuenthal (fŏn roy′-en-tŏl)
Wagner (vahg′-ner)
Wannsee (vahn′-see)
Wartburg (vart′-boorg)
Weber (vāy′-ber)
Xylophone (zy̆l′-o-fōn)
Yodel (yōh′-dl)
Zither (zĭth′-er)

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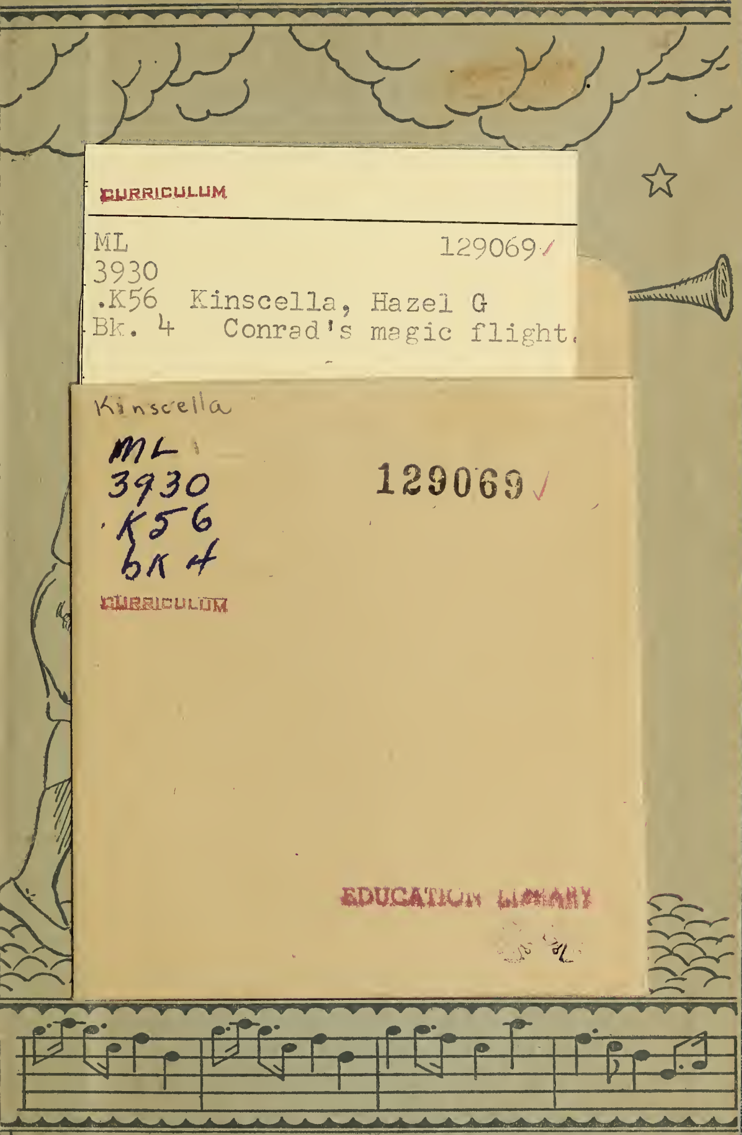

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